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MEMORIALS

OF

THE LIFE AND TRIALS

OF

A YOUTHFUL CHRISTIAN

IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH, AS DEVELOPED IN THE BIOGRAPHY
OF NATHANIEL CHEEVER, M.D.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHALE AND HIS CAPTORS," "ISLAND WORLD OF THE PACIFIC,"
"LIFE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

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TO

Our Beloved and Honoured Mother,

THESE MEMORIALS

OF HER YOUNGEST SON,

Are Affectionately Dedicated.

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PREFACE.

This book would not have been added to the multitude of similar memorials of friends and relatives, had it not been for the judgment, repeatedly expressed, of persons well acquainted with the subject of these sketches, that some notice of his life and character in a volume, would certainly do good. As an account of the trials and conflicts of a youthful Christian, nearly the whole of whose life was a protracted struggle after health, and nearly all his attainments the result of repeated disappointments, there is something in it of novelty and originality—something, at least, out of the ordinary channel of biographies. Of the current and changes of the mortal existence here recorded, there are no visible results, nor any consciousness in men's minds connected with the name; and, in general, a book of memorials is of those whose successful or remarkable doings, or whose important position, at least, in a larger or a smaller circle, have given them some measure of reputation and of influence.

But in this book there is nothing either of fame or position connected with its subject, to give it popularity; and its interest must be owing to the pleasure men may take in pursuing the development of a repressed and noble nature, through a life of suffering. There are important Christian lessons contained in it, and growing out of it; and we would fain hope that this simple record of illness and of disappointed expectation, conducting only to the grave, yet there, and all the way along, pointing to heaven, may meet a want, if not a wish, in some minds, especially youthful minds, and be instrumental in quickening some hearts, perhaps distressed and desponding hearts, in the grand but often trying pilgrimage to the Saints' Rest.

NEW YORK, *Sept. 1st*, 1851.

INTRODUCTION.

Almost the earliest recollection of my beloved brother presents him as a beautiful child, with one hand in mine, and we together on the way to school. It was with a mixture of fraternal pride and love that I watched over him, and both of us seemed for a time to be moving in the bright world around us as in a dream. This play-mate care of childhood grew into a painful anxiety when ill health had become the element of his existence; but still, the fervency and strength of our affection were increased by it. I remember for the first time having the sole care of him away from home, when we were both very young, during a sojourn of some weeks for his health at an unvisited mineral spring in the wilderness, then lying in the same primeval state as when it was resorted to only by bears and savages. The images of that isolation from society were absorbed, on the part of both of us, in one feeling—that of intense and overwhelming home-sickness. There was only one habitation in a field of stumps and cornstalks, amidst the desolation of a half-burned clearing in the heart of the forest, and the time was heavy and long with us; but his patience, cheerfulness, and power of enjoyment amidst suffering, began even then to be remarkable.

An interval of youthful health was granted after this, before that dreadful cold was taken which issued in the fixed, unconquerable disease, that, years afterwards, terminated his existence; and during that period his life was bright, hopeful, and happy, and the development of his being, both physical and mental, as perfect as ever perhaps takes place under like circumstances. His face was radiant with loveliness, both of feature and expression—a sparkling animation mingled with its sweetness, the result of that elasticity and joyousness of spirit, which afterwards wonderfully sustained his activity beneath such a weight of oppressive chronic malady. Its characteristic bright cheerfulness, was, indeed, at length shaded with pain: habitual sickness and suffering *will* make their marks upon the countenance, not merely in wasting and paleness; and even the prevailing expression of resignation is a sad and touching one. Yet always there remained on the face and on the soul the frankness and disinterestedness of character, the pleasant, glad-hearted sympathy, the earnestness and simplicity of purpose, the warmth of affectionate feeling.

A single look—how long it will continue in the mind! If we doubted whether all things will come up in review, our own experiences would confound us. I remember, when we were both very young, I was in our yard at home, during one of my vacations, mending an old hen-house, for the amusement of my dear invalid young brother. He stood by, watching with his animated countenance my progress with the hammer and the nails. I got into some little difficulty, or it took me much longer to do the work than I had thought for, or else I may have got an ugly scratch, that put me for the moment out of temper; but I remember exclaiming to my dear little brother, who loved me, and looked up to me with great veneration, and for whom I would have done anything in the world to please him—I remember exclaiming, though with an under-consciousness myself, at the very same moment, of a foolish affectation or hypocrisy in what I was saying, and of the wrongfulness of my impatience, "Well, I'm thankful there'll be no mending of hen-houses in heaven; we shall have a very different employment there." The dear boy's countenance fell in a moment. It mortified and perplexed him. I remember the look he gave to this hour. He did not say a single word, but it was evident that his feelings were hurt. He felt grieved that I should be impatient in a slight task, which he had thought was a pleasure to me—a labor of love; he felt hurt and sorry to have been himself the occasion of trouble; and there was in his face an expression that told me, as plainly as words could have said it, that he saw anything but the spirit of heaven—anything but a true desire after heaven in my manner, and in what I was uttering.

I recollect, too, that the moment I had dropped that speech, and even while I was speaking it, I felt its silliness and its wrongfulness—felt that it was not sincere, but inconsistent with anything like the true gentleness and patience of piety, and that it conveyed an accusation, as if there was something beneath the dignity of religion in being at work upon that old hen-house! There the revelation stops. I remember nothing more of that day, nor of that year—nay, I cannot tell what year of his life or of mine it was, nor precisely how old either of us were, nor any other circumstances or associations. But that look of his,—I see his dear face now,—that look has held its place in my soul ever since—its REPROVING place; and it has kept that one scene as fresh in my memory as if it were but yesterday; and every time I think of it, it still brings the pang of regret that shot through me at first, that I should have clouded his young heart for a moment, even in the very midst of the pleasure I was giving him; that I should have deprived him, as it were, of that very pleasure, by making him feel ashamed and downcast, by such a foolish, Pharisaical speech, which seemed to intimate that there was something in the care of his hen-house quite beneath the grandeur of immortality and the thought of heaven. I say to myself, with perfect disgust at the spirit of that speech, You miserable hypocrite!

It is very rare to meet with a character of such superior loveliness, both by nature and grace. Men seldom have opportunity to observe the combination of such vivacity and vividness of mind and feeling, with such perfect unchangeable sweetness of disposition. Frank and open-hearted as the day, there was neither concealment of himself, nor suspicion in regard to others. His feelings, thoughts, and manners were always those of kindness towards others—never of vigilance against them, nor of unsocial reserve. Indeed, the extreme sociableness of his nature might have seemed, sometimes, the marking, reigning feature in his character. He yearned for social communication and sympathy, and pined when deprived of it, as a flower shut out from the light. If there was any good point in a bad man's character, he would find that out, and enter into sympathy by means of it. Hence, he never made enemies—it would seem impossible; and not only so, but he attracted all men, without any effort, into a magnetic kindly correspondence of pity or of interest.

He was never anxious about his own rights or conveniences, nor ever fearful in regard to the opinion of others. Hence there was a native, unassumed freedom and independence, along with undissembled affability and kindness, rarely manifested in so happy a degree. The habit of being cared for, and ministered to, uninterruptedly, as an invalid, by loving relatives and sympathizing friends, sometimes turns into an unconscious selfishness, if not querulousness of character, even where there was no such disposition originally. There was never the slightest shade of such an effect upon him. His character, in its frankness, generosity, and disinterestedness, continued to the end, like the purity, elasticity, and freshness of an October morning atmosphere.

As to intellectual qualities, his mind was finely balanced, with much intuitive quickness of perception, and a good judgment and power of application and analysis. He had a fine taste in literature, and a good capacity for the acquisition of languages. The severe and long-continued pressure of disease prevented any uninterrupted or intense application to study; nevertheless, his mind was not undisciplined, and was always full of activity. The observing faculty had in him a great native strength and quickness, so that details never escaped him, at the same time that there was a habit of precision and accuracy, and an interest in statistics, perhaps unusual, though sometimes it is seen apparently unconnected with any generalizing principle or end. He had a fine imagination, and a quick sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, though quicker still to the varieties of human life and manners. Classic and romantic story and association took a powerful hold upon him, as was manifested in a very interesting manner in the enthusiasm with which he pursued and enjoyed his visit to the palaces of the Alhambra.

He had a strong and passionate relish for genuine wit and humor, both in conversation and in literature. Hence it was that he read Don Quixote in the original with such eager delight, marking every development and delineation of character with the most exquisite appreciation. I never met with an instance of such deep, unaffected enjoyment in the writings of Cervantes. Perhaps it was peculiarly intense, because first learned and cultivated in the beautiful language and romantic country of Spain, where the old literature still mirrors the modern manners, and the usages of life still prove the truth of the socially descriptive literature. One may possibly never meet in Spain, nor indeed anywhere else, with anything like the characters either of Sancho Panza or Don Quixote, and yet how natural, and how irresistibly ludicrous and attractive! The power of the delineation cannot be fully understood and relished anywhere but in Spain; but no classic in the world, not even Shakspeare, may be more intensely appreciated and loved than Cervantes in his native land and dialect. For a considerable time, Don Quixote seemed to constitute the whole library of our brother; and he delighted in observing the proverbs of the country for illustration, and was never more happy than when he could hear or find one that had dropped from the lips of Sancho Panza.

He appreciated, with the same keen zest, every humorous occurrence and development in real life. A character, with whatever spice of humor, was instantly attractive to him, and he enjoyed a laugh, even in the very paroxysms of his sufferings, more than most people do in health. Yet there was great chasteness and delicacy in this passion for humor, and a coarse or indecorous jest he could not endure. And he could reprove and rebuke, on occasions of profaneness, or other immoralities, with a mingled firmness and pleasantness, young as he was, which was as impressive as it was unusual.

I was with him as his sole companion in many changes and dangers, and for years he was thrown, at sea and abroad, upon the care of us, his elder brothers, under such circumstances as made our attachment to him much stronger than the ordinary fraternal bond. We had watched over him in perils at home and in foreign countries, by sea and by land, through various trials and adventures; nor would he have been left at any time to journey alone, had a different arrangement been possible. For a season we were all abroad, but in different quarters of the globe—all beneath the discipline of Divine Providence, in search of health, our dear Mother and Sister the only ones left at home in the family circle; and it way well be supposed that the bitterest part of the sorrow of having him die away from home, after so many and such long wanderings with him, was, that none of us could be permitted to be by his side—to walk with him down to the borders of the River of Death—to mingle our prayers with his—to save him, if possible, from the bitterness of that indescribable depression of soul, which, at one time, he experienced in such utter loneliness, and to receive the utterance of his last aspirations of faith and love at the departure of his spirit. This is a trial, the severity of which can hardly be conceived by those who have never passed through it. But as the death of his saints is precious in the sight of the Lord, so are all its circumstances; and they are all ordered and arranged by Him in inexpressible love. It were treason to the whole plan of redemption, and to the special Providence of God, to think otherwise.

Therefore his children, in this happy confidence, should be at peace; quiet and serene in their submission, even though pierced to the heart. For whether they die at home or abroad—in the midst of strangers or among friends and kindred—at an inn, like Leighton (even as he had wished to die), or in the house of nativity and childhood—on the sea or on the land, lingeringly and with much warning, or suddenly at a moment's call—all these varieties of the form are arranged for the highest blessedness and glory of the Redeemer's triumph over the last enemy to be destroyed, DEATH. All these changes in the manner of the last change, are at His blessed will, who himself goes with his children through the gloom, till it opens before the throne of God in light eternal.

There are sometimes seasons in life more dangerous and distressing by far than the Valley of the Shadow of Death—than the presence of the King of Terrors. Such seasons our beloved brother had to pass through alone. Yet, not alone; for still, as ever, the Lord, his Redeemer, was with him; and for him, as for Peter (and, we believe, for all tempted and fainting souls, whose trust is in Christ), that gracious Redeemer had prayed that his faith should fail not. So, and for that reason only, in every such painful conflict he was victorious. One of the dreariest experiences of his life—that in Brazil, and on the voyage from South America to Spain—arose mainly from the fact of his utter loneliness in conjunction with the pressure of his disease. The Tempter of the soul (where, in this fallen world, is he not?) took advantage of the hour, and it was the power of darkness. It yields a lesson well marked in this biography, as to the importance of the presence of a friend, and the hazard to health, happiness, and even piety, of permitting an invalid to launch upon a voyage alone.

I have touched upon some of the features of a very lovely character. The Christian change was not so much superinduced upon such a character, as mingled with it, and pervading it, at a very early period, as its renewing and transfiguring element. He was baptized in infancy, and a prayer-hearing and covenant-keeping God did not withhold that grace, which alone could keep the baptismal consecration from inflicting the guilt of a violated responsibility, instead of communicating the favor of a Divine blessing. The earliest dispensation of disease, seemed to be for him the hand of the Angel of the Covenant, leading him to God. And it might have seemed as if God, in making such an one a Christian, would have had something of extensive usefulness in view for him here—some sphere of energy and influence for him to fill, that asked for just such qualities and developments of mind and heart. It might have been supposed that those faculties were not to be employed merely or mainly in wrestling for physical health, as for the fit mould in which to cast and use them, or in the conflict with disease.

But so it is. The whole energy and power of some high natures are employed all their life long in merely coating the grains of sand within the pearl; and little or no use, after all, seems to be made of it. So that the oft-repeated assertion of Shakspeare, that spirits are never finely touched but to fine issues, has no absolute truth, unless taken in a higher sense than that in which the poet can be supposed to have written it. Pointed to the skies, it is absolutely and always true; and there only God has a setting for all his jewels, and one that is worthy of them all. The great thing in this life, and the great point of God's discipline, is to render them worthy of it. And how mighty, how transcendent, how inconceivable the honor of a place in the Redemeer's crown—the glory of being appointed and prepared to reflect HIS glory! Whatever be the exact meaning yet to be revealed, of the imagery employed in Scripture on this subject, it can be regarded in no possible sense but as covering up a glory, and, therefore, an extent of usefulness cheaply purchased by all the influences, gifts, qualities, richnesses of endowment, costliness of discipline, and opportunity and compulsion of intense effort, that could ever be lavished upon a soul in the largest period of a mortal existence.

In order that the notices in these remarks, and those scattered in these memoirs, may be seen to spring not from the partiality of fraternal affection merely, but to be coincident with the spontaneous judgment of impartial friends, I shall here insert one or two affecting and delightful records of feeling and of remembrance drawn forth by the news of his death. They were addressed mostly to his only Sister by those who knew him well from boyhood. The first is from a distant, but dear friend, a relative of the beloved pastor of our brother:

"The first notice in the 'New York Observer' of your dear brother's death, gave me a terrible shock. I had felt such an assurance that in the delicious climate of Cuba he would get his health established, particularly after reading some of his letters to you when at Hallowell in September. I sat down and wept as if he had been my own brother, when I saw the account of his death, and was almost unwilling to credit it. I felt it keenly; and when I thought of the stricken mother and sister—how sudden and overwhelming would be the tidings—my heart was filled with sorrow. All I could do was to ask the Lord to comfort your hearts, and richly impart to you his sustaining, sanctifying grace. My pleasantest associations—some of my happiest hours, have been connected with dear Nathaniel and yourself at your mother's fireside, when, in the ardor of our 'first love,' we delighted in communing together on things concerning the kingdom; and like the disciples on their way to Emmaus, we would feel that the Saviour was with us of a truth. How vividly is Nathaniel's beautiful countenance pictured on my mind, as he used to sit in those days—a meek sufferer—in a favorite corner of the fire-place, and talk of Christ, and lay out his various plans for doing good! This ardent love for his Saviour, and for souls, he ever manifested. He seemed so heavenly, I remember how I loved to look upon him, and how my affections were drawn out towards him because he was so devoted. How varied and numerous have been his trials for so short a pilgrimage. In perils by sea and by land, in weariness, in painfulness and watching, yet the same firm, unshaken confidence in God, as when in his brightest days. He has, indeed, from his early youth, been an object of the tenderest and most anxious solicitude to your dear mother and yourself. Not his sufferings alone (though they have been very great), but the uniform cheerfulness, patience, and sweet resignation with which he ever bore them, have drawn your affections more closely around him than could have been possible, perhaps, in other circumstances."

Here are the thoughts and feelings of another dear friend in his native place:

"Oh, I always did love him from his early childhood, but more particularly the last part of his interesting life. Full well do I remember his friendly calls at our house when I was your near neighbor; and frequently, after an ill turn from his fatal complaint, would he come in, and with his cheerful and animated manner, call forth my sympathies in behalf of others.

He felt deeply for the souls of those out of the ark of safety, and for the disobedience of those particularly who did not remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. We saw much of the profanation of this sacred day when living near the water; and when he was quite a child, he would talk to the men, and give them tracts, and try to do them good. This I have not only heard from others, but have seen it myself; and ever since his new birth, his Christian course has been onward, onward, and whatever his hands found to do, it was done with his might, so marked was he for perseverance and industry both spiritual and temporal. Few, I think, of his years, had attained to that fullness in Christ, as did this beloved son; but the Saviour was rapidly preparing him to fill the place he had prepared for him; and now he sees him as he is, face to face, without a glass between. There he is triumphing in redeeming love, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Happy spirit, who would recall thee?"

And yet another beloved friend wrote on the same occasion as follows:

"The memory of your sainted brother is very precious to me, connected, as it is, with the early part of my own religious life. Thoughts of him, and his deep religious exercises, so remarkable in one so young, are closely linked with that interesting period of personal history—a public profession of faith in Christ. Your brother was one of the little band that at that time avouched the Lord Jehovah to be their God, and most nobly did he redeem his pledge. You will remember what frequent interviews I had with him at that period, and how much I enjoyed his sweet society. As I write, his image rises vividly before me. I seem to see him seated in his arm chair by the fire, in the most sheltered part of the room, which I learned to consider his corner, his pale, sweet face illuminated by the light within to such a degree I almost forgot he was a sufferer. Indeed, such was his cheerful submission and patient endurance, that in my robust health, and unconsciousness of pain, I fear I failed to render him that sympathy he was so largely entitled to. After-years of painful suffering have much reminded me of him; and I have earnestly desired to exhibit a like patience and Christian fortitude, that friends, while with me, might not be made to feel I am sick, which was wonderfully true of him!

"I well remember the deep interest he ever felt in the cause of Christ, and the lively sense of Divine things he ever manifested. One circumstance which made a deep impression on my mind, I must mention. I do not remember the precise time, but I think it was on the occasion of our annual Church-fast the first of January. There was a short intermission at noon, but a number of sisters living at some distance from the place of worship, remained after all the brethren but Nathaniel had retired. Unexpectedly to us all (for his feeble health, together with his extreme youth, generally prevented his taking part in the meeting), Nathaniel rose and proposed that the time should not be unimproved. He led in prayer in a most fervent and elevating manner—then offered many experimental and appropriate observations, continuing the exercises till the return of our pastor and other brethren. It was a sweet season; and we all felt it was good to be there. I might mention many interesting things, but you were much more intimately acquainted with him at that period, and it is needless for me to recall what must be so deeply engraven upon your own mind. He will ever live in the hearts of his friends, and, ere long, we will join him in his present blessed abode, and unite with him in that glorious ascription of praise, 'Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us in his own blood, be praise and glory for ever and ever.'"

One more notice, in the following valued letter, to the bereaved

Mother and Sister, from their former pastor, Rev. Professor Shepard, of Bangor Theological Seminary, must not be omitted. It was written from Bangor on receiving the unexpected intelligence of our brother's death :

"I hardly know what to say to you in your sudden and deep affliction. There are circumstances before which language and argument seem to be confounded. I have often been struck with the simplicity and nature of that passage of Scripture, 'So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him ; for they saw that his grief was great.' A voice says to us, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' I know what the greatness of your affliction must be, for I know how you loved that son and brother—how much there was in him to be loved—how much worth and affection to lose, for few had such a heart as he. The fact that he has been so long an invalid and sufferer, requiring such intimate and tender attentions and sympathy, has only bound him so much the closer. It is hard to realize that we shall not see him again. To me the intelligence of his death is as sudden and unexpected as if he had died from the most perfect health, not having heard of any increase of his malady, supposing, even, that the genial clime might be effecting a cure ; if not this, that he could abide on the island, and be comfortable and useful in his profession. Furthermore, he had contended so long with the disease successfully, it seemed that he would continue to do so, and though he might suffer, yet he would live—that by these sufferings he had won a sort of title to life ; yet, in a moment we hear it is otherwise. God's thoughts are not as ours. He is taken away, and we shall see him no more.

'But the circumstances,' I hear you say (indeed, I see not how you can help saying in some of your thoughts upon the case), 'that he should die with strangers, and find his grave in the sea. How kind would have been the Providence, and how it would have taken off from the keenness of the pang, if he could have reached home, and we could have seen his face once more, and could have administered to him in those last offices, and prayed with him, and heard his expressions of sweet trust in the Saviour, and beheld that eye as it looked upon heaven, and have followed him to the grave, and known the place where the beloved form sleepeth.' I said, how kind the Providence; and yet, that Providence is really just as kind in the circumstances as they actually are, as it would have been in the circumstances supposed. And here is the consolation: It is no where else but in God. He is love. He does not afflict his children willingly, but in love. All the circumstances are ordered in love; the manner and the measure come from that Father: if darkness is about him, he will yet make it plain. How much light and comfort there is in looking up to that throne! How much peace in staying the heart upon that heavenly Friend.

"What has God done? He early laid the hand of disease upon the dear departed one, and often was it heavy and hard to bear. But soon he sent his Spirit and adopted him as his son, and gave to him, and to all, a peculiarly clear evidence that it was so, and gave him great joy often in the assurance of that hope. He was with him in his solitude: a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother where all other friends were absent. By the discipline and the rich grace he administered, He ripened him fast for heaven, and then He took him to himself; at the right time, in the best way—without any mistake at all—He took him home to glory. In a moment He relieved him—cured him—made him whole; a little too soon, as it seems to us, but the time that seemed best to Him. He is now in heaven, and heaven is a wonderful place. We do not know it, he does! That heart, oh how it loves now! That voice, how sweet its music! That spirit, how radiant its glory! No sin, no suffering, no death there. This is what God has done —the process—the completion. How much mercy in the cup!

How much to praise him for even! Contrast it with this case. I was in the family a short time since, and saw the parents. It was their eldest son. He was brought up in an atmosphere of religion and prayer, but he did not become pious; he fell in college by vicious indulgence; he went to sea before the mast, and the second night out he slipped from the mast and perished. There was no hope in his case. What a cup was that, and is it still? 'The sting of death is sin.' 'My only hope and consolation is in the absolute sovereignty of God,' said the father. Could those parents only have hope that their son was prepared, and went to heaven, they would feel that the great burden of their grief was removed.

I feel that I have lost a warm and true friend. I have long loved him as a brother. 'Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.' I give you both my full sympathy. My prayer is, that God will be your helper, and impart His unutterable consolations, which shall prevail over the unutterable sorrow.'

May the blessing of God accompany these Memorials. If they communicate an impulse heaven-ward to a single way-worn pilgrim, they will not have been published in vain. One deep lesson from every such tracery of affliction, shines out clearly: it is the infinite importance, for support in sickness, of HABITS of devotion in the season of health. Let the best energies of the soul be employed in forming them. IN THE MORNING sow thy seed—in the bright, cool, joyous morning; in the evening thou shalt reap the harvest. It is evening—it is dark night, when sickness comes; and then, if we have not been to the Great Physician, who, or what, shall comfort us? How miserable would have been the condition of the subject of these notices, with all his native elasticity of spirit, if he had not early trusted in Christ—if he had not been cheered by the presence of a gracious God and Saviour bearing him onward, and consoling him through life—if, when embarking on the deep for the last time, in extreme weakness and heart-sickness, he had not felt that Christ was with him, and that he had just as firm a hold upon Christ's precious promises and dying love on the sea as on the land—if he had not been able to feel that all was well, and when the last hopes of home and Mother and Sister were taken from him, that Jesus himself, in the tenderest love, was doing it all—if he had not been able to say, 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!' Forever blessed be the Lord for this infinite mercy!

I am led to one more reflection by a re-perusal of one of the youthful letters of our beloved brother after a journey. It is as to the preciousness of the habit of trusting in Christ daily amidst trials, and of running to him for deliverance. Death will be easy to those whose life has been a constant experience and observance of the Saviour's loving care. The HABIT of faith is unspeakably desirable, and not the mere impulse, and it grows strong by watchful exercise in what some might call little things. "I have not suffered so severely in mind," says the letter to which I refer, "on accout of your absence, as I expected to do. Thus does the Lord temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and fulfils the gracious promise, As thy days so shall thy strength be; and surely WE have reason, if any ever had it, to believe in, and rely upon, that precious declaration. My mind sometimes adverts to the dangers through which we have passed, and the narrow but merciful deliverances we have experienced; and I wonder and am astonished that I am yet alive, much more in such pleasant circumstances, and in the enjoyment of so many mercies and unspeakable blessings. Oh that the Lord's great goodness to us on our journey, and during our whole lives, might have its legitimate effect upon us, and make us live more entirely as his servants and disciples."

Now that the survey is taken from heaven, with all the dangers and escapes visible, all the interpositions of a Saviour's mercy, hitherto concealed, with what wonder and astonishment, what joy and love past our mortal comprehension, does the enraptured Pilgrim find himself at home! There the inhabitant no more sayeth, "I am sick." There the "glass darkly" is known no more; but face to face, in a full beholding and reflection of the Saviour's glory, the Earnest of the Spirit is changed into the INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS IN LIGHT.

MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE OF NATHANIEL CHEEVER, M. D.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCHES OF EARLY HISTORY, SUFFERINGS, AND TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

> But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
> A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
> Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
> Shoots between scattered rocks and opening shades;
> And while it shows the land the soul desires,
> The language of the land she seeks inspires.
>
> Cowper.

In arranging the papers, and preparing a memorial of our cherished brother, we are actuated by a double motive. First—We wish to bring up distinctly to our own recollection, and to that of an honored circle of warm, personal friends, the virtues and graces of character, by reason of which we and they loved the departed so deeply. Second—We have thought that such a character and life as his, short as was its earthly career, and limited, so to speak, as was its first living edition, should be lived over again in his published biography, for the use of the universal church to which he belonged, and for the wide world of struggling humanity, which characters like that herein portrayed do at once illustrate and adorn.

It is through the published memorials of a good man's deeds, words, and example, that "being dead he yet speaketh." Our care will therefore be, as editor and compiler, to let the endeared subject of these memorials speak for himself. Links that may be wanting in the chain of facts, binding together the different passages of his life, we shall supply; and the testimony of congenial minds, familiar with the character herein exhibited, we shall not exclude. But our aim will be, through the original letters and journals of the deceased, to present rather an autobiography than a history, and to make the character daguerreotype itself on the mind of the reader, rather than ourselves to execute a portrait of it.

After a few items of his birth and boyhood in the present chapter, we shall have recourse to original papers and relics, as the only material for future sections, wherein it will be our endeavor to reflect the grace of Christ, as mirrored in the experience of one of his loveliest disciples, both in the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear.

Wordsworth, with true insight, justly remarks that "the character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen—no, nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze, or a luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely—may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth—not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered? It *is* truth, and of the highest order; for though, doubtless, things are not apparent which did exist, yet the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view, which before had been imperfectly or unconsciously seen. It is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and affections of the living. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth, walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a spirit in heaven."

The subject of this memoir was born at Hallowell, Maine, on the 29th of March, 1816, being the sixth child of Charlotte Barrell and Nathaniel Cheever. He was one of a family of four sons and three daughters, of whom only four arrived at adult years. His grandmother, by the father's side, was sister of the Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, Massachusetts—a woman of a strong mind and true piety. His paternal grandfather, Nathaniel Cheever, of Salem, Massachusetts, died early, but was noted among his townsmen as a man that "feared God and eschewed evil."

His maternal ancestors were of the Barrell and Sayward family, of York, Maine, the grandmother being the only daughter of Jonathan Sayward, and eminent for her virtues as a woman and a Christian; and as the mother of eleven children, nine of whom were successfully reared to adult life, blessed with a numerous posterity.

His grandfather, Nathaniel Barrell, Esq., was the eldest of twelve sons, and for several years before the American revolution, was one of the councillors of Governor Wentworth, of New Hampshire. After embracing Christianity, he adopted the religious views of Robert Sandiman, which he practically exemplified, and held with inflexible tenacity to the close of life, at the advanced age of ninety-nine.

The father of Nathaniel died at the early age of forty, of pulmonary consumption, in the hopes of the gospel, at Augusta, Georgia, where he had gone in pursuit of health, his youngest son, the subject of this memoir, being but three years of age. He had acquired an honorable competence for the support and education of his family, in the industrious exercise of his profession as printer, editor, publisher, and bookseller; and he had won among his fellow citizens a worthy repute for high integrity, energy, and public spirit.

As an infant, Nathaniel is said to have been marked by uncommon intelligence and sweetness of temper, always waking from his cradle with a sunny smile.

He was born just three months after his parents had lost their eldest child, a noble boy of eleven, by drowning, while skating upon the Kennebec. The resemblance to him of the new-born was so striking in every respect, as to have been noticed as a remarkable fact in physiology. He bore his name, his form, his features and lineaments of countenance; and in the mental and moral structure of the two, the correspondence was deemed equally explicit and peculiar, doubtless through the force of the maternal imagination, prepossessed as it must have been with the image of the eldest-born, so suddenly snatched from her sight.

His characteristics as a child were a very strong affection for all about him, but especially for his mother, extreme conscientiousness and regard for the truth, and uncommon susceptibility to religious impressions. Such was his uniform out-gushing cheerfulness, and so inexhaustible was his faculty of extracting happiness from everything, that by guests in the family he was named "SUNSHINE;" and they used to say it was enough to make a person happy to look at him. When he was nine or ten years of age, perfectly healthy, buoyant, and beautiful, those that beheld him felt unwilling he should grow any older.

His relish was keen for all the sports and recreations of childhood, and his amiable temper, joined with his love for making others happy, made all his mates his friends. One summer evening, after school, he was tempted to indulge in sailing along shore, without the consent of his mother, on a little flotilla, with his elder brother, who was most to blame in the matter.

Being found out, they were called to account, and questioned how long they had practised this sport. Nathaniel, in his answers, became involved in a seeming contradiction; and it so wrought upon his sensitive, conscientious mind, that for years after, fearful lest he should not state the exact truth, he would not affirm positively, either in narrating a thing or giving his opinion. But the form of expression he adopted was, "*I believe*—I believe it is so;" "*I believe*—I believe I did it;" "*I believe*—I believe that was the way;" "*I believe*—I believe I said so or thought so."

His fondness for the Bible was early shown. On the occasion of an annual thanksgiving, his eldest brother had given a Bible to his only sister and to his other brother; but supposing another kind of book would be more acceptable to Nathaniel from his extreme youth, he bought him a beautiful history of animals, with fine colored engravings. When he had received it, and compared his present with the two others, he said to his mother, "This is a beautiful book George has got for me, but how much I wish he had given me a Bible, as he has to Elizabeth and Henry." Acting on this suggestion, a Bible like his brother's was at once bought for him, and his name written on the fly-leaf as a thanksgiving present.

This same Bible was his constant companion ever after, in divers and distant parts of the world. It is pencilled throughout by his own hand, and bears the marks of diligent and careful perusal. Large portions of it were committed by him to memory while travelling.

His first vivid religious impressions under preaching, are believed to have been when eight years of age, under the labors of Rev. Joshua Noble Danforth, who was then spending a few weeks in conjunction with the pastor at Hallowell, Rev. Dr. Gillet. Prayer-meetings were then held at his mother's; and he was allowed, as a great privilege, to go out with her occasionally of an evening. The religious instruction, the singing and prayers, greatly affected him, and he was all animated with the spirit of revival. He now spent much time in prayer by himself, and he would talk and pray with his schoolmates one by one.

Returning once from meeting, he said to his mother, "*I believe*—I believe I'm converted; I've thought of what Mr. Danforth has said; I think I never shall do wrong any more; I am sure there will be a revival; it has begun in my heart; shall I not be a Christian?"

Whether or not there was a change of heart effected at this time, cannot be told. His own judgment afterward was rather that no such saving change was then wrought, but evident progress was making toward the kingdom of heaven; and the salutary effect of the religious exercises of his mind at this time, was never effaced. He was then, and for several years after, a member of the Sabbath school, until prevented from attending by his sickness.

His boyhood, up to the time of his first winter's confinement, in 1828–29, was a very happy one. Home was happy. All his affections had their play with mother, sister, brother. School-day time was happy. He loved his teachers and his mates, and was loved by them. Existence, those few years, was one long joy.

> "O blessed vision! happy child!
> Thou art so exquisitely wild,
> I think of thee with many fears
> For what may be thy lot in future years.
> Ah, too, industrious folly!
> Ah, vain and causeless melancholy!
> Nature will either end thee quite,
> Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
> Preserve for thee, by individual right,
> A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
> What hast thou to do with sorrow,
> Or the injuries of to-morrow?
> Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
> Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks,
> Or to be trailed along the soiling earth,
> A gem that glitters while it lives,
> And no forewarning gives;
> But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
> Slips in a moment out of life."

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, and Infinite Wisdom had ordained an ordeal of suffering for one that seemed born only for joy. The Captain of our Salvation was made perfect by sufferings; and as a matter of fact, almost all that have attained to eminent holiness in this life, have gone up by the same road. In Cowper's own sweet words, who well knew the truth of them,

> The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

In an autumn evening of 1828, while waiting in the open air the arrival of a stage-coach with his mother, he incurred a severe cold, in the train of which, owing to some hitherto undeveloped peculiarity of constitution, there followed a confirmed asthma. The following winter, being under medical treatment for his cough, he was like an imprisoned bird. Unaccustomed to confinement, and his buoyant spirits yet unbroken, the discipline was irksome and hard to bear; and there were not then those religious consolations which he afterward experienced so fully.

But neither at this time, nor ever after, was he a fretting sufferer; for the natural sweetness of his disposition was always ascendant. Frequent religious conversations with a clergyman in the family that first winter of disease, were highly beneficial to him. His feelings were very tender on the subject of religion, and continued so with much anxiety and deep conviction through the following summer, as will be seen in the pages of his private journal.

On his return to Hallowell from a summer's residence by the sea-side, in the fall of 1829, his religious views and habits became settled, his hope in Christ strong, and his interest in others' salvation very deep and engaging. A member of the family says of him at that time, that Doddridge's Rise and Progress, with his Bible and Hymn-book, were his daily companions; meditation, prayer, and praise, his solace; and it was affecting to see one so young thus engaged. Of Watts' hymns, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," "Firm as the earth thy gospel stands," "Not all the blood of beasts," were particular favorites. There were many of Cowper's and Newton's equally precious to him. "O, for a closer walk with God," "It is the Lord enthroned in light," "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Ye angels who stand round the throne," "The voice of free grace," "Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings," and many others he delighted to read and sing. "Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near," was first sung by us at an extraordinary season of temptation he endured, to which allusion is made in his journal.

In due time God delivered him from all disquieting fears, doubts, and regrets; and cheerful activity in his Master's service, at every relaxation of disease, characterized his course for many years. He used to visit a cabinet-maker's shop, where were several young men, and one or two lads near his own age, in the hope of engaging their attention to serious things. One morning, coming in from them, grieved at having heard profane language, and feeling that he ought to have said something to the person uttering it, he could not be satisfied until, finding "The Swearer's Prayer," and going back with the tract to the shop, he gave it, with a few words of expostulation, to the young man. They gave him the designation of The Little Missionary, by way of ridicule; but this did not prevent his earnest desires for their conversion, and ingenuous efforts in their behalf.

His regard for the Sabbath all through his youth was peculiar; his grief in its profanation often expressed; and he was frequently known to take a tract upon the claims of the Sabbath, and go out to give it to persons who were desecrating the holy day. No one could refuse to listen to a word of remonstrance from one so young and interesting in his personal appearance.

In the absence of both his brothers at this time, he re sorted, as by a social necessity, to more intimate self-communications with his mother and sister, such being the frankness and affection of his character by grace and nature, that his mental exercises and emotions must be shared by others in order to be enjoyed by himself. Many hours were spent at his bed-side, after he had retired for the night, in delightful converse. We have often regretted that some record was not preserved of those nightly conversations. So attractive and heavenly would he often be, it was difficult to leave him.

His mother sometimes, in his early sickness, would express her sorrow in leaving him alone through the night. Once, in particular, he sweetly answered her, in the words of Scripture, as his manner was, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in the Lord."

His early development of faith and devout emotion, was no less remarkable than his religious activity. His Christian character, at the first youthful period, when the hand of disease was laid on him so heavily, was signalized by a great love of personal labor for the conversion of those to whom he could gain access. With a few tracts in his hand, he would pursue his walks, and speak fervently to those to whom he presented them ; and the very sight of one so young and so feeble, engaged in such a work, with such simplicity and earnestness, had great power.

So deeply had this habit, together with the desire of usefulness, taken possession of his being, that, at times, it seemed uppermost even in his dreams. His mother was accustomed to leave a cane by his bedside, that he might knock in the night, should any assistance be needed, under a paroxysm of disease. One night a loud knocking was heard, and the family having hastened to him, found him still asleep, but with the cane in his hand, as calling for assistance. When it was inquired what he wanted, "Mother," was his earnest, unconscious exclamation, "I can't make sinners hear! I can't make sinners hear!"

On one occasion, his sister had been out for the afternoon, and did not return till the latter part of the evening. It was in the summer. He had retired, being fatigued with the day's exertion, though, at that time, better than usual in health. As was always our custom, his room was the first place sought in coming home. She went to tell him of the visit, and convey the messages of Christian friends. He was full of animation and hope; had been to Gardiner to visit the iron-foundry during the day, and his mind was much excited with the thoughts started by what he had seen. In giving an account of it, said he: "When looking into the heated furnace, with the red ore, I thought of the three worthies who were cast into the one seven times heated; and I felt as I gazed upon the burning flames, that if Christ should call me, I could go through them without fear." Such was his joyous experience at that time of the love of Christ.

A little after this, while suffering severely under an attack of asthma, he was asked by one of the family, who was going to visit a beloved relative, what message she should carry from him. "Tell her," was his immediate reply, in the manner peculiar to himself—"tell her, with my love, that the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me, yet I rejoice in him daily."

Sacred music, by the voice and piano, was a delight and solace to him in his affliction. The hallowed language of praise and adoration was often upon his lips; and his voice, thrilled by feeling, was full of melody. One morning, when he was more than ordinarily under the power of disease, and panting for breath, his mother had left the room upon his partial recovery from a severe coughing spell. It was but a few minutes after that she was arrested by the sound of singing from his apartment; it was his own voice, lifted in praise for relief, warbling its gratitude in that verse of Watts':

I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

He was always ready to acknowledge the least alleviation in his suffering; and his most general answer to the common inquiry, how he was, would be, "I feel better now." It was customary in the earlier treatment of his malady, to administer emetics of Ipecac. Relief to his painful wheezing was generally immediate upon the operation of one of these emetics; and the sweet playfulness of his nature would then shine out with peculiar lustre.

At such times especially, says one who was called to this office of love for a series of years, it was a delightful privilege to minister to him. Affection was never weary in its tender offices; and to the sufferer it was a great consolation to have those whom he loved so tenderly in his presence and sight. I remember learning that lovely piece of Leigh Hunt to his son, six years old, during sickness, while keeping watch around his bed in one of his attacks of asthma. The two first verses seemed a life-like description of our brother, and the whole was strikingly expressive of our feelings:

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.
Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears:
These—these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

He was grateful for the least attention, and always expressed pleasure in receiving any favor, even as he delighted to give pleasure to others, often exerting himself beyond his strength in order to entertain those about him. Good old Deacon Gow, a Scotchman, and a pillar of the church, was in the habit of visiting at his mother's whenever the teachers' meeting was held there; and it was interesting to see them together—the aged saint and youthful disciple—in close communion upon heavenly things. The deafness of the deacon made it a great effort for the young invalid to converse with him, unless he was remarkably well; yet, how often has he been known to seat himself by the side of the patriarch, and sustain an animated conversation when gasping for breath. The good old man, now in glory, truly loved his society; and he was often heard to say, after spending an afternoon with him, "I have really been edified and instructed by that young disciple."

These interviews were frequent after uniting with the church at the age of fourteen. The time of his joining was a season of peculiar religious interest at Hallowell, under the ministry of Rev. George Shepard. Many young persons were then subjects of the grace of God, with several of whom he contracted a warm friendship, which after settlement and usefulness in life never abated. Their interviews together under his mother's roof, were precious and refreshing seasons, which will be dear in the memories of eternity.

Confined, as he was, for a long time, to the society of home, there was, of necessity, a freedom of intercourse not common in ordinary life. His love, from early childhood, was strong for his kindred, and to all about him he was greatly endeared. For one especially, a lovely cousin, when a very little boy, his affection was ardent and sincere. She was his frequent companion in his first sickness; and his desires for her conversion, after the change in his own feelings, were very strong. He told his mother that he could tell Charlotte everything, and make her his entire confident formerly; but now he found it difficult to express to her his earnest wishes for her conversion, but was consoled in the thought that he could pray for her.

It is very rare to find united such a pure, impelling love for souls, and warm, natural affection for friends. His attachment to his pastor, also, was very strong. When detained by the weather, or an attack of his malady, from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, his minister, Mr. Shepard, invariably called to see him on Monday morning, and contributed, by his attention and kindness, very greatly to his happiness.

He thus speaks of his leaving Hallowell, in a note dated October 8th, 1836: "The painful moment to part with our beloved Mr. Shepard and family, has now come. Mrs. S. has taken leave of us this afternoon. It is indeed a 'wrenching' of ties to have him thus leave his present sphere of usefulness, and an affectionate people. To many here it is not clearly seen to be his duty. But I hope he will be eminently useful at Bangor, and that the Lord will provide for his people here, though it is doubtful if another so able and good a man as Mr. S. be found."

When, at another time, he himself was about leaving his native place, with his next elder brother, for a voyage to foreign parts, in quest of health, and was endeavoring to combat the anxieties of his mother, in view of separation, he said to her, with his peculiar simplicity and sweetness, "Why, mother, if I were to die here, surrounded by you all, I must die *alone*. You could not go with me through the dark valley; and if I die away from you, I know I shall have the presence of Christ to relieve the gloom. I am sure he will be with me; and what more do I need? You must be comforted in the thought of such a constant friend. He will never leave nor forsake me." At the same time, he wrote an affectionate note of farewell to his pastor, and another requesting the prayers of the church in his absence, to be read at church-meeting.

He used often to say, after his distressing paroxysms of asthma, that he thought it most probable he should yet be taken away in one; and that he felt perfectly willing to die so if his heavenly Father should see fit to remove him. He thought he suffered more than the agonies of death at such time; but would often add, that he had such delightful views of the heavenly world and its glories, in the midst of his sufferings, that he longed to take his place there, and be free from the impediments of the material vehicle which pressed so heavily upon his spirit here. These consolations, as well as sufferings, and the temper with which he bore them, greatly enhanced the love of his friends.

In sickness or health, in joy or sorrow, he was inexpressibly dear to us from childhood upwards. We were one as boys, and happy all day long at school and at play, skating and sliding, nutting and swimming, and trundling our hoops. And then, how mutually dear we were when separated the first summer of his sickness—the one to go to Phillips' Academy, Andover, the other to Old York in quest of health. And ever after how beloved he was, through those long years of sanctified suffering on his part, whereby he led the way into the kingdom of heaven, until we were together again, and all in all to each other in our wanderings upon the sea, and our sojourn in the south of Spain!

It has been a mournful, and yet, with the sunny rays of his character always shining upon us from his actions and words here recorded, it has been a happy survey that we have taken in this volume of his varied life and peaceful death. The friends who shall follow us in it, will learn much that will be instructive, both of the inner and the outer life of one that was truly a child of God, while a person of rare intellect, taste, and sensibility; who travelled far and widely in pursuit of health, without ever losing his heart's best treasure—the love of Christ.

If a sweet, social temper, gushing love
For kindred and for kind, spirits forever
Sparkling and buoyant as a spring's light bubbles;
Mirth, candor, frankness, the desire to give
Pleasure to friends, and good to every one;
And more than all, true love for Christ and souls—
If these be traits that mark a genial nature,
Beloved and formed to bless, through God's rich grace,
Our cherished brother was that happy man.

No more the tender offices of love
We pay him here on earth, but all his virtues
We fondly cherish; and that radiant face,
From its calm-sphere within the spirit world,
Like a bright star shall still look down and cheer
Our life's sojournings, till at length we come
Where he the promises, through patient faith,
Inherits, and enjoys the rest of heaven!

We add here, as presenting certain aspects and impressions of the character, through the medium of another mind, a letter from his eldest brother, George, to the editor of the *New York Evangelist*, addressed to that paper from Charleston, South Carolina, dated January 21st, 1845:

"It is now nearly three months since I wrote you from Havre, on the eve of starting on my voyage to Cuba. I set sail thither, hoping, by God's mercy, to meet and comfort my dear brother; but even before I sailed, his spirit had taken its flight from this suffering body, and he had gone to be forever with the Lord. Ah! how little do we know what is before us! Day by day I was counting the hours of our passage, and wishing for the land in deep anxiety, yet trusting, through the Lord's goodness, to meet my beloved brother in at least as good health as when we parted, and anticipating the joy I would give to his heart in a land of strangers; but already he was beyond the need of earthly comfort, surrounded by heavenly companions, and with that Friend closer than a brother—that Saviour who loved him, and gave himself to die for him!

"He was indescribably dear to us. There is something in the sufferings of a friend, long-continued and patiently endured, that brings him nearer to the soul than even the ties of relationship. The more care we have to bestow upon those dear to us, and the more anxiety they cost us, the dearer they are. Is it not even so with our blessed Saviour towards those for whom he died, to heal whose sickness, and remove their sins, it has cost him such an infinite expense of love and suffering. The greater that expense, the more he loves them. God has certainly implanted, even in us, some such principle in the constitution he has given us. But our Saviour thus loved his enemies. We think it much if we are faithful to our friends.

"I may be pardoned if I add a word as to the sweet character of my departed brother. His natural loveliness, his talents, his acquisitions of grace and knowledge, his unceasing, sparkling cheerfulness, even amidst suffering—his playfulness and enjoyment in social intercourse, even beneath the heavy hand of disease, were qualities that made all love him who knew him. The frankness and simplicity of his nature were like a child's; and he had such openness of character, that it seemed as if he were just as willing you should see its defects as discover its excellencies. An enthusiastic ardor characterized his application, when the intermissions of disease permitted anything like regularity in his pursuits.

"It had been the desire of his heart to engage in the study and work of the ministry; but cut off from this—after years spent in the fruitless endeavor to recover his health—he applied to the study of medicine, at first, rather as an employment than with much hope ever to enter on its practice as a profession. His desire to do something in the world—to be able to feel that he was useful, was very great; and unspeakable was the anguish he sometimes endured in brooding over years and energies wasted by disease. Sometimes, when he saw me at work, he would sit down and weep, with the feeling that he was almost worthless; and all endearments could not comfort him. But God had a blessed design in all this, and, doubtless, the suffering discipline was better for him than would have been the most successful labors.

"He prepared, amidst illness, as his *Thesis* for examination—a treatise on his own disorder, which, had he been spared to perfect it, as was his intention, would certainly, in every respect, have been worthy of publication. The difficulties he encountered in gaining his profession, and afterwards in overcoming the obstacles thrown in his way in Havana, during a month of tedious effort, Spanish delay, and jealous scrutiny, to obtain the degree necessary to practise in a strange land, together with the patient energy of his perseverance in the midst of those difficulties, were almost inconceivable, and always beneath the pressure of bodily weakness and suffering.

"With a friendly physician he visited patients under the yellow fever, to gain, as soon as possible, a knowledge of that sickness, and endeavored to communicate spiritual comfort when he could aid in no other way. Established, at length, by the providence of

God, in Trinidad, he was beloved by all who knew him, and seemed on the eve of accomplishing, for a little season, the desire of his life, when, by the same All-wise Providence, every hope was blasted, and 'the bark perished even in the haven's mouth.' But no! it has not perished, but is only lost from our sight for a little while—in the keeping of the Redeemer—in the light of heaven.

"It was most painful to witness the wearing and repressing power of disease upon his physical system, while, at the same time, the mind, unhindered in its growth, and unwearied in its energies, seemed as if seeking deliverance, or intended for some stronger tabernacle. A few stanzas of poetry, written to him at this period, describe the gradual and stern certainty with which it was felt that disease was fixed upon him, and would never depart, together with the change it had already wrought upon his youthful and elastic frame, repressing, also, as we saw, in a sad degree, the almost indestructible buoyancy of his spirits. Through God's unutterable mercy, a sweet Christian resignation took the place of that buoyancy, and more than supplied its sustaining power; and afterwards, when a residence, and travelling in mild climates, had given his constitution a little opportunity to come up, as it were, with his mind, something of the cheerfulness of childhood seemed returning to him.

"He had great generosity of mind and heart, and a most tender sympathy with others in difficulties. He had been exposed to great trials and perils, both of soul and body, in some of his journeyings abroad; and an experience as well as knowledge had been given him, which might have fitted him for great usefulness, but it pleased God otherwise. Those who knew him as President of the Medical Temperance Society, in his college, well remember with what active, joyful zeal and earnestness he set himself to animate its movements, to inspire an interest for it in others, and to overcome the prejudices of some who were opposed to it. It is pleasant to mention the great kindness and sympathy of his instructor, Dr. Parker, towards him—a kindness which he remembered with gratitude in a strange land.

"He had no hope of recovery from his disease by a residence in Cuba, but only to have it alleviated, and his life spared a few years, if God would grant him this mercy. Often he expressed the conviction that he could not recover. 'I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul,' he would say, in reference to his malady; but thanks be unto God, he could also say with David, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God!'

"He was buried at sea. But the sea shall give up its dead; and then the enraptured spirit, that in this tabernacle did groan, being burthened—no longer weighed down and fettered by the sickness, and pain, and hard-drawn breath of its imprisoning clay—shall be clothed upon with a body of incorruption, power, and glory, that mortality may be swallowed up of life.

Oh, blessed hope of the resurrection! For thereby 'we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

"How sweet the assurance that 'our times are in his hand;' and how consoling the thought to those who have lost dear friends far away, that 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;' and that all the circumstances of such deaths are ordered by him in unutterable love, and for their good. Whether his children shall die at home or abroad, in the midst of strangers or encircled by sympathizing, supplicating friends—whether those who love them shall walk with them, and talk with them, and pray with them down to the river of death, and bid them farewell on its borders, within sight of the celestial city, or whether they shall enter it alone, and yet, not alone where Christ himself is present, and bright commissioned angels are waiting on the soul!"

CHAPTER II.

YOUTHFUL DIARY, RELIGIOUS LIFE AND CONSECRATION, BEING AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF GRACE IN THE BUD.

> 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
> And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
> And how they might have borne more welcome news;
> Their answers form what men EXPERIENCE call.
>
> YOUNG.

WE enter now upon a series of extracts from the private journal, begun by the subject of this memoir, when thirteen years of age. It was intended solely for his own benefit, and his own eye, as a means of self-improvement and self-examination; and the beneficial results to himself upon his style and his character strongly commend the experiment to others of his age. His entries are often little more than a summary of his days, marked by great simplicity and naturalness of expression, though generally in language maturer than his years. He kept another journal for the use of his friends as well as himself, from the time that he left home in pursuit of health. They are both written, like all his papers, in a legible, clear hand, and were kept with singular neatness, order, and precision, furnishing a practical proof and commentary of his methodical and regular habits of business and self-discipline, in the formation of which he was thrown almost entirely upon his own resources and perseverance, having little help from training in school after his twelfth year. The pages of his journals, together with letters which will be interspersed, constitute an unmeant auto-biography, to which we shall be mainly confined for the material of future chapters. Our extracts begin soon after the commencement of his youthful diary:

Hallowell, March 29th, 1829.—SABBATH.—The anniversary of my natal day has at length arrived, and with how much better health than the last! With how great forbearance has the Lord borne me through sickness—me, so unworthy the notice of an All-wise and Infinite Being, and given me as much health as I do now enjoy. Can my gratitude be too heartfelt to him who has thus kindly brought me to the beginning of another year in so much health, peace, and comfort? Ought it not to humble me to see my entire dependence upon him? His mercies are so abundant, I can exclaim with the Psalmist:

Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,
  They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
  To equal numbers rise.
My flesh with fear and wonder stand
  The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hand
  Thy thoughts of love reveal.

April 6th.—I have been employed a part of this morning in writing a letter to George. I can perceive every day a great many faults in my conduct, which must be speedily remedied. But it is of no avail if we see our faults, and do not correct them. We must, with a stern determination, resolve to correct whatever we see amiss in ourselves, that thereby we may be holy and righteous in this world, and prepared for the next.

April 20th.—I am fearful that the resolution in the first part of my journal, concerning daily composition, will not be fulfilled. For I now write nothing worth the trouble of taking pen in hand. I feel almost disconsolate, when I think of myself—of hardly any use in the world; but if it is the will of Providence that I should have this trial, why not be resigned to it?

Whilst Henry and E. are rapidly advancing in their studies, I am making no progress, nor have I advanced in any degree to compare with them. If I had been in health, and anywise diligent, how much might I have learned, and how many books read in the time that I have been unwell. But is not the privation balanced by the many comforts and blessings I have, and am receiving every day, from an almighty hand?

April 22d.—I have seen a shocking sight to-day. An old, grey-headed man, so much intoxicated that he could hardly stand. It is very distressing to witness that dreadful vice indulged to such unrestrained degree at any age, but still more so at an advanced age, when all ought to be preparing for a future state, though none, by any means, to procrastinate with the hope of being spared to old age.

April 24th.—I have been confined to the house to-day, on account of the rain-storm. Oh! that I was able to go to school with Henry, and go out in all weather. How much more happily would the time wear away. My ill health is more depressing to me than ever. Now that I am growing older, the denial from study seems harder than it has ever been. It is very difficult for me to reconcile myself entirely to this trial, which I feel to be the greatest one I have. Oh, that I might have that inestimable quality—patience. It would be a sweet balm to all my afflictions.

April 30th.—I feel much better in mind as well as body, when I am employed in something that will be useful. It appears to injure me more to read or study, than ever. I begin to think that I shall never be able to fulfil my wishes in regard to my studies. I cannot read in a book that requires very great attention. The words appear to run together; my head feels dizzy, and sustains various feelings; still I can take a newspaper, and read a short time. But this deprivation, as well as many others, must be borne with due patience.

May 4th.—Our dear brother George arrived this evening in very good health and spirits I never was so glad to see him in all the time that he has been from home. We ought to be very grateful to our heavenly Father, that we are again brought together under circumstances of so much happiness.

May 14th.—We think of going away the ensuing summer, if nothing happens to prevent. Mother and myself will go to York; Henry, to Andover, with George, and E. will go to Boston to attend school. Everything is so uncertain, that I do not set my heart upon it; for how many things may transpire which will render it impossible for us to go.

June 10th.—A sorrowful day. I have had to be separated from those I so much love all at once. It is too much to bear. Tears are the only relief I can resort to. The house appears to be bereft of all its most lovely ornaments. Desolate, indeed, it seems; but this world has not much else beside trouble and separations. Oh, may we all emigrate to that happy land, where we shall never part, but live forever in eternal happiness.

June 30th.—We have arrived in York. We ought to feel grateful to the Almighty that we are at length brought to our journey's end in safety, and in as much health as we now enjoy. The salt water is very near the house, so that I can go fishing any time when it is pleasant. I want to write H. and G., but it seems a tremendous job.

July 3d.—Have been down to the SHORT SANDS alone, where I had a full view of the mighty ocean. There was wind enough; and the large surges, one after another rolling upon the beach, and dashing against the rocks, made it truly grand and inspiring.

"In every object here I see,
Something, O Lord, that leads to thee;
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love, a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace, an ever-flowing tide.
In every object here I see,
Something, my heart, that points at thee;
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tide, in constant motion."

July 18th.—Have had the worst turn of breathing that I ever had yet. I hardly know how I lived through it. The only way I got relief was by taking an emetic. I am much better now, and I ought to be thankful that there is anything that will afford me relief. I have some hope that by abstaining from meat altogether, and living upon light food, I may be as well as I sometimes have been at home. But it is the Lord's will; let him do what seemeth him good, and I must be resigned to the dispensations of his almighty hand. I have thought whether the salt water-air may not be too bracing for me.

Wednesday 22d.—I have received a most beautiful letter from Mr. Rowland, at Andover Seminary. May the kind interest he takes in my salvation be not expressed in vain. Oh, Lord, grant that it may help to the salvation of my soul. May his advice not be lost on my stubborn heart. May the arrows of conviction strike deep. Oh, that I might answer yes to the inquiries he makes of me. Then, ah! then should I know what it was to have a new heart—to have this vile one washed with the purifying blood of the Redeemer of sinners—to have my sins forgiven through the merits of the gracious Saviour. Then, indeed, should I rejoice in view of an entrance into the kingdom of God. Then should I have a "very present help" in times of trouble and oppression. When bowed down with sorrow and trials, should I have a never-failing source of resort for solace and consolation. I have no kind brother, as I had at home, like Henry, to impart all my feelings and thoughts to. Oh, yes, I think of, and wish for him, very much indeed. I see a great many beautiful prospects, and much rich and delightful scenery; but my descriptive powers are not good enough for me to describe it.

July 23d.—Evening. I am sitting at the little entry window; the sun has just set, and a most beautiful scene lies before me. There is not a breeze to ruffle the smooth surface of the water; and save the slow ticking of the clock, the chirp and singing of the robin and other birds, the occasional brawling of a neighboring child, and the roaring of the water as it runs through the mill-dam, there is nothing to disturb the stillness that pervades this beautiful and most delightful scene.

July 25th.—This—I hardly know what term to give it—is getting towards a close. I turn the last leaf this evening. It is the first journal that I have ever written, and the last I hope that will be written so badly. It is a pretty good record of what the weather has been since its existence, and my ill turns, if nothing else. I think I shall keep it up, if it is only for the recreation it affords my depressed spirits after the tediousness of the day is past.

And now I have closed my JOURNAL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

July 27th.—How different the circumstances under which

I write now from what my other Journal began with at home. My health has been unstable. I have been quite well at times, and also very sick indeed since I left Hallowell. Though my health is not restored, numerous, oh yes, very many blessings have I had to be grateful for. Every day ought to inspire us with gratitude to our Heavenly Father, that He hath brought us so far through life; that we have raiment to wear, and food to eat. Our most common blessings are our greatest ones; and those that we generally prize as the smallest, we should be the most wretched without.

August 21st.—The bright hopes that I cherished a week since have been sadly disappointed, even beyond what I had any idea of, for I have been almost as unwell as ever. Received a letter from H. I fear that the supposition he makes in regard to my preparing for college at Phillip's Academy, and for the ministry at the Institution, will never be realized, unless my health is restored very soon. There is a possibility yet, but rather a faint one, that a thing I so much desire may be. Oh, if I could study and be always with a dear brother!

August 22d.—I have ridden down to the SHORT SANDS with my cousin, E. K., who bathed in the ocean, which I longed to do too, but it would not do for me. It is a most beautiful and romantic place. It brings to mind a scene in the "Antiquary" by Sir Walter Scott, where Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter were near perishing, in attempting to go round Halket Head, by the flowing up of the ocean, and were relieved by the timely assistance of Lovel and the fisherman Mucklebackit, through the medium of Oldbuck; and not the least by any means, the mendicant Edie Ochiltree, who was the first to aid them in their preservation. It is a very fine place to ride at low tide, the sand being almost as smooth as glass. Toward the end of the beach there are immense cliffs piled one over the other, and sharp and large heaps of rocks scattered about in different places. My jaunt has made me feel much better, and I shall ride again in a few days.

Monday, 31*st*.—I had a very bad night, but am much better than I expected this morning. Last week I received a letter from George, which is good enough to be printed. What affectionate interest he shows towards me! How I long to see him and H. Oh! I will try and have religion—may God help me to obtain it. Oh! most blessed consolation that thou art! If I have thee, I shall be prepared for whatever can befall me in this world, resigned to trial and suffering, and ready to quit it whenever the Almighty shall please to call me away. No; it must not be put off any longer; now is the only time which I can strictly call my own. Oh! may my heart be purged from all sin, and I be led to repentance and faith in Christ, who taketh away the sin of the world, on whom we can lean and safely trust.

September 7*th*.—I was not able to go to meeting yesterday, but hope I tried to spend the Sabbath well at home. Oh! what blessed hopes the Bible holds out to those that give themselves up to God, and walk in the way of everlasting life May I read that blessed book with a fervent desire to obtain good!

Wednesday, 16*th*.—Yesterday I went down to the SANDS with uncle's gun, and shot four Sandy-birds, which are very fat. I should love to partake of my own game, but it would interfere with my resolution of abstinence from animal food; so I shall not break it. I have felt a great deal better since I have been a gunning. I was on a place yesterday where I had not been before, Fort Hill so called. These are the remains of two old forts which were built in the Revolutionary war. They are on a high eminence, and command the harbor very well. The proud waves were dashing themselves against the rugged cliffs and rocks, and throwing their spray high up in the air; I think it was beyond all that I have seen of the sea. No soul was with me, and I was left alone to wonder at the works of the Almighty Creator. My descriptions are totally inadequate to such scenes, yet my admiration of them is silent, sincere, and heartfelt. Not by any means am I blind to the wonders which are everywhere displayed in this charming place.

Say what they will about Nahant, and other resorts for the fashionables and valetudinarians, Old York yields to none of them; and if it were in the vicinity of some large and populous city, there is no doubt it would be celebrated. I have seen so many sublime and pleasant scenes since I have been here, that in what few I have dabbled at, there is a continued repetition of the words delightful, beautiful, and grand.

September 30th.—Next week is the time appointed for our departure from this pleasant spot, where I have experienced some sorrow, but more happiness, and which I shall regret to leave, although I have a pleasant home in anticipation. As long as my memory lasts, I think I shall never forget my visit to York. Now have I seen a good many of the places which I have so many times heard my dear mother give account of. Although I have been unwell a good part of the time, I have had a very pleasant summer, and many blessings to acknowledge from an Almighty hand. When I anticipate the pleasure I shall experience in again meeting G. and H., the foretaste is almost too much for me. Oh how glad I shall be to see two brothers loved so dearly as they are by me.

Hallowell, December 25th, 1849.—It is a long time since I have written in my journal, and many things have occurred which are perhaps worthy of note. Nevertheless, I shall not enter into a long detail of them, but only state that we are once more at home, and have been for a period of more than two months, in the enjoyment of those blessings which God has always been liberal in giving. Henry is at home, and I enjoy his company very much. G. has been, but has now departed. E. of course is not at home, and will not be until spring. I think my general health is much improved, although I am rather unwell at present. On Sabbath night H. and myself made certain solemn resolutions, which I most earnestly desire we may be enabled to perform and keep. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," is the command of our Divine Lord and Master. May we indeed obey that command, and be strong in our endeavors to foil the evil tempter in all his insinuations to make us backslide, and may we gain a glorious victory over sin and temptation.

January 1st, 1830.—The old year has passed away, and the new one has commenced, and I fear I am yet far from the kingdom of heaven; but may I advance still nearer to the haven of rest, and may not another year pass without my having found peace in believing, and devoted myself unreservedly to God.

Sabbath day, 3*d*.—I this day resolve trusting in God for strength to perform it, to forsake my sins, take up the cross, and follow Christ. Oh! I am a poor, miserable sinner, unworthy of the least of God's mercies. Of myself I can do nothing. Oh! may I apply to that living fountain of all holiness, and obtain a draught of living water which shall spring up unto life everlasting!

Monday, January 11*th*.—Since writing last, a thing has occurred for which we ought to manifest so much gratitude, that it deserves to be mentioned here. Last Thursday, H. and myself were skating upon the river, and the former not skating very fast, took hold of a rope fastened from the mast of a vessel to a stake in the ice, and the rope being slack he fell immediately down, almost the whole weight of his body coming upon his head; consequently he was injured very much. Our gratitude ought to be great that he was not killed instantly. This ought to admonish us how uncertain life is, and upon how brittle a thread our existence depends. Moreover, seeing this instance of the goodness of God in preserving him, we ought to rely more upon his care. May it serve to enforce upon us all the words of our Lord that "we know not the day or the hour when the Son of Man cometh!"

January 29th, Thursday.—Not so well in body as I have been for some time. I hope I can say that I am submissive to the will of the Lord respecting me. Oh! may I be deeply humbled in view of my manifold transgressions. How merciful is God unto me! I can say with David, "weeping endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." So is it with me; in the night when my disease is raging with violence, I am almost ready to give up all hope, but in the morning hope again revives, equally as I am strengthened in body.

February 28th, 1830.—I am now reading a book which Mr. S. lent me, entitled "Letters to an Anxious Inquirer." I like them very much; exactly applicable to me. If anything, I am more backward in prayer than when I last wrote. Cannot find language to clothe my ideas in, if I have any. What is this owing to? It is owing to the wickedness of my own heart. And how can it be corrected? By steady resolution and perseverance. But I do resolve and re-resolve again, and then relapse into the old course and continue there, until I make another vain resolution.

March 29th, 1830.—This is my birthday (fourteen years old), and I am unhappily suffering under a distressing attack of my grievous complaint. In taking a retrospect of the last year, I see that I have been in the steady enjoyment of numberless blessings from my Heavenly Father. I also see, which is certainly humiliating, how little has been evinced of gratitude by me; how entirely undeserving I am of the very least of all; that it would be just if all were taken from me by the same hand which has so bountifully supplied me. But unutterable thanks be to Him, who is "merciful to the evil and unthankful," that he has thus kindly brought me through all the dangers and vicissitudes which I have experienced, to the light of another of my natal days. In what a loud and clear voice does it call for the surrender and leading captive of all my powers to the foot of the cross, there to resign the entire disposal of them and myself to Him who alone can save us. Oh that glorious era! when will it come! when will it be that I shall become a humble follower of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Then, and not till then, I am firmly persuaded, shall I be happy.

April 27th.—Worldly and backsliding all the time. Cold, lifeless, and inanimate, as regards all spiritual things, but full of life and vigor about everything else these few weeks of better health.

June 7th.—Not well in health at present, but have been finely. I hope that my spiritual health is rather better. Since I wrote last, we have had the great happiness of welcoming G. and E. again to our pleasant home, both in fine health and spirits.

To the overflowing cup of mercies that have rained upon us from our Heavenly Father—like manna upon the Israelites—we hope has been added that of having our dear G. gathered into the fold of Christ. This is worth more than all our earthly blessings. If there is any comfort in affliction, besides that which comes directly from the true and never-failing source of consolation, it is that of having our near and dear relatives able to be the almoners of those promises which are sure and abiding, and of those consolations which are unspeakable.

October 18th.—I have for two Sabbaths past enjoyed the great happiness of hearing my dear brother's voice exerted in pleading with the people of God for renewed zeal and activity in the cause of Christ. His text was from 1 Peter i. xv.—"But as he who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." He preached three sermons from this text, and three noble ones they were.

November 3d, 1830.—I hope I can say that my spiritual health is better than it has been for some time past. I hope also that I am in some measure at least resigned to the will of the Lord concerning me. Oh that he would give me entire, unreserved, and unconditional resignation to his Divine pleasure, and that I might have such a perfect acquiescence as that I should delight in it; yea, should glory in it, should verily glory in the endurance and performance of it, though it should cost me great bodily suffering, and should grievously afflict and distress me. I think also that I can say with fear and trembling, that I do in some measure try to imitate that perfect pattern which Christ has left as an example for us to follow, and that I do try to live holy, godly, and righteously, in this present evil world. I try to, and think I do rely upon the merits and righteousness of Christ for acceptance with God. I hope that his love in a degree constrains me. But oh, my soul, thou knowest that it does not as it ought. Think, oh think, of the amazing love he has shown unto thee in redeeming thee from everlasting destruction, in saving thy soul from death, thine eyes from tears, and thy feet from falling, and in suffering and dying for thee, even the death of the cross—and then think of thine own shameless deficiency.

So far as can be gathered from the Journal, and from the recollections of friends, the early part of this month of November, 1830, seems to have been the period when the subject of these experiences, by the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit, passed from death unto life.

It is on the fifteenth of this month that we find written the following Covenant of self-dedication and prayer, partly in the words of that found in Doddridge's Rise and Progress in Religion, which he had been very prayerfully and earnestly perusing. It forms the last record in the second volume of his Early Journal.

From this time it is instructive to notice how, in accordance with the experience of other favored Christians, after a similar act of self-consecration, the peace of God which passeth all understanding began to keep his heart and mind in Christ Jesus.

Hallowell, *Nov.* 15*th*, 1830.—Eternal and ever blessed God, I desire to present myself before thee with the deepest humiliation and self-abasement of soul, sensible how unworthy such a sinful worm is to appear before the holy Majesty of heaven—the King of kings and the Lord of lords, and especially on such an occasion as this, even to enter into a covenant transaction with thee. But the scheme is thine own. Thine infinite condescension has offered it by thy dear Son; and I hope thy grace has inclined me to accept of it. I come, therefore, acknowledging myself to have been a great offender, smiting on my breast, and saying, with the humble publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" I come, invited by thy Son, and wholly trusting in his perfect righteousness, entreating, that for his sake, thou wilt be merciful to my unrighteousness, and wilt remember my iniquity no more. O Lord I beseech thee that thou wilt receive me through thy dear Son. Receive me into thy covenant of promise. May I no more be a stranger from the commonwealth of Israel; but, oh! may I become a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God.

This day, I, Nathaniel Cheever, do, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself to thee. I give myself up to thee. I renounce all former lords that have had dominion over me; and I consecrate to thee all that I am, and all that I have. I desire to say unto thee, Here, Lord, I give myself away, do with me as it seemeth unto thee good. And I hope—I desire, that the health which thou givest unto me, my time and my influence over others, the members of my body, the faculties of my mind, I desire to present them before thee this day, as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, as my most reasonable service. In thy service I desire to spend the remainder of my time on earth, and pray that thou wouldst enable me to do all things to thy glory.

And, O blessed God, do thou give me strength to persevere in this course to the very end of my life. Oh, strengthen me with might, by thy Spirit, in the inner man. Nor do I only consecrate to thee all that I am and have; but I also most humbly resign and submit myself, and everything relating to me, and set every enjoyment and interest before thee, to be disposed of in such a manner as thou shalt, in thine infinite wisdom, deem most subservient to the interests of thy glory. To thee I leave the management of all events; and hope to say, without reserve, "Not my will, but thine be done," rejoicing with a loyal heart in thine unlimited government, as what ought to be the delight of every rational being. Choose me, I beseech thee, as an instrument of thy glory, and in the advancement of thy kingdom. Number me among thy peculiar people. Let me be washed in the blood of thy Son. Oh! may I be clothed in the robe of his righteousness. Honor me so far as that by doing or suffering what thou shalt appoint, I may bring some revenue of praise unto thee, and of benefit to the world in which I dwell.

Destroy, I beseech thee, more and more the power of sin in my heart. Oh, may I wage a continual warfare against it. May I hate it with a perfect hatred, not because it brings ruin upon my own soul, but because thou, O God, canst not look upon it without the utmost abhorrence, and because it is utterly inconsistent with thine infinite perfections. Transform me more into thine own image; and may my life be a mirror of the life which was in Christ, whom, henceforward, I would acknowledge as my teacher and sacrifice, my intercessor and Lord. Communicate unto me the purifying, cheering, and comforting influences of the Holy Spirit. And, O Lord, may I continually live in the light of thy gracious countenance, which shall put joy and gladness into my soul. And in the hour of sickness and distress, and in the trying hour of death, Oh ! remember this thy covenant, well ordered in all things and sure, as my consolation and my hope when every other hope is perishing.

Oh, blessed Redeemer, put thine everlasting arm underneath me ; and in the dark valley and shadow of death, may I fear no evil, because thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort me. And wilt thou rob him of his sting, and may my triumphant song be, " O death, where is thy sting ! O grave, where is thy victory !" Amen.

Somewhat more than a month after the date of this paper, he was publicly united to the Old South Congregational Church, Hallowell, on the first day of Jauary, 1831, with nine others, he being then in his fifteenth year. It was a season of unusual interest. A written account of his religious experience being requested by his pastor, the Rev. George Shepard, he prepared the following narrative for presentation to the church :

NARRATIVE OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

I have nothing very remarkable to relate concerning the Lord's dealings with me, though I will try to trace them as they are in as plain and faithful a manner as I can. My mind was considerably excited upon the subject of religion during the last revival, when the Rev. Mr. Danforth was here, although I had no settled conviction of sin, and think the impressions I then received were entirely effaced.

Since then, I think my attention was first called to the subject about two years ago, by the conversation of Mr.

Charles Weld, who, at that time, resided at our house. I then began seriously to consider upon it, though I was not, nor have I ever been, so exceedingly anxious as many who are suddenly convinced of their lost and ruined state, as abiding under the righteous penalty of God's holy law. In this state I continued, not deeply anxious, but serious, and very much interested for a long time, perhaps a year or more, reading the Bible with attention, and taking considerable enjoyment in the duties of religion.

I have had many temptations, and still continue to have them. About the end of the period I mentioned, I was tempted with unbelief of the Bible for some time, which, of course, destroyed all my enjoyments; but the Lord then, and many times since, has graciously delivered me out of all my troubles. And I trust that "he will not permit me to be tempted above that I am able, but will with all my temptations also make a way to escape, that I may be able to bear it."

I cannot tell the time when I first experienced the renewing influences of divine grace, but think there has been a spark implanted in my heart for a long time. Oh, may it never cease to shine; but may it increase in vividness and lustre, until it shall be lost in that intense blaze of glory which shall forever illuminate the heavenly kingdom, into which we hope to "have an entrance administered."

I have never inquired so deeply into my feelings, as I have for the past two months, and, consequently, have not known so well what they have been; but I think I can say that I have enjoyed the consolations of religion for many months past. I never before examined to see whether I had a hope in Christ, but have gone on reading the Bible with great pleasure, receiving much enjoyment from religion, and in the perusal of religious books, and also feeling a deep interest in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and anxiety for souls. These have been, I think, my feelings for nearly a year past, though I never had such an assurance of my own salvation, as the Lord, in his infinite mercy, has been pleased to grant unto me within a month or two.

Still, I would have none imagine that I have no doubts—for many I do have; yet I hope I can trust entirely in the merits of Christ, and on his righteousness alone. Merit of my own I feel that I have none. "All my righteousness is as filthy rags; I am altogether an unclean thing."

In regard to confessing Christ before men, I have felt it to be both a duty and privilege, though more a privilege, but one that I am entirely unworthy of. I have hesitated much concerning the performance of this duty; but the words of our Saviour, "He that loveth me, keepeth my commandments," have seemed to spur me on to obedience in this respect particularly, though I hope they would in every other. I feel that if I love him (and I trust I do), that I shall keep this as well as the rest of his commandments. I do not have quite so clear views of the character of God, as I wish to; though I hope I love him sincerely, yet I cannot, as it were, see him in my mind's eye so clearly as I can Christ. But I think I truly desire to do and suffer his will, and promote his glory above all things.

I think I have had deeper convictions of sin since I have had reason to hope, than I ever had before; and I hope I have in truth repented of, and forsaken them all. I think I have been brought to see and to feel deeply, the utter depravity and sinfulness of the human heart, and to experience that of my own; but I hope I have applied to Christ, "whose blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness," and obtained pardon and remission of sins. This it does appear to me I know, if I know anything at all of my own heart, that I do sincerely and supremely love Christ; and I am humbly persuaded, in my present mind, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." I feel that in my own strength I can do nothing; but that in the strength of Christ, I shall come off conqueror, and more than conqueror.

Finally, dear brethren, pray for me, "that I may be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; that he may perfect what is lacking in my faith;" that "I may be rooted and grounded in Christ;" built up in him—may grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of my Saviour; and most of all, may at last be "presented faultless before his throne, with exceeding great joy."

NATHANIEL CHEEVER.

Hallowell, *December*, 1830.

"Ah, how long shall I delight
  In the memory of that day,
When the shades of mental night
  Sudden passed away!
Long around my darkened view
  Had those lingering shadows twined;
Till the gospel breaking through,
  Chased them from my mind.
There was light in everything,
  Everything was bathed in bliss;
Trees did wave, and birds did sing,
  Full of happiness.
Beauty in the woods shone forth,
  Beauty did the flowers display,
And my glorious Maker's worth
  Beamed with matchless ray."

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF YOUTH.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
SHELLEY.

THE materials for biography in the year 1831, are scanty, by reason of almost all the private memorials of this period—one of the most important and interesting of his whole religious life—having been unwisely destroyed, soon after reading an article by Mr. Dana in The Spirit of the Pilgrims, on the Morality of Diaries. Fearing, from some considerations therein presented, that he had been actuated by wrong motives in recording his peculiar religious experiences, in an unadvised hour he committed them to the flames. It was immediately, and ever after, a cause of deep regret.

He pined for what was not

Long and bitter was his sorrow for having destroyed those memorials of the Lord's goodness, and of his soul's progress in the divine life. He felt that he had erred and done wrong, and that he was led by the tempter rather than by the Spirit, in annihilating those records of the Lord's dealings with his soul. The act which he lamented so much, was done at Newburyport, while he was residing there for the summer with his eldest brother, who had charge of a pulpit in that town.

The exercises recorded and destroyed, were very peculiar; but his grief in the loss of them, and the influence upon his future character and life, gave them their chief importance. The unhappiness it caused him, none could tell. The journal was not resumed again until the winter of 1831–32, when he was at home once more under the maternal roof.

A few letters are preserved, which were written in this interval. The one that follows was to his eldest brother, George, in the summer of 1830, before he made a public profession of religion. The line of reading which he pursued, especially Johnson's Lives of the Poets, which he read, marked, and inwardly digested, contributed much to form his style of composition; and this may account for a maturity in his language otherwise unnatural to his age and acquirements.

Hallowell, August 3, 1830.

My Dearly Beloved Brother:

Having been for a long time deprived of the delightful pleasure of writing you, the cause which has hitherto prevented being now removed, I have determined no longer to be denied, but to enjoy that pleasure in as full and free a manner as possible. You must know that there are few other causes besides ill health, which are sufficiently weighty to prevent me from being myself the almoner of affections which hardly know bounds. I enjoyed an interval of comparative health for some time after you left us. It seems almost impossible that one third of the time of your absence has already expired. It is indeed the case, that we scarcely cease lamenting your departure, before all our sorrow is absorbed by the flood of joyful emotions your anticipated return occasions.

When we consider that every moment which passes brings us nearer to the termination of our probation on earth, and to the beginning of an eternal existence, how ought it to stir us up to increased endeavors, and strong exertions, to secure that good part which shall not be taken from us, and to prepare us " to inherit that rest which remaineth for the people of God." We are continually treading upon the threshold of eternity. " Our lives are ever on the wing, and death is ever nigh." Oh, that I sufficiently regarded the great objects of our existence, and that my life was an index of my feelings. But it is not, and I grieve to say it. I do not see that my feelings are very different from what they were when you were at home. I have the same difficulty in praying that I then had. I do indeed pray ; but I can hardly conceive how prayers, inbred with so little faith and love, can bring a blessing. I have got as far in " Baxter's Saint's Rest," as " Our Title to It," and am very much pleased with it. He certainly describes all he attempts in a very faithful and plain, solemn manner. How inexpressibly—how inconceivably would the pleasure with which I now read it, be enhanced, if I had good evidence that I should inherit that blessed rest—that eternal rest, which, at the end of millions of ages, will be as new and blissful as at the time we enter upon it. Oh ! that this book might be blessed for good to my soul, and lead me to seek "that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away."

August 6th.—Since writing the above, I have been attacked with a paroxysm of my disorder, but through the blessing and mercy of God, I am now getting over it. Surely the words of David apply to me, "Weeping endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." How much more doth my unwearied Benefactor do for me than I deserve! His mercies are, indeed, "new every morning, and fresh every evening." As sure as each day that returns, so sure are blessings innumerable and unmeasured, scattered around me. God is also my deliverer in the multifarious dangers which continually compass me about. "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of my head." What shall I render unto thee, O Lord, for all thy benefits towards me? Everything of my own that I could offer, would not equal a grain of sand in the balance. "All my righteousness is as filthy rags." No unworthiness of mine would merit such unbounded kindness. But there is one whose "righteousness is like the great mountains." His worthiness is equal to my unworthiness. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want: More than all in thee I find."

Although I am sometimes blessed with intervals of spiritual enjoyment, yet Satan and my own evil heart are continually plotting the destruction of my comfort. Nevertheless, God is able to succor me in every temptation. "He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

I wish I could have some regular system of study; but I do not know that I shall be able to, until my health is better. I shall study and read all I can when I am able. I cannot help regretting how little I have accomplished this summer, and how little to advantage improved my time. It seems as though every day of my life went swifter than the preceding. "Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle; they pass as the eagle that hasteth to her prey." This voluminous document must answer for a long time, perhaps until you have come home, and gone away again; but whether I express myself or am silent, in every situation and circumstance you must ever believe me your loving brother,

NATHANIEL.

Hallowell, October 31*st*, 1830.

MY DEAR BROTHER HENRY.—I should sincerely ask your forgiveness for not writing oftener, if it were not that the main excuse is too well known to need repeating. I have been thinking as the weather is too unpleasant for me to be out, whether it would not be right for me to take advantage of it; and have concluded, that considering all circumstances, it is, provided I make the letter in some measure correspond with the sacredness of the holy day upon which it is written. Consequently, I shall try and give you some brotherly advice, which I hope will be acceptable unto you. I trust that as you see the vices of college, you will give double diligence to shun them; and that you will be kept from falling into any of the temptations with which your path is beset. But you well know that there is nothing in yourself which can prevent you from doing so; therefore beseech him who is faithful, that he will, with all your temptations, also make a way to escape, that you may bear it. Cast yourself upon Christ; trust in him and you are safe; give yourself up to him, and he will take care of you.

I do earnestly hope that you will not suffer your attention to be drawn away from the contemplation of those invisible and eternal realities, which will soon be opened upon our vision; but that you will be continually prepared for whatever can befall you, and thus experience the happiness of a preparation for that rest which remaineth for the people of God You must not be high-minded, nor trust in uncertain things, nor be puffed up with vain glory, but rather put on humbleness of mind, meekness, and follow after righteousness.

I can assure you, that without ceasing, I have remembrance of you in my prayers, greatly desiring to see you. It is a great disappointment to me, not being able to come down to see you; but Thanksgiving will soon be here, and then I hope we shall all partake of the bountiful blessings with which our cup runneth over together, and with thankful hearts. It is to be the twenty-fifth of November, and George will probably be with us.

When I received your last excellent epistle, I could hardly contain myself. What wonders the Lord is working! I agree with you in thinking that the millennial day will soon be here, if revivals and converts are multiplied as they now seem to be—at least, that something like it will be enjoyed in our highly-favored country. Let us joyfully praise the Lord that he is so abundantly pouring out his Spirit in other places; and let these instances of his goodness lead us to pray more earnestly—to pray mightily, without ceasing, that he would visit us with his presence—that converts may increase as the sands on the sea-shore—that all, yea ALL may honor him from the least even unto the greatest. No; it is not too much to ask that ALL may be brought to the feet of Jesus. That blessed Saviour hath said, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Let us pray in faith, believing that we shall receive—that God is able to give unto us more abundantly than we can ask or even think. Then may we expect a blessing! Then will the Lord reign triumphant! "Oh, that this dry and barren ground, in springs of water may abound." I long and faint to see the work of the Lord going on prosperously here. Do not measure my affection by what I have written, but believe me your ardently loving brother,

NATHANIEL.

Hallowell, November 19, 1830.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER HENRY.—In the tumult of my troubled thoughts, for some time past I have been as a poor storm-stricken barque, driven about hither and thither, at the mercy of almost every wave, which Satan and my own evil imagination united, have been able to excite. But, notwithstanding my own folly and unbelief, the Lord hath not utterly forsaken me, though I have wandered from him; but "he has delivered mine eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling." And now I may well exclaim with David, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" and I hope I may unite with him in his answer, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon his name" with more earnestness, and serve him with more devotion, than I have yet done. If we were as faithful to our dear Redeemer as he is to us, how different should we be!

If by the introduction of ourselves, and our own experience, we may do anything towards promoting each other's diligence in the way to heaven, or furnish food for praise to our blessed Master, then I hope it will be an excuse for thus making myself so far the subject of this letter. I am glad you are so pleasantly and profitably situated, and hope all your blessings will increase your love and devotion to him who is the fountain from whence all originate and are supplied.

Your eyes must be a severe drawback from your amount of study; but I hope the grand principal of your treasure in heaven will be so much the more added to by this very means. You must be very careful not to injure them by too much use; but when you are disabled from using your mortal eyes, then open your spiritual vision, and go up and survey the promised land, and you shall obtain the first-fruits of your possession, which will be as honey in the honeycomb, and sweet refreshments on your way thither. You must, dear Henry, forgive this advice-giving manner of writing, when I stand in need of so much exhortation myself, and receive it from the source whence it comes, a sincere desire for your good.

The following letter to a beloved uncle is almost the only one that is preserved, written to persons out of his own family circle. It was copied by his Mother, without his knowledge, before it was transmitted, she judging it to contain something remarkable as from a lad of fifteen.

Hallowell, April 20th, 1831.

My dear Uncle—Although I have so long delayed to fulfil that promise I made to you, yet, nevertheless, feeling the force of the proverb, "better late than never," I have determined not to let another opportunity pass without sending some testimony of my great affection both to you and all my beloved kinsfolk, in the very ancient and venerated town of Old York, greatly endeared by being the birthplace of my beloved mother, and the long-continued abiding city of my venerable ancestors. My dear late Grandfather has now, I trust, entered that "heavenly city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He waited long for his reward, but now I hope has received it, and a glorious one it is. He is now walking about the new Jerusalem, marking well her bulwarks, counting her towers, and surveying her beautiful gates, unincumbered with this fleshly tabernacle, but clothed afresh in his Redeemer's righteousness; there his voice which was here rendered discordant by old age and infirmity, shall be for ever tuned to the triumphant "song of Moses and the Lamb."

Oh, my dear uncle, it were ten thousand times worth while to write you, if it were only to let you know, if language could do it, the infinite riches of his grace, which God has manifested unto me in bidding me to choose that better part, "a Saviour's matchless love," in assuring me my sins are forgiven, and my transgressions blotted out, and above all, in giving me a title and making me an heir to that everlasting rest which remaineth for his people; this is indeed that peace which the world cannot give or take away, the calm, holy joy, which all the philosophy, vain reasoning, and foolish imagination in the whole universe, cannot confer, but which will indeed be given to all who will only believe in, love, and obey that blessed Saviour, who will never disappoint our hopes.

Dear Uncle, this balm of Gilead would be a cheering consolation to you in the midst of all your trials. Jesus is a friend " that sticketh closer than a brother." He regardeth not our outward circumstances; if so be we only have the riches of a broken and a contrite spirit, he will surely accept it. I sincerely rejoice that my dear cousins B. and M. have chosen that good part which shall not be taken from them, but will serve them when all other hopes fail. I would gladly make known unto you how condescendingly good and gracious the Lord has been to us as a family, in bringing us all to be partakers of his grace, and of the household of Faith. And to add to all our blessings, my health is much improved, so that I feel somewhat encouraged to hope it will be entirely restored.

I intend taking a journey on horseback as soon as we can obtain a good horse, and it is possible that I may wend my way towards Old York. I can assure you that if I journey anywhere near to the land of my forefathers, I shall not fail to let you see I remember with gratitude and great pleasure the pleasant summer I spent under your hospitable roof.

It injures me to write long letters, and therefore I will leave the rest of the sheet for Mother's initiated pen to fill. She will tell you all about us. Give my best love to cousins B. and M., and all Uncle John's family, and accept the hearty wishes both for your temporal and spiritual welfare of your affectionate nephew,

NATHANIEL CHEEVER

TO J. S. BARRELL, Esq.,
York, *Maine*.

It was about this time, on occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of his birth, that he received from his brother George, then a resident Licentiate at Andover, a birthday tribute, which is inserted here simply because it illustrates certain points of personal character and history better than anything else can, and because it explains and prepares the way for the rejoinder that followed.

MY BROTHER'S BIRTHDAY, MARCH 29TH, 1831.

I wish, dear Nat, my heart could weave
A strain of simple melody,
Where love in every line should leave
Its own dear tones for thee.

And sooth, if love could teach the soul
The language of Apollo's lyre,
My thoughts would all be musical,
My words all wing'd with fire.

The wish, I know, is sadly vain,
Thoughts rise, and fond affections throng,
But with the sweetest white-stoled train,
Then comes no tone of song.

I would chain down the airy crowds,
And keep them while I seek sweet words;
Alas! they change like summer clouds,
They droop like prisoned birds.

How can I paint their changeful dyes,
Or stay them in their shining flight?
They come like birds from Paradise,
They fly away as light!

The simplest birthday wish is shy—
All Love's best thoughts of the same race
For while I'm sure I have them nigh,
They've fled, and left no trace.

Dear BROTHER, thou wilt then forgive,
Nor think me less affectionate,
If, while to meet thy wish I strive,
It comes a day too late.

For were my soul all melody,
My words the same they use in heaven,
This earnest heart could never be
More freely to thee given.

We're one; our mother's equal care;
One in our mutual sympathies,—
And more than all, in mutual prayer,
By endless, holy ties.

I've rocked thee in thy cradle—played
With thee in childhood's frolic hours;
With thee have roamed through grove and glade
And plucked the vernal flowers.

We've shared old winter's wild delight,
We've gathered nuts in summer woods,
We've proudly watched our breeze-borne kite
Among the sailing clouds.

But not in such gay sympathy
Our mutual love has tenderest grown;
For oft must grief's sad harmony
Interpret its deep tone.

When sickness blanched thy rosy cheek,
And brought thy buoyant spirit low,
How dear thou wast from week to week,
I trembled then to know.

Our youngest, brightest household flower!
It was a melancholy thing
To see thee droop from hour to hour,
In patient suffering.

Oh, then I felt the privilege
To breathe my silent, humble prayer;
Yet wept o'er pains, whose wasting edge
My frame could better bear.

I watched thy restless sleep—I tried
To woo thee to thy wonted smile,
And every way, when by thy side,
Thy sufferings to beguile.

These duties were love's natural sphere ;
My drooping flower I cherished so,
That still the more it asked my care,
The dearer still it grew.

This day did fancy paint what's true,
I'm with thee in my own dear Home,
To talk of mercies past—and view
The Heavenly Life to come.

This day—'Tis yet thy being's dawn !
But Oh how full the mingled scene,
On memory's pictured tablet drawn!
Calm now, and all serene.

Serene, because a blessed faith—
Throws o'er each melancholy line,
That marks affliction's rugged path,
The gleam of Love Divine.

Through all, it sees thy Father's form ;
His gracious, guiding hand beholds,
And in the gloomiest of the storm
Some bright design unfolds.

Amid the suffering of years,
Thou seest thou didst not walk alone;
When all was agony and tears,
Then most His mercy shone.

'Twas thus he drew thy careless heart
Up to a holier world above,
And bade thee choose that better part,
A Saviour's matchless love.

There is a gayer-colored scene
Of laughing health and dimpled ease;
Thy bounding heart that knew no pain,
Was wild as any breeze.

The house was merry with thy song,
Thy fawn-like step danced free and wild;
And of the happy schoolboy throng,
Thou wast the happiest child.

All elements to thee looked gay,
All seasons ministered delight;
'Twas constant motion every day,
'Twas gentle sleep at night.

How soon a cloud of painful hue
Chased the bright jubilee away,
Yet, wast thou happier then than now?
Dear, patient brother, say.

I know thine answer, well—In vain
Are youth, and health, and spirits given,
If strangers still to care and pain,
We never think of heaven.

What soothes the soul, betrays: select
The best possessions earth can grant,
Our thankless heart may still reject
Its Heavenly Visitant.

A life all ease is all abused;
O precious grace! that made thee wise,
To know—affliction rightly used,
Is mercy in disguise.

The pleasures of the happiest boy
Are not so bright as fugitive;
But O! the endless, heavenly joy
Thy Saviour's smile can give!

Bring me each gem earth could impart,
To crown life's morning festival,
One breathing of a contrite heart
In bliss were worth them all.

For this my fervent thanks I raise,
That He, whose love is wisdom too,
Makes thee partaker of his grace
By trials here below.

Trust, then, thy dear Redeemer's name;
For He can never, never leave
The weakest of the flock he came
To seek, renew, and save.

Should health and active power return,
And life put on a brighter glow,
Be often at his cross, and learn,
His goodness best to show.

'Tis only He who gives the boon,
By grace can make it truly good ;
And I would have thy life be one
Of ceaseless gratitude.

In active health, or sad disease,
Oh, ne'er forget that precious word—
" He shall be kept in perfect peace,
Whose soul is stayed on God."

If still thy feeble frame decay,
Thou art beyond its weak control,
The vision of eternal day
Lifts up thy strengthened soul.

Christ holds thee in his powerful hand,
Soon every foe and fear subdued,
Thy feet shall press the shining land,
Beyond death's narrow flood.

But if his blessed will reserve
Thy faith for trials long and late,
Remember, then, " they also serve
Who only stand and wait."

His will, whate'er it be, is best,
With Jesus all thy sorrows hide,
And in his love thou shalt be blest,
Whatever else betide.

THEO. SEMINARY, ANDOVER, MASS., March, 1831.

Hallowell, April 10*th*, 1831.

Dearly Beloved and Honored Brother.—I have been for some time trying, with all my might, to manufacture materials for one of my long, slow-written, and belabored, though withal affectionate epistles; but all my attempts had hitherto been abortive, until I received your delightful and truly poetical letter, which seemed to let loose the flood-gates of affection, and bring all the mighty waters of love to bear irresistibly upon the wheel of my will.

I have said "belabored epistle," because I do suppose that it takes me about as long, perhaps longer, to write a half page, than it does you to fill a whole sheet from beginning to end, with the most invaluable and affectionate counsel and advice. So you may see, my dear Brother, that to me it is an undertaking of no common magnitude and importance. I wish sincerely that I could "weave some strain of simple melody," to return my warm, hearty, and heartfelt thanks for your affectionate stanzas, to express my admiration of which, all language is alike in vain. I do most ardently wish that I could clothe my thanks in some other garment than the bare expression of them in cold, dry prose. I have tried, but in vain, to habit them in the shining vesture of poetry; but I seem to be as unfruitful in this respect as the dreariest desert.

But I will turn from this subject to one which, I hope, will enlist the warmest feelings of both our hearts—the cause of our blessed Redeemer. I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice, that I have ever chosen "a friend and helper so divine;" and I think that since I have publicly declared him to be my chosen portion, I have felt more steadfast and unmovable, and have been able to rely upon him with a more implicit confidence than before. I long, perfectly long to see your face, and "talk of mercies past, and view the heavenly life to come." Oh, what a blessed hope is that which we enjoy! Eternal life! To be for ever with our beloved Saviour! Drink in for ever his boundless love. We shall be filled, yet not cloyed—

always loving, yet never cease to love. Well may we say, when we can read our titles clear to the heavenly inheritance:

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
  And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
  My God, my heaven, my all.

Oh! may we all meet upon that blissful shore never more to part. It is an unutterable consolation to know, that if we once arrive there, we shall never, never more separate. The dear little Louisa,* I do feel a tender anxiety for her, that she may become a sweet lamb of Christ's flock, and a partaker of the same hope with all the rest of us. You must, dear Brother, make mention of her particularly in your supplications at the throne of grace. When I look upon the amazing goodness of God towards us as a family, I am struck dumb with astonishment, and can only exclaim: "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." It becomes us, indeed, above all other families, to be all his devoted servants.

The state of religion here is as favorable, if not more so, than it has been. We have established a prayer-meeting for every Sabbath morning. I hope the interest will soon be so great as to have it every morning. I wish you would send a neat pocket edition of Rise and Progress; but be sure it has the whole in it. Such an invaluable book I want the whole of. Never cease to pray for me that I may be filled with all wisdom and spiritual understanding.

The date and place of the following letter, indicate the removal of its writer from the maternal roof at Hallowell, to the temporary abode of his brother George, at Newburyport, Mass. The journey thither was effected in a chaise, under the care of his beloved pastor. It was hoped that the change might prove beneficial, and that a summer's residence nearer the sea would invigorate his corporeal frame, and the society and care of his brother be helpful to his spiritual growth. All the time of his abiding there, was a period of deep and solemn religious interest. The exercises of his mind, and his love for souls were remarkable; and the development of his religious character excited a warm interest in the hearts of those with whom he was conversant.

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* This was a young cousin, for some years a member of the family.

Newburyport, *August* 23*d*, 1831.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER.—Having been thus far prevented from fulfilling the desire of my heart, by an obstacle which, by the goodness of God, seems now in a measure to be removed, I have determined to open the hydrant of my affections, and let them flow on in an undisturbed course towards the place of their grand "merry-meeting" home. And surely if self-denial be great in proportion to the strength of the principle resisted, then have I exercised it in no small degree, in so long restraining myself from answering your welcome sheet, which has served to unlock the great fountains of my imprisoned love, and let its fragrant waters bound forth in such a lively and vigorous manner as would soon have made you a witness of their strength; but the frail tabernacle which I inhabit, was in too weak a state to perform the will of its ever active and willing spirit; and so, out of stern necessity, I was obliged to sit down and wait patiently until my strength of body should, in some slight measure, be equal to the fulfilment of the struggling desires of my heart.

I received your cheering letter at a time when (if indeed circumstances could render an epistle from home more or less acceptable) it might truly be termed "as cold water to a thirsty soul;" for it greeted my longing eyes on the eve of the day of the departure of my dear Brother for Andover, on his way to Amherst. You will, probably, think I am quite desolate without his delightful society in a strange town, and without any near and dear friend to supply the place of a brother beloved; but though you may with truth believe I feel his absence, yet I feel no sense of dreariness, as I have a chamber to myself which commands a very pleasant prospect both of the sea and land, and what I think will generally be the case in the domains of our dear Brother—a choice assortment of the most enriching and edifying books. But, although these are sweet refreshments and means of comfort to our weary souls when used aright, yet I think I should soon faint and fall down by the way, if I had not the sweet solace and comforting cordial of a Saviour's love, wherewith to refresh my weary spirit, and from whence to derive support in the hour of pain and temptation.

We have long had reason to bless the name of the Lord, which would hardly seem capable of increase in this place of our pilgrimage; but I think since I have been in the scene of our dear Brother's labors—have seen and heard of his usefulness—that he has been made the blessed instrument of turning some unto righteousness—this seems to give birth to feelings that cannot be uttered. Oh! what wonderful love is that which makes use of such worms for the accomplishment of his purposes of mercy. Why doth not he who knoweth all things from the beginning, speak the word only, and all the nations of the earth—all the creatures of his creation, shall, in swift obedience, bow the knee unto the mighty Redeemer! But no; his infinite love chooses rather that they whom he has redeemed with his precious blood, should declare his name unto others. May this fresh instance of the inexhaustible goodness of our heavenly Father have its right effect, and make us all to increase in humility and holy devotion to our Master's service. The revival still continues, I believe, with unabated interest, and many new pilgrims are turning their faces Zionward.

We turn again to the Journal, of which there is nothing preserved in the year 1831, until near its close

Hallowell, December 18.

It is now more than two months since I have written to record the dealings of God towards me, or to mark against myself my own wanderings; but I think it has not been from a disposition to depreciate His goodness, or to think lightly of my own unfaithfulness, but from a conviction that the entire sinfulness of my heart would have room to act, and thus rather than be a benefit would prove detrimental to my spiritual welfare; and the same conviction led me to destroy the beginning of this diary, but I do now most sincerely repent of it. And I do now, in again commencing it, call the Lord God to witness that it is from a sincere, humble desire for my own spiritual improvement, and, therefore, for His glory. The subordinate objects shall be, first, a regulator of my actions, and guard of my conversation and deportment; second, a check on the misemployment of time; third, to keep my heart with all diligence, a restrainer of wandering thoughts, a sort of tribunal before which to bring to judgment my thoughts, words, and works. But I will guard against being in any measure satisfied with it to the exclusion of the most faithful self-examination of my feelings—will endeavor to be as concise and brief as possible—never write more than I feel, from mere pleasure in writing. I will consider it more as a means of improvement, and therefore, as a duty rather than a mere pleasure.

Sabbath 20th.—Have had a delightful day of rest. Enjoy sweet consolation in looking forward to an eternity of happiness in the presence of God. The Lord has been most graciously kind in delivering me from temptation. Have been most dreadfully harassed for several weeks with vile thoughts, insomuch as to destroy almost all my enjoyment. O Lord, suffer them no more to return, but occupy my heart so entirely with thyself, that other thoughts shall have no room to enter. I solemnly meant to have renewed my covenant with God upon its anniversary, but I was tossed and driven about in such a manner that I could do it with no profit.

February 19, 1832.—Oh, wretched being that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I am miserable—have grieved away the Holy Spirit. I doubt whether I have ever been renewed. I am convinced of the guilt of destroying the first part of this journal. It was the beginning of sorrows with me. All evidence of being a Christian seems to be gone. Seem to have no plans for the future. All order is gone. Cannot think, talk, or act. Am an unfruitful tree. Don't know what to do. Seem to have no refuge. The light of God's countenance is hid from me. But it is all owing to my own negligence. I have departed from him, and He has hid his face from me. All I seem to do is to look back like the man with the turned head.

March 18*th*, 1832. *Sabbath.*—My birth-day is fast approaching. Can it be that I shall be sixteen years old? I have not improved the last six months of this year to any purpose. I do think it was a serious injury to me in destroying the first part of this journal. I can never replace it, no, never. I can't be said to think. Don't do any thing. Have forgot every thing I knew. I want to do something, and to do something in the world. But I feel that my character is spoiled, almost irretrievably. I advance and then go back, and then advance a little, but it seems to avail nothing. Am studying, but seem not to understand myself—turn this way and that, but do nothing.

March 25*th.*—Feel better than I have. Have made considerable progress in my studies, but do not seem to be spiritual. My birth-day is fast approaching. Soon all will be past. I shall soon be in eternity. Eternity! that solemn word! Am I living for eternity? Am I adorning the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things? I feel confident that I am not. But, shall I sit down and say all is done and past? Not by any means. My obligations are infinitely greater than they ever were before. My health of body is more than it has ever been since afflicted with ill health. And, by the grace of God, I do resolve to fight and strive to advance in the heavenly road. Help I must have, for all my efforts are ineffectual unless assisted by that grace and strength which is from above. Do thou, O Lord, give it. Oh, give me an abundance of that daily grace which I so continually need.

May 22d, 1832. *Tuesday.*—A solemn providence has occurred. Death has almost, as it were, crossed our own threshold. My cousin, O. M. Sewall, a daughter of my dear aunt Hannah, departed from this noisome world on Saturday afternoon, May 19th, at 4 o'clock. Her release, we have reason to think, was a happy one. She has for a long season endured a large amount of suffering, which she has borne with the most exemplary patience, but she has now escaped from her prison-house, and, I trust, is enjoying the blessedness of a redeemed spirit in the presence of her God and Saviour, who was her support and consolation while tortured with the pains of a diseased body.

I have this day been to visit the now lifeless clay which she inhabited while on earth. What an humbling lesson of mortality is an inanimate body! "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," seems to be written upon every feature. And how soon this sentence will be executed upon me! I may be the next victim upon whom Death will fasten. I know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh. But it is no matter how soon he comes, if I be only found with my loins girded and lamp trimmed and burning; if I only be found ready and waiting to welcome his first approach. May this solemn event be blessed to me as the means of increasing my growth in grace, and warning me to prepare at any time to lay down this earthly tabernacle, and be called before God, a naked soul to receive of the deeds done in the body.

Hallowell, *April* 8*th*, 1832.

Most Dear and Honored Brother George.—You might well think, by my long-continued silence, if you had not hitherto perceived too great a depth of affection in me to warrant such an opinion, that I had ceased to regard you by this endearing title, and was content to be merely denominated by the appellation of brother—a term significant indeed of a most endearing relation, yet which sometimes exists under the almost total want of fraternal feeling. But you, I am sure, will credit my honest profession, *tametsi mea taciturnitas*, that there has been no diminution, but rather an increase of my ardent brotherly affection ; and I hope this letter, though it may be short, will, in some measure, atone for my former delinquencies, and restore my epistolatory escutcheon to its ancient purity.

It will certainly not be an exercise unbefitting the character of this sacred evening, to mention some of the numberless mercies which I have been, and am continually receiving from the unwearied and overflowing beneficence of our heavenly Father. The unwonted and almost continual supply of health which I have this winter enjoyed, and the ability to study it has given me, are blessings which, independent of the multifarious ones we are always receiving, ought to excite not only in my bosom, but, I think I may say without egotism, in all our hearts, the most sincere and unfeigned gratitude. I know that we all, as a family, and as Christians, possess many sympathies which render a blessing conferred upon one individually, in some degree conferred upon the whole.

You who have never been for a long time interrupted by sickness, or, in fact, from any other cause, either in academic, collegiate, or theological studies, can hardly conceive the joy and satisfaction it affords me to be enabled, after so long an interval, not only of interruption but of disease and inability, again to be permitted to return with new zest to their prosecution. I think I may safely say, my health has never been so good, and I have never enjoyed so much strength and vigor since the period of my first illness. As E. is writing, and will probably inform you concerning my external appearance, I will add no more on this topic, knowing that I have already said sufficient to excite your gratitude, and I trust also your prayers, that all my powers, both of body and soul, may be entirely consecrated to the service and glory of our blessed Redeemer. I do feel that this is only a *reprieve*—that death is not at all distanced by it—that the sentence may soon go out against me, to render up the feeble tenure of life; but I also hope that "for me to live it may be Christ, and to die gain." I am now reading Sallust. When shall I begin Greek? I am studying under the direction of Mr. Munroe, the Preceptor of our Academy, and am much pleased with him; still I want your brotherly advice and supervision in this as well as every other respect as much as ever.

The interval of improved health here referred to, was nobly employed, yielding to all his friends a satisfactory, and yet melancholy proof, of what he might have attained in the way of mental discipline and culture, had it pleased God to give a longer "reprieve" from his depressing malady. This encouraging improvement, and the opportunity it gave him for study, and the use of his faculties, he notices with gratitude in his private religious journal, wherein entries are still made from time to time:

Hallowell, February 10th, 1833.

Sabbath afternoon.—It is several months since I have written anything in this journal—to erect any memento of the manner in which I have spent the transitory hours of my existence. Of course some change must have taken place in my character since the last date. Whether for the better or worse remains to be said. In a spiritual sense, I have not made that decided improvement which ought always to be manifest. I can hardly tell whether I have retrograded or advanced. There is not that vigor and earnestness in my devotional exercises with which they ought always to be characterized; and there is not that exemplary walk and conversation which ought always to accompany a Christian profession, and which will always render conspicuous a devoted disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I have made, to be sure, some progress in intellectual pursuits, and in the discipline of my mind. But of what avail is this with God, unless, together with it, there is a resolution, and a fulfilment of the resolution, to devote and consecrate all my powers, both of body and mind, to the service and glory of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I do feel that there is no other object really worth living for, than the glory of God and the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. And by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and his powerful assistance, I will; and I hereby do resolve to live more according to the will of God, and not according to the will of the flesh—that constant foe to all spirituality.

If I would win, I must fight; if I would obtain that "crown of glory, which fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens," I must strive for it; I must do violence to myself; must despise the light and insignificant objects of the world, for which the majority of its inhabitants are vainly striving, and make it the supreme and ruling object of my existence to obtain that which is incorruptible; and to attain this, I must sacrifice all inferior objects which in any way interfere with its attainment. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force." "Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?" No! And if I ever mean to realize that blessedness which they only experience who have overcome, and have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," I must break up these habits of spiritual sloth and inactivity, and fight, not uncertainly, as one that beateth the air. Let me be up, and strive and watch unto prayer, that for me to live it may be Christ, and to die gain. Help me to do this, O Lord.

March 31*st*, *Sabbath afternoon.*—It seems hardly possible that I can be seventeen years of age. Six anniversaries of my birth have come and gone, and still found me under the influence of disease. I am still oppressed with a weight of bodily infirmity which paralyzes my activity, and prostrates my physical energy continually. But the language of my heart should still be: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Though my birth-day has found me in a feeble state of bodily health, yet, since my last, I have been able to study more than in any year since I have been sick. This is a great mercy, and I would joyfully record it as such. I have much to lament in reviewing my life the past year. Have not set that holy example to them that are without, and to all about me, which it is manifestly my duty to do. But the only real good which a retrospection can do is to warn me to do better for the future.

April 14*th*, 1833, *Sabbath afternoon.*—Have enjoyed considerable freedom in prayer to-day. My feelings do not seem to be in a very excitable state. But I think I may say, I have as firm and unchangeable an interest in the cause of my Redeemer as at any period of my religious experience. But I shall not look much at past emotions and alternations of feeling; for, as Henry Martyn said, "It may rot in my hand." I feel an earnest determination to serve the Lord through evil report and through good report; but I do not have those lively views of my Saviour, and of his unutterable love, which I might enjoy.

August 11th.—Nearly three months have elapsed since I last wrote. My bodily health has, for the greater part of the time, been very feeble. I do not know that there is much prospect of my final restoration to firm health. I have so long hoped, and expected a recovery, and as often been disappointed, that it seems now almost "hope against hope." I have, for three months past, been trying the effect of living without animal food, tea, and coffee. It reduced my strength at first very much, but I have now got accustomed to it. I do not think I have been much better for it. My strength is not so great as it used to be on my former diet. My health is more feeble this summer, on the whole, than it was last. But whatever may be the event of this trial, I hope to be resigned to it. "Pleasing or painful, dark or bright, as best may seem to thee."

I intend to go somewhat on Mr. Abbott's plan of a journal, which he recommends in his Young Christian—make it in some measure a mental as well as a spiritual exercise. I am reading attentively Smellie's Natural Philosophy. Have advanced to the one hundred and second page. Read a few pages in the afternoon, and find it very interesting and instructive. Am also reading Johnson's Lives of the Poets, which I have been about these six months. But in the meantime, have read some other books, and had the Lives as a stand by. Have got as far as Pope's life, which I am now reading.

September 2d, 1833.—Have enjoyed reading the Bible and prayer. Oh! that I might be enabled henceforward to live no longer according to the course of this world, but according to my covenant engagements, and to the plain directions of the gospel. My covenant engagements! how have I violated them! Indeed, how would an impartial observer know that I was under any such obligations. I was pleased with a part of a sentence the other day, that it is possible not to be conformed to this world in many things, and, at the same time, "not to be transformed by the renewing of our mind." I am not conformed to the world in many things; but what very decided evidence do I furnish to the world around me of being a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus? But meagre evidence, indeed—evidence which would hardly outweigh the numberless deficiencies that everywhere appear.

Resolutions which I have made, have hitherto been carried into effect with so little energy, that it seems almost like adding new guilt to make any new ones; but having lately had experience of the bitterness and malignity of sin, and prayed earnestly to the Lord for deliverance from it, and for strength to resist temptation, I do hereby, in general, resolve, to live nearer to God, to maintain a constant sense of his presence, and of my dependence upon him and duty to him. In particular, to aim at constant purity of life and conversation, thought, word, and deed. To be careful how unwarrantably and unnecessarily I say or do anything which may be in any way construed to the injury of others. To fix my thoughts more upon God, and exercise a more lively gratitude to him upon first awaking in the morning. To be as economical as possible of my time, and try to improve it all in a profitable and useful manner. To think of, and try to imitate the life of my adorable Saviour. To meditate much upon his infinite sufferings and death, and therefrom upon the awful guilt, malignity, and vileness of sin. Always to perform duty whenever it appears to be such, with humble obedience and fidelity. To be temperate and strive for the mastery in all things. And thou, O Holy Spirit, who art the author of all filial and acceptable obedience, help me to do all these, and more also, yea, all which it is my duty to do, and to do it with joy and delight. Amen.

October 13th, 1833.—Have solemnly renewed my covenant with God. I trust it is by the influence of the Holy Spirit that I first made it, and that I have now renewed it; and may he help me to live and die according to the tenor of this solemn engagement once made and twice or more renewed. I have enjoyed this Sabbath very much. I hope it is the beginning of good things to my soul; the commencement of a course of holy living, which may be pursued and continued till it terminates here in a holy and triumphant death; after which this spiritual life, begun and persevered in to the close of this mortal career, shall be carried on in that heavenly state, where nothing shall enter "which in any wise defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie;" where those who are so inconceivably happy as to attain to that blessed state, will enjoy the company of angels, and patriarchs, and apostles, and martyrs, who have sealed their testimony to the truth with their own blood, and of the spirits of the just made perfect.

There shall the clouds of sense and sin be forever dissipated. There shall be no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof. We shall have left behind us all our sorrows and imperfections, and sinful inclinations, in the grave which receives our bodies; they shall not rise at the resurrection with our bodies, but there shall they remain to all eternity. There shall our intellects be expanded to a degree now almost inconceivable to our finite minds. There we shall dwell forever in the ineffable light of God's countenance, and sing forever that rapturous song, "Blessing and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." Baxter, indeed, truly says, "Oh! blessed state of rest, where the inhabitants rest not day nor night saying, Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." May I, through the infinite mercy of God, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be at last admitted to the unutterable fruition of that blessed world. Amen.

November 15*th*, 1833.—This day three years did I solemnly and unreservedly dedicate myself to the Lord, to be his for time and eternity. I have, most surely, on my own part, forfeited all the blessings of this covenant by my wilful transgressions and wanderings from God. But let me, oh! let me adore the matchless love which still invites me to come and subscribe with my own hand unto the Lord; that I am on praying ground; that I am not, where I so truly deserve to be in the world of despair. And I would this day, oh! Lord, show unto thee my gratitude for thy infinite love, by giving myself again away to thee by a new and living covenant, well ordered in all things and sure. And help me to do so with all sincerity and solemnity.

It is to be remarked here, that, for a long period of years, he was in the habit of keeping the anniversary of his dedication as a day of fasting and prayer; which habit he found of signal benefit in the process of self-mortification and inurement of his soul to the Divine life. This chapter of the memorials of youth has carried him on to sanguine seventeen. That the reader may be informed more particularly respecting the pursuits, studies, and intellectual progress of that year, we add certain portions of a letter written at this time to his eldest brother.

When some time since I arranged, in chronological order, the letters I have received from various persons, I found how largely you are my creditor in this respect, so much so that I shall in the outset be compelled to declare myself insolvent as to ever returning the full value of your inestimable epistles. Though, possibly, I may repay in "full tale," as to actual number, yet the comparative baseness of my coin will probably always leave me your debtor to a large amount.

But as long as you appear to have so large a capital, and are so easy a creditor, I shall not stop payment, but shall consider myself as doing well if I pay only six per cent. interest on the intrinsic value of your epistolary fund.

Bodily indisposition and disease still continue to paralyze the energies of my physical system, and fetter the purposes of my mind. But maugre this great affliction, I have unnumbered and undeserved mercies, which ought to excite the most sincere gratitude and thankful acknowledgment, and lead to unreserved devotion to their bountiful author. It is, I think, the prevailing disposition of my mind to be unconditionally resigned to this and every ordination of his will, "who cannot do but what is just, and must be righteous still."

You say in your last letter to me, "that you hope I am living in a close walk with God, and praying much for you." As to the first part of the clause, I should come nearer the truth than by any other answer, to say, that I was not; but as to the latter part, my conscience beareth me witness that "I do not cease to pray for you, that you may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and strengthened with all might according to his glorious power." You wish me to write a letter telling all about my health and life, and how things are going on within my own soul.

The last I consider most important, and shall, accordingly, mention it first; and though I cannot communicate such joyful intelligence under this head as you would wish, and as I ought to be able to, yet I can sincerely say that I think things are going on more prosperously now than they were some time ago. As to my health, I have said all, perhaps, that is necessary to say. I study when able, or not obliged to take exercise.

I am reading in the Greek Reader and Sallust. I admire the Greek. Write Greek occasionally, and Latin also. My studies are very much interrupted by ill health, so that my progress is rather slow. I read considerable. I have, at length, finished the Lives of the Poets. Do you not congratulate me? Such an event, I think, truly deserves record. I have fixed a common-place book on Mr. Locke's plan—inserted a number of extracts, and think I shall find it very useful. I have begun the elegant edition of Milton you so kindly sent me. My gratitude is most sincere for this, and every other expression of love you have so affectionately sent me.

Mr. S. seems to wax stronger and stronger. His sermons are truly grand. He preached two last Sabbath, which I wish you could read, from the text, John i. 29: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" I had the happiness of hearing them both. But, oh, the happiness of seeing always by faith the Lamb of God. Nevertheless, I will trust him where I cannot trace him, saying with Newton:

If to Jesus for relief
  My soul has fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
  Or heart-consuming case?
Are not all things in his hands?
Has he not his promise pass'd?
Will he then regardless stand,
  And let me sink at last?

If he shed his precious blood
  To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good
  He ever will withhold!
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope rests well assur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
  I see the whole secur'd.

CHAPTER IV.

WAY-MARKS OF INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL PROGRESS.

Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care.

ANON.

As we have already seen, the chief concern of the subject of this biography always was, himself to grow in goodness and to be doing good. From an early age, his own moral well-being, and that of his fellows, was evermore his prime care. When, through the grace of God, he was living so as to secure this, he was happy. When, in his daily life, he failed of this, he was unhappy. Notwithstanding that his life hitherto, has been, to an unusual degree, a suffering life, we have found, also, that it has been a happy life, because it has aimed to be a holy life. All true Christian experience confirms this.

The truth that in God's Word we find,
Experience enhances—
That happiness is in the mind,
And not in circumstances.

'Tis only by a will resigned
To God, that good advances;
His grace alone within the mind
Can govern circumstances.

On the evening of the Lord's day, Nov. 24th, 1833, when confined at his Mother's by illness within doors, we find him making this entry in his private religious journal:

I have had a pleasant and, I hope, profitable day at home. Since I last wrote, the annual festival of Thanksgiving has been celebrated. Truly, it might well be a Thanksgiving with us. The mercies of God are unspeakably great, and have been for the whole of our lives. Oh! what ardent, heartfelt, constant gratitude it should excite, that we are all permitted to indulge the blessed hope that we are partakers in the salvation which Christ has procured by the sacrifice of himself; the hope that the union which now exists on earth shall never be broken, but cemented and perpetuated forever in the heavenly world. Blessed, forever blessed be thy name, O Lord, that thou hast thus inclined our hearts to thyself, while others have been left to follow the way of their own hearts. I must strive earnestly against pride and vanity, and, in lowliness of mind, esteem others better than myself.

December 1st, 1833.—I have just finished the "Young Christian." Let me strive that the instruction I have received from this excellent book may be well digested in my mind, and treasured up in my heart, and brought into practice in my life. I must strive for more ardor in prayer, a stronger love to Christ, and a more intense anxiety for immortal souls. I am reading "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." It is a powerful and heart-searching work. I read partly that I may be able to speak of it from actual experience, as I intend to lend it when I have finished it. I must read not only for intellectual pleasure, but for spiritual improvement.

This is the first day of the last month of the year. How swiftly time flies! O Lord, help me to be diligently preparing myself for a blissful eternity; to be daily living that spiritual life, which must be begun on earth in order to be enjoyed in heaven. Let me spend this month in such a manner, live in such intimate communion with God, and fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, that I shall gain an impetus which shall be felt through the coming year.

December 21st. Sabbath afternoon.—Have been detained from public service, both on account of illness and a snow storm. Have been engaged in reading the Bible, Baxter's Call, and prayer. May I, the coming year, be more holy and exemplary in my daily walk, conversation, and deportment, than I have ever yet been, and accomplish more mental labor than any year has before witnessed. My pride and vanity, of late, have been very prominent. What unbecoming sins they are! that such a worm as I should exalt myself in my own esteem; how unbefitting! How much more rational and becoming the lowliness of mind to regard all others as better than myself. Let me so do, and strive continually against these besetting sins.

Sabbath afternoon, January 5th, 1834.—This is Communion Sabbath, and the third anniversary of my solemn profession of my faith in Christ, and public union with the church. It is an interesting day, and I wished very much to attend its solemn services, but I have enjoyed the day at home in reading and prayer, and renewing my covenant with God.

I still continue to be afflicted with disease of body, and God only knows whether I shall ever be free from it. I rejoice to leave it with Him; the Judge of all the earth cannot but do right. I want to have stronger, more irrepressible desires for the conversion of immortal souls. Oh! that there might be a powerful revival of pure and undefiled religion in this place, that thousands, yea, thousands might here be awakened from the lethargy of sin, and born into the kingdom of holiness and of God. O Lord, in mercy pour out thy Spirit, and awaken thine own people to more earnest and persevering prayer, and faithful effort for the salvation of perishing souls. And help me to set such an example, and perform my duty so faithfully, as will tend to promote this blessed end.

January 26th, Sabbath evening.—I am often detained from meeting with the people of God, but, oh! that I might make an improving, edifying use of the eminent opportunities and privileges I so abundantly, but undeservedly enjoy at home. I have not improved as I ought the affliction which God still sees fit to continue upon me, doubtless for my best good. Yes, I am still oppressed by the heavy hand of disease, and He, who sees this trial, only knows when it will be removed. But one thing do I desire of the Lord; that will I seek after; that it may be sanctified unto me O Lord, I do beseech thee to make it the instrument of chastening and purifying my heart and life. May it wean me from the world, from every earthly dependence and undue attachment; dissolve every forbidden tie; quicken me in the performance of every duty, and make me feel my nearness to eternity, and constant liability to death; subdue my selfishness; make me kind, gentle, easy to be entreated, to feel more my entire dependence upon Christ; and, finally, may it make me holier and better in every possible respect.

Truly, the evening and morning are witnesses to the tender care and loving kindness of God. I hear the roar and din of the storm, but I do not feel its inclemency. I am protected by a comfortable shelter from the severity of every season Prevented from walking abroad, I have the pleasant society of kind relatives and friends at home; the Holy Bible to read and ponder upon; the opportunity to peruse the works of other authors, and, more than all, the blessed privilege of prayer. Oh! what unspeakable, undeserved goodness and love! Let these, and all other mercies, O Lord, be improved by me in such a manner as they ought, and may I ever remember that "unto whom much is given, of him will much be required."

February 16*th*, 1834.—"Truly, my flesh faileth of fatness, my bones stare upon me." The springs of life and health are constantly drained by the disease which still cleaveth fast to me, and I know not that there is any well-grounded hope that I shall ever be delivered from its power; but that innate principle of hope, which so tenaciously holds its place in the human breast, still lingers in mine. Yet I hope I am prepared by the grace of God for the worst, let it be what it may. Oh! that I may be purified in the furnace of affliction, as gold tried in the fire. If the vile dross of sin which debases my soul could be burnt away, it would be worth while to suffer vastly more than I have endured, for the attainment of such an end.

This period and the ensuing summer were a season of uncommon feebleness and pining under disease. It began to be clear that the powers of life were waning, and that constitutional treatment, of a different kind from that adopted hitherto, must be resorted to, if we would not lose entirely our "brightest household flower." In the summer of 1834 he travelled by private conveyance, with his eldest brother, through the Notch of the White Mountains to Saratoga Springs. But the experiment was without benefit to his health, and he returned drooping after a suffering summer.

The first entry in his Journal after his return to his native Kennebec, is in October 26th, 1834.

During the last four months I have been in company with my dear brother George to Saratoga Springs, and after a residence there of about five weeks, we started on our return, and having stopped a few days in Boston, and ten days in Salem, we arrived in safety at our beloved home, having been absent between eleven and twelve weeks. We (and myself in particular) were preserved from very many dangers, seen and unseen—delivered out of considerable trial and perplexity by the kind and ever-watchful care and guidance of our God. We saw on our journey great and abundant evidence, in the works of nature, of the almighty power, wisdom, and goodness of the Great Architect and Upholder of the universe. I certainly ought to be benefited by the glorious displays of these glorious attributes which I have witnessed. I hope I have learned a little more the meaning of faith in God—of trusting in him when things look dark—when the way of escape seems to be hedged up, and all expectation of relief must be from Him ; for we were once placed in a situation and circumstances where such faith was required.

Now that the Lord has so mercifully brought me once more to my native and much-loved home, and permits me to enjoy again the society of my dear Mother and sister, Oh ! may he also give me strength in my soul to love him more and serve him better than I have ever yet done.

My health is not materially improved by this new expedient for its restoration ; for it does not yet seem to be the Lord's will to restore me to the possession of it ; and until it is his will, I shall not enjoy it perfectly. His holy will be done. " O, my Father, if this cup may not yet pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done."

Sabbath evening, *Nov.* 16*th*.—I yesterday solemnly renewed my covenant with God, being its fourth anniversary. I observed the day by fasting and uncommon prayer. I have experienced unspeakable mercy and goodness at the Lord's hand during the last year. Have been brought safely through much danger and trial, and permitted in circumstances of much comfort and happiness, notwithstanding all my sinfulness and guilt, that might justly have provoked the Lord to the withdrawal of his gracious protection, to behold another of the anniversaries of my covenant engagements with God.

The past year is indeed blotted with sin, but I humbly hope I have made some progress heavenward.

I have had the privilege to-day of hearing two most elevating, excellent, and instructive sermons from our beloved pastor, Mr. Shepard, on the text, 1 Cor. x. 11 : " Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." He illustrated the course of the Christian in his way to heaven, by the journey of the Israelites from the land of Egypt to that of Canaan. The analogy was most happily carried out, and concluded by practical remarks to impenitent sinners and to Christians. These sermons were indeed a rich spiritual feast, and ought to be improved to the growth in grace, and edification of the professed disciples of Christ. May these instructions be blessed to me, and I be assisted by the strength of the Holy Spirit in my pilgrimage to the heavenly Canaan, to resist all the temptations of the Great Adversary of souls, and get safely through all the snares and pitfalls which lie in my passage to that blessed land.

November 23d, 1834, *Sabbath afternoon.*—I have been engaged principally in reading the Bible, Leighton, and prayer. I have remembered, and tried to repent and be ashamed in view of my past sins and iniquities, for which I hope the Lord is pacified towards me. If the sum of my sins is so great in my sight, what must it be in the sight of an All-seeing God, who can at a glance scan all the sins of my past and present life—of thought, word, and deed! How wonderful! how infinite is the forbearance and goodness of God towards one who has forfeited, as I have, all claims to his favorable notice.

I have now no male friend with whom I can converse intimately upon spiritual, or indeed upon any subjects. My dear brother George being engaged in his pastoral duties at Salem ; H. at Andover, preparing for the gospel ministry ; and Mr. Goodwin, also, who was for two years a member of our family, at the same place pursuing his theological studies

I am indeed quite alone in this respect. But do thou, O blessed Saviour, compensate, and more than compensate for this deprivation of the society of earthly friends, by the abundant, cheering manifestations of thy presence and love. O, swallow up my soul in thy love, and manifest thyself unto me as thou dost not unto the world, and transform me more and more into thine own image; thus shall I enjoy happiness which it is in the power of no earthly friend to impart.

December 7th.—I am endeavoring to know the will of the Lord in regard to the adoption and success of another expedient for the restoration of my health, namely, a voyage to, and residence for some time at Malaga, in the south of Spain. Dr. Hubbard, a skilful physician of this place, thinks such a measure might be crowned with success. But, surely, I do not desire to spend any more time in the adoption and fruitless pursuit of measures for the improvement or recovery of my health. It seems better, if this blessing is denied me, so long as I continue a tenant of this body (if thus it seemeth good to the Lord), to remain in my own country; cultivate, as far as the state of my feeble tabernacle permits, the faculties of my mind; do what good I can; enjoy, during the attacks of my disorder, the kind offices of my beloved Mother and sister, and their endearing society; and when the time arrives for the separation of this immortal soul from its frail and mortal companion, to die among my own kindred, and leave this body to return to the dust as it was, but with the blessed hope of a happy reunion with it on the morning of the resurrection, when "this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruption incorruption."

But, oh! that it might be the will of the Lord to bless these means to the perfect restoration of my health; that then, by his grace and blessing, I might prepare for the Gospel ministry, and be the humble instrument of saving souls. To thee, O Lord, do I leave it; if it be thy will to bless this measure, open the way for its adoption, and manifest thy will by the indications of thy Providence too clearly to be mistaken. I would "acknowledge thee in all my ways, and do thou direct my steps."

In this connection a letter is in place to the brother next his own age, in the course of which he says:

Notwithstanding all the expedients I have resorted to, the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, still sees fit to withhold from me that most invaluable of temporal blessings, sound health. But I think I can adopt the language of our blessed Saviour when he prayed in Gethsemane: "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done." "His will, whate'er it be, is best."

He knows best the way to the heavenly Canaan, and if he sees fit that with me it should lie through much affliction, be it so; the rest and bliss of that blessed world, of which, through the grace and atoning merits of Christ, my Saviour, I humbly hope to be made a partaker, will not be the less sweet for having met with some tribulation on the way. We are, and ought to feel that we are, but strangers and pilgrims here below, and it will be but a little while ere we shall all be removed from this world. O may it be, with all of us, "to a city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I am glad you have been examining and striving to know your own heart, and I hope you are now able to give to your own conscience, and "to him that asketh of you, a reason for the hope which is in you with meekness and fear." I believe George once remarked, in a sermon, something to this purpose: that we know not the nest of vipers within our own bosoms, until we reached down and attempted to grapple with them. When we do this, we find that we have indeed a warfare, and a severe one, too, to conquer the lusts and passions of our own souls. But, dear Henry, we are not alone in the warfare; Jesus, our great High Priest, "who is moved with a feeling for our infirmities," is our Almighty Helper, and the more manfully we strive, so much the more will he exert his power in our behalf. Let us fly to him, make him our all in all, and, as Mr. Shepard directed, in one of two most rich, instructive sermons we had from him last Sabbath, take and keep hold of his hand with the same timidity and confidence with which a child, in the midst of a dark and tangled forest, surrounded by wild beasts, retains close hold of its father's hand.

You may be well assured, dear brother, that day and night, I cease not to pray for you, that you may be enabled to profit eminently, both in mind and heart, by the great opportunities for spiritual and intellectual improvement which you enjoy. We feel the absence of yourself and George, together with the final departure of Mr. Goodwin, very much, and as I now have no brother-friend with whom to commune, it is not surprising that I sometimes have a feeling of dreariness, which weighs somewhat on my spirits; but there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother—a resort to whom is not confined to time or place, the consolations of whose love and presence I think I enjoy.

In the next extract from the private journal, there are allusions to certain occurrences in Salem, Mass., which being matter of public notoriety in connection with THE DREAM entitled INQUIRE AT AMOS GILES DISTILLERY, we have not thought it suitable to suppress.

Hallowell, *March* 8*th*, 1835.

Since I last wrote, we, as a family, have passed through a trial of our faith and patience, though not without the hope of its being productive of great good. On Monday, February 9th, we received a letter from my dear brother George, written in an astonishingly calm and undisturbed manner, but communicating the intelligence that on the day on which he wrote (Saturday, Feb. 7th), he had been attacked in the street with brutal violence. A great excitement was produced in Salem by the publication in the Landmark, of a powerfully-written article, illustrating, with a faithfulness terrible to those concerned in the nefarious business, the agency of the devil in the diabolical process of distillation. George was the author of this piece and it gave so much umbrage to the foreman of the distillery, that he endeavored to avenge himself by a most savage attack upon my dear brother's person; but God most mercifully preserved him from serious injury; and, which should be matter of everlasting gratitude, enabled him, in such exciting circumstances, to show, in a wonderful manner, the spirit of his heavenly Master, by patiently enduring the outrage, and meekly bestowing his own forgiveness, and hoping for that of God upon his cruel enemy.

The offensive article has been extensively copied into the newspapers, religious and political, and has a very wide circulation, and we hope will be instrumental of doing much good. It has awakened his own church to more earnestness in prayer and faithfulness in the cause of Christ. It certainly has caused us to pray with uncommon fervor and importunity for dear George. Oh, may it lead us to feel more entirely the utter uncertainty of all earthly things—of all human dependencies.

Sabbath afternoon, March 29th, 1835.—My birth-day. By the undeserved mercy of God, I am this day permitted to complete my nineteenth year. It finds me still oppressed with that most perseveringly obstinate disorder—the asthma—under the influence of which, more or less severe, the light of each successive anniversary of my birth for six years has found me suffering. I have had a comfortable day at home. This afternoon have renewed my covenant with God with sincerity, I trust, and a humble desire to fulfil its solemn requirements. God seems hitherto to have called me to suffer patiently and resignedly his will, rather than to do it by any active service. Blessed be his name, I think I can say, "It is well; thy will be done."

It is possible another birth-day I may be at Malaga. I still think seriously of taking a voyage, and do most earnestly desire that God would manifest by his providence, what is his will in regard to it; and whether it be to bless it to my recovery, or to the material benefit of my health. If I should go to Malaga, my temptations would be much increased, and, consequently, my need for watchfulness and prayer. But I hope, by the grace of Christ, that as my day, so shall my strength be. To his disposal I desire to submit all events, and all the different, and, perhaps, trying circumstances which the course of another year may place me in. Last Sabbath, I finished the reading Leighton's Select Works, compiled by my dear brother George; and what a rich mine of thought and instruction is therein contained. Great weight is added to the writings of this holy man, by the knowledge that every word he uttered flowed from his own experience of the blessedness of intimate communion with God, and that they are indeed an index of his own eminently spiritual heart and life.

In a letter to his brother George at this time, not long after the affair at Salem, above referred to, he says, with characteristic affection:

I know you will not judge me, or impute it to want of affection, that I have not written you a long letter of consolation, sympathy, and encouragement, since the outrage upon your person, and the consequent circumstances of excitement and trial in which you have been placed. Mother, in the fulness of her affectionate heart, has expressed the feelings of tender, yearning sympathy which we all had, and also our heartfelt gratitude to God that you were enabled by his grace to conduct in so meek and Christian a manner. But her faith in regard to the good which the piece would do, was never quite so strong as that of Elizabeth and myself; for we hoped from the beginning that much would result in consequence of it. It seems to have called forth the talents of many able writers, and to have emboldened the friends of temperance to speak out in a more decided and fearless manner than they have yet done. That letter in the Worcester Palladium, was a most capital one. I sent you last week the Free Press and Advocate, which had in it the amusing and well-executed parody from the Lowell Pledge.

Our good Deacon Dole has stood by you firm from the beginning. He said to me some time since, that "he should like to go halves with you in all the reproach, and in all the good which the piece would occasion." Perhaps you and Henry together may have digested some tangible plan in regard to our intended voyage. Let us know fully the result of your thoughts, and your mutual deliberations upon the subject.

An expression of affection received about this time from his brother at Salem, may be properly incorporated here, describing, as it does, better than anything which could be written at this distance of time, both the sufferings and the hopes which led to the determination of taking a voyage to the Mediterranean, and trying a residence in the south of Spain.

TO MY YOUNGEST BROTHER IN CONTINUED SICKNESS.

Our youngest household flower still fading fast!
Pain seems thy heritage. There was a time,
My drooping, patient brother, when thy step
(My eyes are filled with tears at the remembrance)
Was nimble and elastic as the roe's.
Thought scarce was quicker in its untraced speed,

Than all thy life: for thought with thee was motion,
Impetuous motion all, wild, fearless, free!
Now, how it pains my soul to see thee move!
So sad, so slow, yet young and beautiful.
The earliest dawn in summer found thee then
Up and abroad, to greet the glorious sun
With thy clear voice, that wakened all the house.
Now, nights are wearisome, and fickle sleep,
Hard-breathed and laboring, visits thy sad couch.
That midnight cough! How dread its racking sounds!
And morning comes, and the sweet early dews
Rise up, like incense, to the new-risen sun,
And other inmates are about the house,
And the first frugal meal is ready; but thy face—
We miss its smile—thy cheerful shout of glee.
The languid bed detains thee, till thy frame
Gathers the rest, night-slumbers could not bring.
Two years, long painful years of sickness gone!
The rose no more is on thy cheek as wont,
And with its fading step, gradual and sad,
Has fled the buoyancy and flash of spirit,
The joyous and impetuous pulse of soul.
It cannot beat in pain as once in health.

* * * *

Long time ago (four years and more have past)
My heart did utter thus the voice of mourning.
Oh, my loved brother, dearer for thy calm
And patient suffering of these years of pain!
Sorrow is stirred afresh to mind the bud
In youth so perfect, checked in its sweet growth;
The rose denied to bloom, the fruit to ripen;
Yet shedding forth such fragrance to the air,
As makes the sad beholder pause and wonder.
  Thy growing frame subdued by strong disease;
Thy youth forbid to open into manhood;
Thy thirst for knowledge thou couldst not indulge;
Plans fondly formed for health that would not come,
And remedies but tried to show how vain,
And, season after season, hopes deferred—
Alas! how can they but subdue thy spirit!
  Yet look away where all is bright in Christ!
Nor let affliction chase the natural smile

That always cheered all hearts, and used to show
Life's gloomiest clouds illumed with rainbow colors.
Dear brother! Not unkindly does the Lord
Weaken thy strength, but all in utmost love
And perfect wisdom, keeps thee suffering still.
Then faint not, though thou be chastised of him;
For love is breathed in every pain continued,
And all things are attempered for thy good.
'Twill be made clear hereafter, and perhaps
Thy scene of trial, e'en on earth, may issue
Brightly, and in the ministry of Christ!
Oh, blessed hope! If such should be his plan,
How sweet a lot were thine, my patient brother!
Whether it be or not, trust thou in Christ,
And praise him for the healing of thy soul,
And for that grace, which, out of earthly ill,
Draws forth the soul's most precious medicines.
To him my heart commends thee; may his love
Still sweeten all thy trials, shining so,
And giving grace to bear them, that thy life
May pass serenely, hid with Christ in God.
His glorious body is the form divine,
Thine shall assume in heaven. When he appears
Thou also shalt appear with him in glory.

SALEM, MASS., APRIL 23RD, 1835.

Consequent upon this, and responsive to the same, was the following letter:

MOST DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER.—Your sympathizing and deeply interesting letter, received this morning, has so thoroughly stirred up within me the full fountains of fraternal love, that I have determined to let their streams flow out towards you in the delightful channel of epistolary communication. For the tender, touching, affectionate poetry, I do most sincerely thank you. It may, indeed, make me feel sad to compare my present bodily weakness, and the shattering effects of a long-continued and distressing disorder, with my former abundant and uninterrupted flow of health and vigor, and that seven anniversaries of my birth have found me under its influence; but still I would say with the faith of the Shunamitess, "It is well," and desire to refer the disposition of all events to him who "doeth all things well," and has always mingled with my cup of affliction so many alleviations, and such rich and manifold blessings.

My great desire and prayer is, that whether it issues in life or in death, it may be sanctified to my growth in grace, and greater fitness for those blessed mansions of rest which sin, disease, and death shall never invade. How blessed should I be, if, after all the suffering our heavenly Father has no doubt in kindness laid upon me, this trial, as you say, should "issue in the ministry of Christ!" This is, indeed, a consummation most devoutly to be wished; and it is not an impossible one. If God should bless to the perfect restoration of my health, the voyage to, and residence at Malaga, such may yet, by his approving blessing, and the gifts and graces of his Spirit, be my great happiness to enjoy.

We earnestly long to see you, and hope it may be but a little while ere we shall be gratified by beholding and speaking with you face to face. Come as soon as you can, though you are able to stay but a few days; for we all feel anxious to be together once more before Henry and myself leave. With more love than language can express, I am your truly affectionate and grateful brother.

The religious journal here supplies a leaf of autobiography, dated,

Sunday afternoon, April 19th, 1835.—I believe this is the sixth or seventh Sabbath in succession that I have been detained from public worship, principally on account of my feeble health. My fleshly tabernacle seems indeed frail, and sometimes tending towards its dissolution. It is uncertain now whether I have sufficient health to undertake a voyage, though it may be that with the commencement of warm, pleasant weather, it will be somewhat improved. I do not feel that triumphant joy and ecstasy in view of death, which, as a disciple of Christ, it is my privilege to enjoy.

Sabbath evening, *April 26th.*—I have spent the day in reading the Bible, prayer, and some other reading. I have begun a volume of the Select Practical Theology of the Seventeenth Century, containing, "Howe on the Blessedness of the Righteous," and "Bates' Discourses on the four last things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell." In reading Howe, it requires a good deal of attention to understand his meaning; but he is rich in thought, which it is worth the while to be at considerable trouble to find out. My dear brother H is now with me, and I must strive to set such an example before him, as will at least not retard, but may accelerate his progress heavenward. I have had a comfortable, pleasant day at home, though I have not had that deep brokenness of heart and penitential sorrow which the remembrance of my own sins, and the amazing love of Jesus, my Saviour, ought to excite. How sweet is the name of Jesus to a believer!

May 17*th.*—It is now most probable if my health continues tolerably good, and things are favorable, that in company with my dear brother H I shall go on a voyage to Malaga. This is a great undertaking, and I desire not to enter upon it without the blessing of God; but surely, if I ever made anything a subject of prayer, I have this, and of much and sincere prayer. I hope, by the divine blessing, it may be made efficacious to my perfect restoration to health. Oh, that the Lord would graciously permit me to return, and count me worthy, after due preparation, to preach the everlasting gospel. Thou hast chosen, O Lord, the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Oh! choose me, weak and sinful as I am, to be an instrument of salvation to many immortal souls.

Sabbath morning, *June* 14*th*, 1835.—I yesterday took an emetic of ipecac, and though much relieved by it, am not able to attend divine service. It is possible that during this week we may depart on our way to embark for Malaga. I have an earnest desire, and strong hope that we may be very useful on board the vessel, and also to the crews of vessels visiting the port after we arrive there, as I intend, if I can, to get entrusted with a lot of Bibles and Testaments for distribution to seamen and others, if there shall be such who may be destitute, and wish for them; and, O Lord, do thou thus, and by whatever lawful means we may use, make us the blessed instruments of accomplishing thy glorious purposes of mercy and salvation to many souls.

For my spiritual benefit and assistance, relying upon the grace of God for their fulfilment, I make the following resolutions: First, I will be as strictly regular and punctual in my devotions as I can, consistent with a conscientious consideration of outward circumstances. Second, I will be kind, amiable, and conciliating, easy to be entreated, and forgiving in my intercourse with my dear brother, and to all with whom I may meet. I will have three seasons of prayer a day, viz., as early in the morning as possible, at noon, either before or after dinner, and at night. I will try to cultivate at all times a deep sense of the constant presence of God, and frequently commune with him by ejaculatory petitions. We shall not probably enjoy the many delightful religious privileges which we now have as means of growth in grace; and our temptations will be much increased, so that we shall have to watch and strive, and pray with increased diligence, resolution, and importunity. If temptations have this effect (and, O Lord, may they have it), they will only serve to strengthen and confirm our Christian characters, instead of weakening them. O Lord, let all our temptations, distresses, and trials only drive us nearer to thee; make thy strength perfect in our weakness: in all our temptations provide a way for our escape; and trusting in thee, may we be strong, do our duty faithfully, and gain thine approbation and abundant blessing upon our feeble efforts to do good.

The necessary arrangements for the departure of the beloved invalid were made from a conviction of the necessity of such an expedient. A sea-voyage was yet untried, and seemed the only hopeful remedy remaining. The testimony of several persons finding relief from asthma when at sea, together with the opinion of his physician, that he would derive benefit from a change of climate, induced a strong desire on the part of the patient sufferer to test its efficacy upon himself. The residence of his uncle, George G. Barrell, Esq., as United States Consul at Malaga, Spain, decided the voyage for that port, and mitigated, in some measure, the anxiety of friends in view of the undertaking.

He was also to leave in the care of a beloved brother, under circumstances as favorable as they could be in the absence of health. His uncle was apprised of their intention, and with a generous regard to the comfort of the invalid, had rooms prepared, and special arrangements made in his household for their reception. He became strongly attached to his young nephew, and interested himself in his behalf as a father in a son.

The time for the dreaded separation was approaching; but for several days previous to his leaving, the extreme weakness of his whole system, his labored breathing and severe cough, made it doubtful whether he would be able to undertake the voyage. His energy of character under such a weight of disease, and resolute determination to go forward, were surprising, and made him a marvel to his friends at this time. It was a painful effort they all made to suppress feeling, and appear cheerful in the presence of the subdued, yet hopeful sufferer. To have so endeared an object of affection—one so tenderly cherished and long watched over—removed from a mother's and sister's care, and all the affectionate caresses of home, was a trial to be fully understood only by those who have experienced the same. The Almighty arm was underneath him; and his sustaining love upheld the home-circle under the pangs of parting, on the morning of June 26th, 1835.

He regretted the absence of his pastor at this time, yet amid his weakness he wrote an affectionate farewell note to him the evening previous to his leaving. His departure in such feeble health excited an interest in the hearts of many friends, whose sympathy and kindness he gratefully appreciated. Much prayer was made unto God in his behalf.

His care for those he loved, and desire to assuage their grief as far as possible, was seen in his writing a few lines of encouragement as to his health for his mother and sister, when only four miles on his way, while the stage-coach stopped at Gardiner; and then, at the close of the day, he penned a cheerful letter from Portland, to assure them of the good effect of the journey thus far, an extract from which here follows:

Portland, *Friday P. M.*, *June 26th*, 1835.

Dear Mother and Sister—We have just arrived safe at the Elm Tavern, and the first thing I do is to inform you of the Lord's great goodness in so mercifully preserving and bringing us so comfortably to the end of our day's journey. I have borne the ride much better than I had reason to expect, and am but little fatigued in comparison with what I might have anticipated. I coughed but little in the stage-coach, and was not so affected with nausea as to be obliged to ride outside; indeed, I got along very comfortably, and perhaps feel as well now as I should if I had been at home all day. I have breathed quite freely, except when I coughed once or twice as we stopped, and have cause for gratitude that I feel so comfortable as I now do, after the completion of this day's ride, in regard to the effects of which you know we all felt so much anxiety. I do beseech you, dear mother and E., not to distress yourselves, or feel too much anxiety on our account. In mercy to myself, I did not experience such keen anguish at parting with you as I expected, and I think not so great as I had felt in anticipation of the separation. Commit and commend us continually to God our heavenly Father, who has hitherto sustained us in all the scenes of affliction and trial which he has laid upon us. I enjoyed much after I got into the coach in doing this: in committing to God each and every one of us, and all our cares and concerns to him who "doeth all things well." I must bid you good-bye, though I could write much longer if I had time. May the grace of God keep and bless each one of us continually, is the prayer of your ever affectionate and dutiful son and brother.

New York, *June* 30*th*, 1835.

DEAR MOTHER AND ELIZABETH—Preserved again by the unsleeping vigilance of our Almighty Keeper, I am permitted to announce to you our safe arrival in this great city. The goodness of God has been great to us every moment since we left you; everything has been favorable, and everybody kind; and I have been so comfortably well as to enjoy, in a high degree, except when sea-sick, the novelty and beauty of the various scenes through which we have passed. George accompanied us to the cars. We left Boston yesterday, A. M., at nine o'clock, on the railroad. Our hearts, as brothers, knit together in love, by a common participation in the constant pleasure of each other's society, now rendered doubly precious and consoling by our separation from those with whom it was our greatest happiness to dwell; and also, I hope, by a grateful enjoyment of the uninterrupted stream of blessings which I may well say has followed us ever since our departure from home.

As the mail closes at three o'clock, I must express in as short time as possible the overflowing emotions of my heart on the receipt of your sweet, but too feeling letters. You have, no doubt, ere this received the letters I wrote you at Portland and Boston; and you ought, at the time of writing your letter, to have received a comforting line written at Gardiner, the morning we left, to send by the Hourly. Do not, dear mother and E., I beseech you, do not feel so keenly our absence; and, at least on the receipt of this letter, let your gratitude to God for his protecting care, and unspeakable kindness to us, swallow up every other emotion of your aching hearts. I must curb the swelling desires and longing emotions of my heart, which would prompt me to fill with love many sheets, and tell you of matters in regard to which you will likewise feel anxious to know. I am able to walk about and view the swarming multitudes, and many new and pleasing objects which meet the eye in the streets of this vast city.

We turn again to the pages of the Private Journal, wherein we find one entry dated in the great metropolis of New York, July 1st.

We started from Hallowell last Friday morning, June 26th. It was a most painful separation, but I was enabled to control my feelings; and I think my keenest feelings have been, and are on account of the distress which this parting occasions to my dear Mother and sister. O Lord, I beseech thee, sustain them under this trial; may their hearts be kept in perfect peace, being stayed on thee: be thou their strength and refuge, and may they find sweet joy and serenity in calmly committing us and themselves, and all that we have and are, to thy faithful, unceasing care and disposal; and may we all be entirely willing to be in thy hands, to live or to die; to be in sickness or in health, adversity or prosperity. And oh, in mercy, sanctify to us abundantly all the discipline and correction which thou layest upon us, and permit all at last to meet, purified from all sin, in thy blessed kingdom above. I would say, in the words of a beautiful hymn, "Here I raise my Ebenezer; Hither, by thine help, I'm come." The Lord has been unutterably good and kind to me. O may my heart be improved by it; his gracious blessing be continued to us, and this undertaking be instrumental for the accomplishment of the wished-for object of its adoption.

At Sea, ship Empress, lat. 40° 57′ *North, July 7th.*—Here I am, the sixth day at sea, having been mercifully permitted to set out on this voyage last Friday morn. There seems to be not one pious soul on board, either among the crew or officers; but, for this very reason, it becomes us to labor with so much the more ardor, perseverance, and humility, that we may be instrumental of their conversion. Oh for the faith, humility, and tenderness requisite rightly to discharge our duty. Faith we must have, and faith can only be successful. The six men before the mast are colored men, and some of them cannot read; this we are very sorry for, as we have Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts they might have; but we shall probably let those have a Testament who cannot read, in the hope that they may be able to learn. With gratitude to God, I record the great improvement of my health, which has been mending ever since I left home.

After supper, on Sabbath night, we had prayers on the ship's deck, the crew being present, and dear H. officiating. It was pleasant to hear the word of God and the voice of prayer and praise ascending from our ship to Him "who has made the sea, and the things that are therein," and who, from all places of his dominion, will listen to the voice of humble supplication. My bodily stupor and languor, for a great part of the day, were such as to prevent that holy activity of mind, and high spiritual enjoyment, which it is the blessed privilege of a Christian at all times, but especially on the holy Sabbath, to experience.

The Atlantic is crossed; the OLD WORLD has opened to the gaze of the valetudinarian traveller from the NEW; the land of battle, chivalry, romance, and song is reached, and this is the first echo from the Pillars of Hercules, at the mouth of the Mediterranean.

Griffith's Hotel, Gibraltar, July 27th, 1835.

MOST DEAR AND HONORED MOTHER—Through the unspeakable goodness of God, I am permitted to address you from this impregnable fortress, under the walls of which we came safely to anchor on Saturday evening, having experienced, during our whole passage, His constant tender mercy and protection, and arrived here in the uncommonly short time of twenty-two days. The loving-kindness of our heavenly Father is exceeding great and truly affecting, and demands from us all the most fervent acknowledgments and praise. I hope the ardor of your gratitude will not be damped when, reluctantly, and with much sorrow, I am compelled to announce that, for several days, I have been afflicted with a renewed attack of my distressing disorder, but hope I am now on the recovery. Was it hardly reasonable to expect that one so deeply rooted and unyieldingly obstinate as my asthma should, by the most favorable means, be at once expelled from my system?

You will have seen, from the former part of this letter, how entirely the sea voyage has agreed with me, and anything I now say should not tend otherwise than to corroborate that fact; but, soon after, or about the time of finishing it, the sad, boding symptoms of an ill turn, like birds, ominous of a threatening storm, began to warn me of its approach, and Thursday night last, the dreaded paroxysm came, and Friday, Saturday, and yesterday, I suffered under its influence; but I tell you truly, dear Mother, not near so much as I often have under your own painful observation at home. When I am *malo*, as they say in Spanish, I cannot write I am well, but I hope to be so ere we arrive at Malaga. We were not able to obtain a permit to land, and attend church, but had a quiet Sabbath on board, and this morning landed, and were introduced by our Captain to the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, with whom, in compliance with his polite invitation, we dined, and found himself and family very pleasant and hospitable; his wife being a French lady, speaking herself to her children (of which she has nine intelligent and pretty ones), and having spoken in her family, no less than three different languages, French, Spanish, and English. We were delighted once more with the sound of a sweet-toned piano, on which one of the daughters played some of the beautiful airs we have been wont, with so much pleasure, to hear our dear E. perform.

We came to this hotel this evening, and both here and at the office on the Mole, where we obtained our permits, it is a most novel and curious spectacle to behold the motley groups of almost all nations passing and repassing before us. Here, the outcast son of Israel, and the turbaned Moor ejected from their former possessions, both with their flowing beards and bare legs; and in another place the Spaniard, with his brown complexion and peaked hat, together with Greeks, Genoese, and the soldiers of the garrison, all in their different costumes; the English citizens, Americans, and other Europeans dressed in our own style, and many other varieties which might be mentioned, make up such a singular and grotesque ensemble as could hardly be witnessed in any other place on the continent, if, indeed, in the world.

The confused gabble of this mingled, heterogeneous throng is about as amusing to the ear, as to the eye the different fashion of their piebald garments. I must defer a description of the natural and artificial wonders of this singularly situated place, with its various peculiarities of appearance, until I have more time and room, and have surveyed them, as I hope to do, with more minute attention; and I shall not forget to obtain, if I can, a good-sized piece of the famous rock of Gibraltar, for our mineralogical and botanical friend, Mrs. A., whose kindness in sending the preserves I equally feel as though they had come in season to benefit us.

Two days later than the letter, he writes from the same place in his journal. The extract evinces the Christian temper with which he still bore his severe trial, and indicates the secret refreshings from above that repaired his strength and upheld his fainting spirits, when otherwise they would have been sure to droop.

Gibraltar, *July 29th*, 1835.

Here am I, in a land of strangers and foreigners, three or four thousand miles from my own beloved kindred and home, the breadth of the mighty Atlantic intervening between us; but here, also, as at home, the goodness and mercy of our God is seen, and here, as there, we may praise him for his loving kindness.

Dear H. is kindly mitigating, by his assiduous attentions, the distress of my still obstinate complaint, and I have the unspeakable privilege of prayer, a throne of mercy and grace, to which I may at all times freely resort. O what a precious, unutterably precious blessing this is, to have God for our friend, and to be able to implore his grace and assistance. Let us be where we may, in whatever situation or circumstances, sailing upon the ocean or travelling upon the land, by the way-side or at home, no hindrances, if we have the spirit of prayer, can prevent us drawing from its use wisdom and spiritual might, to go on our way rejoicing.

We have found, ever since we left home, much sweet consolation in social prayer; in unitedly committing ourselves and those most dear to us, from whom we are now so widely separated, and the temporal and eternal interests of all, to Him who, I trust, through the atoning merits and grace of Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, is our covenant God and Father, able to keep both them and us, and to do for us all more abundantly than we could ask or even think. It is, truly, a most trying dispensation, to be afflicted, just as I get to land, and when I wish to be particularly well, with a distressing return of my disorder, that disables me, in a great measure, from doing as I wish to; but I think I feel no disposition to murmur, and believe, though it may seem the contrary, that it is intended for my best good.

We close this chapter with a record found in the Private Journal, on arriving at the city of Malaga, in the south of Spain.

In Quarantine, off Malaga Mole, August 2d, 1835.

How great should be our gratitude to God in thus happily terminating our voyage, and so much sooner than we expected, having met with no accident or disaster during its whole course. "O for grace our hearts to soften; teach us, Lord, at length to love" and serve thee as we ought, and take entire possession of our hearts. "Here, Lord, I give myself away." I would renew the consecration of myself to thee, and be thine for time and eternity. O grant me thy grace to show myself thus in the new situation and circumstances of temptation wherein I shall now be placed, and make it abundantly sufficient for me.

We left quite a large number of Tracts with the soldiers in the garrison at Gibraltar, and were cheered to find some among them who appear to be the soldiers of Christ. It was refreshing to meet with a few who seemed to speak the language of Heaven, and they also seemed much gratified by seeing some, even strangers, who care for their souls, having truly, as they say, many temptations to encounter. O may these blessed messengers of salvation be blessed to the turning of many from sin unto holiness, and the power of Satan unto God. They will probably be read by a large number, as they were left at the guard houses, and the men are continually changing their stations, and all, in the course of a short time, serve as sentinels. O Holy Spirit, accompany their perusal with thy mighty energy, and from this seed may a rich harvest of souls be gathered in. Though I live not to see it, nor ever am able to sow again as I would, may the little I have done for God's glory be made into a large blessing. And in the multitude of my thoughts within me, may thy comforts delight my soul.

"Although affliction smites my heart,
  And earthly pleasures flee,
There is one bliss that ne'er shall part
  My joy, O God, in thee.
That joy is like the orb of day,
  When clouds its track pursue;
The shades and darkness throng its way,
  But sunlight struggles through.
Oh Thou, my everlasting light,
  On whom my hopes rely;
With Thee the darkest path is bright,
  And fears and sorrows die."

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AND OBSERVATIONS AT GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, AND MARSEILLES.

> The world is but a walk of pain,
> That has only end with death;
> Life is war, in which we gain
> Conquest by the loss of breath.
> Who would not warfare end, and trials cease,
> To live at home in rest, and rest at home in peace.
>
> ARTHUR WARWICK.

THE journal and letters which we now open, are naturally more occupied with the outer than with the inner life of their author, and with his descriptions of things seen, and his observations thereupon for his own use, and that of his friends. His journal, while abroad, was dedicated to his sister, and it is written in a clear hand, with great care and accuracy. Although exceedingly hampered, repressed, and absolutely disabled by his disease, he was unwilling to let anything of interest which he saw and took cognizance of, pass undescribed. And his notes of events, and of passing scenes, and of all he surveyed, are particularly accurate and reliable.

We begin with his sketches of Gibraltar, and shall be confined to his own manuscripts, choosing to supply nothing from our own observation with him of all he describes.

Gibraltar, *August*, 1835.—The general appearance of the whole place is that of a strongly fortified military post; and the barracks for the soldiers and officers, and buildings belonging to government, with guard-houses and sentry-boxes, are very numerous, and scattered in all parts of the town, so that you are met by officers and soldiers every few steps you travel; and sentinels are passing at a great many different points, even in the most frequented streets, in the midst of the thronging population. No person but a regular inhabitant of the place can pass through the gate from the mole without a permit from the officer there stationed, which is only for one day, from morning to evening gun-fire, and must be delivered up to the same on the departure of the bearer. To remain a number of days, it is necessary to obtain from the town-major a permit, accompanied with security from some person that it shall be delivered within the limited time to the officer at the gate.

Through the assistance of our captain and his consignees, as sureties, we got in without difficulty, and were surprised, as we passed along, to behold the strength of the fortifications, the walls of which, all throughout the works, independent of their immense local advantage, are built with great architectural exactness, firmness, and durability. We walked from the mole over a drawbridge, which is raised every night at the firing of the gun at sunset, as well as that at the isthmus next to the Spanish territory; and immediately on that signal, the gates, and every avenue of access, are at once closed, debarring all ingress or egress till the next morning at daylight, when the gun is again fired, the drawbridges are raised, and the gates are thrown open.

Immediately succeeding the drawbridge, was an arched entrance, running directly under the heavy battery above it, ten or fifteen feet in length, and defended with heavy gates at each end. We went from thence into a court, or square, in which were barracks for the soldiers, and then into the main street of the town, called Water Port. During our stay there, we were every evening gratified by most splendid music, from a band of twelve or fourteen in number, belonging to the garrison, who took their station about half past seven, waiting for the signal-gun, immediately on the discharge of which, they struck up some beautiful martial air, and soon marched away to their barracks, leaving us earnestly wishing the prolongation of their sweet, stirring notes, such as raised,

> To height of noblest temper heroes old
> Arming to battle; and instead of rage,
> Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
> With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
> Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
> With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
> Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain.

I rode a mile or more towards Point Europa, on the road to the Lower Town, which winds along the edge of the rock. It is of gravel, sufficiently wide for carriages, and has a wall of stone about three feet in height on the side next the precipice, which, part of the way, looks down upon the Alameda. This is an extensive garden of trees, flowers, and shrubbery, intersected, in a tasteful manner, by fine gravel walks, and including a large gravelled square which is used as a parade ground for the troops—the whole presenting an appearance of open space and rural beauty, which, viewing the town from the harbor, you would hardly think its contracted limits could contain.

I rode out upon the isthmus towards the neutral ground and Spanish territory, and had an opportunity of observing the immense strength of the fortifications at that point, though not to examine them so particularly as I wished.

The passage out was much the same as that through which we entered from the mole, being a long arched way, of twenty-five or thirty feet, with gates, and defended at its outward extremity by a drawbridge and ditch thirty or forty feet deep, extending considerable distance on each side, but now dry and used as pasture for the governor's sheep. On the left, after leaving the drawbridge, is a walled grassee, which is undermined, and capable of being immediately blown up, in case the enemy should land upon it. Succeeding this on the left, is the natural water of the Bay of Algeciras; on the right an artificial inundation, extending to the foot of the towering rock, frowning with its black guns on the passer below, and leaving space only for a carriage-way to the larger isthmus beyond. This whole passage, a number of rods in length, is also undermined, and can at once be blown up.

All along, at different points, are sentinels; and at the termination of the English boundary, which extends about a quarter of a mile from the foot of the rock, is a line of sentry-boxes, reaching across the isthmus from Algeciras Bay on the west, to the Mediterranean on the east; and parallel with the same, at the beginning of the Spanish jurisdiction, is a similar line, the English being painted black, the Spanish white, and the strip of neutral ground, about an eighth of a mile in width intervening. Within the English lines are some green and pleasant looking gardens, owned by government, and rented for the cultivation of vegetables, which, contrasted with the sand and barrenness of the isthmus around them, have to the eye a very grateful appearance. There are also enclosures for cattle in readiness for the market, the lodge of the governor's porter, and close at the foot of the rock some limekilns, and hospital buildings for the sick soldiers.

In viewing the great strength of the extensive artificial fortifications, the natural situation, height, and steepness of the rock, one is speedily impressed with the arduousness, if not perfect impracticability of any attempt to displace by force the present possessors of these costly, and so far impregnable fortifications. The Moorish castle is built in a strong, regular manner, of brick and stone, covered with plaster, and occupies a large area of ground. The arched gateway seems yet firm, though the whole fortress bears an appearance of great age, and of having been the stronghold of a people several hundred years back into antiquity. A part of these fortifications is now used as a military prison.

Our ascent to the excavations (which are five or six hundred feet below the highest point of the rock) was over a very good road for horses, built up most of the way on the side of the rock, and of hard gravel and stone. The first of the excavations is called Lower Union Gallery, which is hewn or blown out of the solid rock, at a width of eight or ten feet, and high enough for a man on horseback. It is several hundred feet in length, and terminates at a higher point of the rock, after traversing which for some time, we entered Upper Union Gallery. It has much the appearance of the other, there being large embrasures in both, at short intervals, for cannon of very heavy calibre, and also ammunition-boxes and cannon-balls in readiness for immediate use in case of danger to the fortress, which I hope it will never be necessary to apply to the murderous purpose for which they were made.

At a distance of about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, we came to the entrance of Windsor Gallery, where there is a platform for a gun, from which the prospect is very extensive, and the size of objects below very much diminished by the great height from which you look upon them. The waters of the Mediterranean are to be seen on one side; that of the Bay of Algeciras on the other, with the town of St. Roque, and the adjoining territory of Spain in front across the isthmus. Here I was obliged to dismount, the roof of the excavation not being high enough to admit a man on horseback. We descended gradually for several hundred yards, till we came to the termination of the excavation in St. George's Hall, which is cut out of a sort of wing, which, at this point, projects from the main rock, and forms what is termed in fortification a bastion, commanding, with its four guns, the ground at the foot of the cliff below, thus preventing the successful application of scaling-ladders by an enemy attacking the fortress.

As you enter the hall from the gallery, there are two winding stair-cases of sixty feet each—one of which leads to a battery in the excavations below, and the other to a point of the rock above. The hall occupies an area of about fifteen feet, and the roof is about that in height. After examining this remarkable place, and taking a piece of the rock from one of the embrasures, we commenced our descent by a different and more direct way than that by which we came up.

On the way down, we left tracts at most of the guard-houses we passed, which were very gratefully received; and as the soldiers at these stations change every day in the week, they will probably be read by a great many, and, we humbly hope, be instrumental of great good. We were cheered to find that some among the soldiers gave evidence that they are followers of Christ. With two in particular, I had very interesting conversation; and it was delightful, in the midst of the moral desolations which too evidently exist in that place, to meet with some who seemed to feel them to be such, and to whom we could speak on subjects of common interest to all who truly have an experimental acquaintance with our blessed and only Redeemer, Jesus Christ. In thus distributing them, we felt more than ever the blessedness of these winged messengers of salvation, leaving them with those whom we may never again see till the last great day of account. Oh, may they then be found to have been the power of God, and the wisdom of God, to the salvation of their souls!

In viewing these impregnable fortifications, though they are wonderful monuments of the persevering labor and skill of men ; yet the cause of their construction, founded in the disposition to war and rapine so prevalent among mankind, who ought to live as brethren, prevented that feeling of heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction, which may be experienced in seeing the works of nature or of art for other purposes than that of defence from the attacks of our fellow creatures.

Malaga, August, 1835.—The line of the coast from Gibraltar to this place, about eighty miles, runs nearly northeast and southwest. The city fronts the south, its buildings being generally from two to four stories in height, and neatly washed white or straw-color. The most prominent objects are the immense cathedral, with its towering steeple, and grave, sombre appearance, which stands in a central part of the city, and the extensive remains of the dark, time-worn, Moorish fortress, Gibralfaro. This occupies the side and summit of a high, steep hill, rising near the commencement of the mole, in a northeast direction from the cathedral. With its towers and turrets, it presents a very romantic and venerable appearance, reminding one of men and ages long buried in the dust of antiquity.

Malaga was taken from the Moors in 1462 ; and this fortress having been perhaps many years before that time, it must probably be five hundred or more years old. Near the foot of the Gibralfaro, at the east part of the city, is the mole, which runs about an eighth of a mile to the south, with a slight curvature, and forms on its west side an excellent basin for vessels of all classes, varying in depth from ten and fifteen to twenty-five and thirty, or more feet, and having a very firm anchorage. It is built of grey stone, and has a wide, hard road to the light-house, and a fort at its termination, which mounts several guns. On the east side, for some distance, is a walk with a double row of trees. The light-house is eighty feet in height, neatly white-washed, and has a revolving light visible eighteen miles.

We went into the cathedral a few days after we came on shore, and found it as magnificent inside as it was imposing and grand outside. The floor is paved with square blocks of red and white marble; the sides of the building adorned with numerous paintings—a few of them the finest specimens of art. The middle of the church is occupied by the choir and the chancel, where are two immense organs. There are three principal entrances on different sides of the building, to which you ascend by marble steps from the street. The vaulted roof is most richly ornamented with carved work; but in this, as in other churches we have visited, there is too great a profusion of tinsel and gilding, which appears only for show, and is highly offensive to good taste. There are also many niches in which are groups of carved figures and marble statues, some of them well executed. At those of the Virgin Mary it is painful to see the delusion of the people in kneeling before them, counting their beads, and crossing themselves in (to us) the most ridiculous and absurd manner.

At the marble basins of "holy water," placed near the door, we are amazed to see people come in from the streets, dip their fingers in it, and with most rapid gesticulations, and truly farcical manner, cross their foreheads, chins, and breasts, and again retire, deceived, I fear, with the idea that by these senseless observances they are doing all that is necessary for the salvation of their souls. Chapels to different saints of the calendar occupy the large alcoves around the building, which are richly adorned with painting and statuary, and in every one is an altar to say mass. In the chapel both of the Nunnery and Convent which we have visited, we were, with considerable violence of tone and manner, commanded in Spanish to kneel at the elevation of the host; but this we steadfastly persisted in not doing, as we should consider it a violation of our consciences thus "to bow down ourselves" in an act of adoration and worship which is forbidden by the law of God, and to that which has in itself neither the power nor attributes of Deity.

Three days ago disturbances took place here, which, as they terminated in a change of government, may be called a Revolution. On the latter part of Sabbath afternoon, our attention was arrested by the unusual noise and excitement among the Urbanos (national guards) who rendezvous in the Convent opposite, and a body of them soon moved off to what appeared to be the scene of the commotion. We heard firing, and three or four wounded men were soon carried by on litters, the sight of whose ghastly wounds and fresh-shed blood gave us something of an idea of the horrors of war. The soldiers and people were full of enthusiasm, and even the boys partook largely in it. From all, the cries of "Viva la Constitucion! Viva la Libertad!" were loud and frequent. In the evening the bells rang, and the city was illuminated.

The circumstances of the affair were, that a body of the Urbanos and queen's troops, on their way to get him to declare the constitution, were met by the governor whom they sought, with a small number of the queen's troops, or a kind of gens d'armes, as a body-guard, whom, after some parleying, he ordered to fire on the Urbanos. This was returned by them with fatal effect, three of the governor's guard being killed, two or three wounded, and, on the other side, two of the troops of the line wounded. The governor retired to a convent in the vicinity, but soon yielded himself to the popular current; and thus the Government of the city became constitutional. On Monday, the next day, the troops, to the number of about eight hundred or one thousand, met in the Constitutional (before Royal) Square, and with great enthusiasm, swore by acclamation to the Constitution.

The houses were decorated with red and white hangings; and from our pleasant situation in the balcony of a coffee-house, we had a fine view of the Spanish ladies in those of the surrounding buildings, and of the people and troops in the Square below. On the next day, twelve or fifteen hundred troops left here for Granada, to do, or help to do there, what has been done here. Wives embraced their husbands, mothers their sons, with an apparent affection that was itself quite affecting. In the evening, the city was again splendidly illuminated, as it had been the two preceding nights, and presented a very brilliant appearance. The high tower of the cathedral in particular, looked predominantly bright, lighted, as it was, to its top, by four rows of lamps, in all making one hundred.

The Convent opposite us, as well as all in the city, had been evacuated by their tenants, the Friars, in the night, four or five days previous, for fear of disturbances similar to those that have lately taken place at Barcelona and other places in Spain, where many of their order have been maltreated and murdered. Nine hundred of these useless establishments have been suppressed by an order from the Government at Madrid, and their property devoted to the liquidation of the National debt. Witnessing as we did, from the balcony, the strong enthusiasm and rapid motions of the soldiers and people, with the stars and stripes of our native country floating over our heads—a signal of sympathy, wherever it waves, with those struggling for national liberty—we could not but be much excited, though the whole scene was but little in unison with that holy day upon which it was transacted.

No real excesses have been committed, though a few of the little buildings where the gate duty is collected have been burned, and, much to the joy of the country people around, that burden has been for a few days taken off, and a considerable reduction of it permanently made. How false and injurious is this system of internal duties, cramping the commerce and industry of the nation, for the short-sighted reason of temporarily swelling the treasures of government.

The number of poor in this city is very great; we may well say that we have never seen poverty to be compared with the dreadful wretchedness which here meets our eye at almost every step. Their sufferings in the rainy season must be distressingly great, as they have not the abundance of fruit upon which they can now subsist for almost nothing, neither a comfortable shelter, without which, in the warmer part of the year, they may live without much suffering. In the winter, also, they are almost entirely without employ, so that they have hardly any means of support, and indeed, not unfrequently, starve to death.

How striking is the contrast with our own happy country, where no one who is able to work need suffer for want of food, and where there is not that abrupt and painful descent from ample wealth and comfortable circumstances on one hand, to grinding poverty and absolute starvation on the other! With a more enterprising, energetic, and equal government, freed from the absurd, expensive rites, and the debasing, cramping influence of the Roman Catholic religion, this nation might assume something of its former importance and grandeur among the other powers of Europe, and have that general internal prosperity which always follows the impartial administration of just and equal laws.

It is evident the church of Rome has not that power and influence over this people which she possessed not many years ago, and, indeed, within a very few years her power has been much weakened. If this revolution should terminate, as I hope it will, in the attainment of a more free and constitutional form of government, it will be an invaluable blessing to this nation; but the great fear is, that the object of its honest promoters may be defeated by the ambition and caprice of selfish, designing men. Alas! what a Golgotha is this land! What, with the early wars of the Goths and Romans; those of the Spaniards and Moors; the more modern campaigns of Napoleon and Lord Wellington; the civil wars which have desolated the country, and are now raging in some parts of it; the violence of banditti and assassins; how truly may it be said that there is hardly a foot of the soil not fattened with human blood! Oh! when, throughout the world, shall the insatiate sword be sheathed, and no more drink up the blood of millions, whom it "has cut off even in the very blossoms of their sins," and sent reeking into eternity?

The circumstances of his arrival at this salubrious city of Andalusia, and his reception there by his uncle, are thus given in a letter to his mother, dated Malaga, September 10, 1835.

After a fine run from Gibraltar we came in sight, early on the morning of August 1st, of the vine-clad and romantic hills of Malaga, and, about twelve, at noon, cast anchor under the protection of its noble Mole. Here we were soon visited alongside by the health officer, who, after various inquiries, appointed us eight days quarantine to observe; the regulations of which are very strict, no person being allowed to go on shore from, or come on board a vessel in that state, and all letters and packages delivered at the side, are immersed or sprinkled with water or vinegar. Mr. Strachan, the Vice Consul, came off alongside the same day, bringing uncle's regards and welcome. The next day uncle himself came off, and then we first saw him of whom we have so often and fondly heard you speak. He stopped a short time alongside, and inquired if we had any little wants to be supplied, then bade us good morning, and returned to the shore. In the course of a few days he sent us off a supply of fine fruit, wine, and milk, which it was pleasant to have on the table for the use of the captain and mates.

On the forenoon of Saturday, August 8th (having received another visit of the Health Officer, to be seen by whom all on board are obliged to range themselves at the side of the ship), and Mr. Strachan having come off to accompany us, we landed, and, after a few minutes' walk, arrived at uncle's house, and were kindly and hospitably received by him. He was very sorry to find me so unwell, but "hoped he should be able to bring me round again." It was not long before I began to feel at home under his hospitable roof, and, under his care, with the comforts and commodious accommodations I enjoy, I soon began to improve in health. The house is pleasantly situated on the street of St. Austin, which leads from one of the entrances to the Cathedral, to the Callè de Granada, one of the principal streets of the city. Directly opposite is a large convent, which, as well as all the other convents in Malaga, was vacated by its occupants a few days previous to the late revolution, August 23d.

You enter the house from a small square, one side of which it forms; the other three are the rectangular walls of a nunnery. Passing through a small double entry, guarded with strong heavy doors, you are upon the first floor of the house, which is paved with brick, and used for stable and carriage-house, and has, directly in the centre, with three sides of the house looking down upon it, a beautiful little open court, paved with marble, having at one end a purling fountain of pure water, discharging itself into a marble reservoir, containing two fine gold fish, and shaded by a latticed arbor of honeysuckle, the whole most tastefully adorned with a great variety of plants in large earthen pots and artificial borders at the sides, from which many are trained up the walls of the house. Over the dining-room window is quite a large wooden frame of lattice-work, entirely covered with a green running plant, which makes an agreeable screen from the hot rays of the sun.

Ascending a few steps is the Consulate on the right, a fine cool place, where the clerks write and the entrances and clearances are made out, uncle giving his signature in his Library on the next floor, to which, turning to the left from the Consulate, you arrive by ascending a broad open flight of stairs. On this floor, which is of square bricks highly polished, is a hall, into which you first enter, on one side of which is uncle's bed-room and library, and at its end on the other, a fine summer parlor, fronting on one side the street, and on the other the cool, refreshing court. All these, as well as the dining room, to which you come by another broad flight of stairs, are most richly and classically adorned with paintings of the best masters, some of them very old and rare, and exquisitely fine and beautiful. One, in particular, commands the admiration of all who behold it, the picture of St. Jerome translating the Bible, which is placed over the door of the dining room, immediately opposite uncle George's seat at the table, and stands out from the canvas with all the vivid reality of life itself. Indeed, almost the whole house is as it were a gallery of paintings, and those of the highest character. At the end of the parlor opposite the door, is the venerable portrait of Grandfather Barrell.

On the next floor above is our comfortable suite of rooms. Toward our generous uncle we already begin to feel a strong affection, growing with our increased knowledge of his character and disposition, and his noble and estimable qualities. In the constitution of his mind there are united with a strong and vigorous intellect, a capacious and retentive memory, uncommon acuteness of perception and discrimination, great delicacy and refinement of feeling, a frank, humane, and benevolent spirit, a high sense of honor, great energy and decision of character, and a thorough acquaintance with human nature, joined with all those qualities, except piety, which make a man firm and enduring as a friend, and forgiving and forgetful of an enemy. In conversation he is always interesting, sometimes truly affable; and he is ever and anon emitting bright scintillations of original thought and native feeling, that indicate the rare composition and delicate texture of his mind.

With all these excellencies, you may well believe, he has many friends; he has surely no enemies: he is generally known throughout the south of Spain, and as far as his name is known he is respected and esteemed. Not a few are the individuals whom he has rescued from misery, poverty, and disgrace, who live to bless and revere his name. He has considerable influence with government, and has just obtained permission from the Queen, for which he has long been laboring, to build a cemetery for the burial of Americans who may fall in this foreign clime. Perhaps you have seen a remark made by Mr. Everett, whem Ambassador at Madrid, that, if he should die there, he could not be buried within the walls of the city. Such is, or has been, the intolerance of the religion of Spain. The iron yoke, we hope, is now being broken by an "aggrieved, insulted, much-abused people."

October 8th.—Some days since, we visited the very extensive Moorish Castle back of the Alameda, near the foot of which the sea formerly beat, but is now distant many rods: the intervening land, upon which handsome blocks of buildings now stand and the Alameda partly occupies, being made by the mud driven in from the mouth of the little river Guadelmedina. The Castle is now occupied as a military arsenal, soldiers' barracks, hospital, etc., though in some parts, from the neglect of government, it is in a ruinous condition. The main entrance is into a large open court, all sides of which the building surrounds, and on one were a number of men at work casting bullets, and fifteen or twenty immense bronze cannon, and several mortars also of the same material. It is constructed with great regularity and prodigious strength, and shows the Moors to have been an intelligent and industrious people. The whole building, with its dark, time-worn, battlemented walls, has a very ancient and romantic appearance.

Here we are in the province of Granada, the conquest of which Washington Irving has described with such graphic elegance; the scene of the achievements of Gonzalo de Cordova, and of the stubborn bravery of the chivalric Moors, who were once supreme lords of the soil on which we now tread, with the ruinous monuments of whose industry and skill we are here and there surrounded. A fortnight since I visited the Cathedral with Henry. We took a regular survey of it, though I was not able, and shall not attempt till my health is competent for it, to go up into the tower. It is, indeed, a magnificent structure. There are in the choir six clusters or blocks of white marble pillars; each block containing four elegantly-wrought fluted columns, all fronting a different way, sixty-seven feet in height. There are also eight others of these isolated clusters, besides twenty pillars at the sides of the Cathedral. The height inside to the vaulted roof is 132 feet; breadth 165, and length 323. There are fourteen niches for images and statuary, and twelve chapels. That of the Incarnation is exceedingly rich and splendid, and contains two fine pieces of sculpture, the statues, in a kneeling position, of two former bishops of Malaga. There is also, in a niche at one end of the choir, an excellent piece of sculpture, the Virgin Mary supporting the dead body of our Saviour; but there is something so gross and revolting in these factitious representations, that I do not enjoy much in looking at them.

In the church of the convent opposite us, is a miserable image of our Saviour in a bed, dressed most absurdly with trinkets and finery, and presenting a most disgustingly ridiculous and odious appearance. The sides of the choir are most ingeniously and elegantly carved, in dark mahogany, with figures of saints, ecclesiastics, etc., so natural and true, that even the very expression of the countenance can be observed. The grand altar, or tabernacle, is of pure white marble, ascended by several steps. The music of the choir is very fine, the performers being some of the same we have heard with so much exquisite delight in the church adjoining Uncle's house. There are two immense organs, with large pipes terminating horizontally, one on each side of the choir, about thirty feet above the floor of the Cathedral. The height of the tower of the Cathedral is 309 feet: it looms up in the sky at a long distance from the city; from every point you view it, and the whole building rises high above everything around it, presenting a grand and venerable appearance.

October 19th, 1835.—A conspiracy of a most infamous character was discovered a day or two since, on the eve of its execution, by the confession of one of the conspirators. The plot was to murder the Governor, and some other influential persons, burn the papers of the Junta, and, probably, commit other depredations, which would have made the city a scene of violence, rapine, and bloodshed. As soon as it was discovered, the urbanos, or nacionales, as they are now called, repaired in great numbers to protect the Governor from harm. Several of the conspirators were arrested, and some made their escape to the mountains around this city—one, in the hurry of his flight, leaving his cloak in the street. One of the chief persons concerned was a member of the late Junta, which has been dissolved for a new election.

On Friday afternoon, four men were put to death in this city in a most summary manner. They had been confined for some time in prison, for political and other offences. Their punishment has been delayed by the proper authorities for a long time, probably from the influence of secret bribery, which has so exasperated the people, that at the time above mentioned, a body of the nacionales repaired to their prison, took them out into the dry bed of the Guadelmedina, and shot them without any delay, except to permit them to make their wills, and confess to a priest. There are good laws, but they are so shamefully contravened by the chicanery and technicalities of the scriveners and lawyers, as to cause the people to take the reparation of their wrongs into their own hands.

October 28th.—Yesterday Mr. Strachan, Henry, and myself made a jaunt of about eight miles into the mountainous country which surrounds Malaga. We started on horseback from the house about eight o'clock in the morning, taking the road to Velez Malaga, in which we continued to a short distance beyond the village of Palo, two or three miles from

Malaga. So far the road was good for carriages, but we then turned off into a narrow footpath, and soon began to ascend the mountains in single file, our guide in front, and we following in his steps.

We arrived in a short time to a great height, many hundred feet above the sea, winding up lofty mountains from whence the prospect of the Mediterranean, and the surrounding country was very extensive and beautiful. The sides of the mountains, cultivated with innumerable grape-vines, disposed with great regularity, here and there interspersed with a neat, white farm-house, and sometimes a beautiful olive-grove, rendered the scene most charmingly picturesque and beautiful. Sometimes we were on the ridge of a high hill, cultivated on each side, with narrow valleys at its foot, shut in at all points by the surrounding mountains, presenting a tasteful picture of rural scenery, though unlike that in America in its almost entire destitution of trees.

Much of the road was very rough and laborious for the horses, who, being accustomed to these mountain paths, are very sure-footed animals. Not even the small attention of throwing the loose stones out of the way had been bestowed upon it, which the labor of a few men, with proper instruments, might render very smooth and commodious. It was some of the way on the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, where a single false step of the horse would have been almost certain death to his rider, and perhaps to him also; but by the kind care of our heavenly Father, we were preserved from all accident, both in our going out and coming in. We arrived at the farm-house, the limit of our ride (with the owner of which Mr. S. was previously acquainted), about twelve o'clock, having been on horseback four hours, but not fatigued by the ride.

The farm-house did not present that air of tidy neatness and comfort which is so common in those of New England. The room in which we dined was used for cooking, eating, and work; and at one end, with no partition between, is the wine-press. The process of expressing the juice is exceedingly dirty and ill-contrived: the grapes were scraped up from the ground where they lay, with no small proportion of dust and dirt of various descriptions, thrown upon the floor of the press, where they are first trodden by a man with grass shoes on, and then pressed by means of a long, heavy lever, connected with a jack-screw to a square platform that is placed upon the bruised grapes. The juice runs into a round vat sunk in the ground, bricked up at its sides, its top just coming above the ground, and without any cover exposed to all the dirt and dust around.

The floor of the press is of square tiles, and no attention is paid to keeping it clean, being spit and trod upon indiscriminately. We saw the must in large jars, undergoing the process of fermentation, which, it is true, carries off most of the impurities; but how much better would the wine be if it was made in a neater and more ingenious manner. It is kept fermenting in these jars for some days or weeks, as the case may be; then put into hog-skins, covered on the inside with pitch, and carried on the backs of mules to the wine-cellars of the city, where brandy is added, and the process of fermentation finished.

We had quite a good dinner, though in rather uncivilized style, all drinking from the same tumbler, and having a scanty supply of knives and forks. The principal dish was rice and Spanish peas, boiled with a fowl, which was served up afterwards. We then had grapes, honey, and preserved potatoes. We started on our way back about ten minutes before four by a different and more direct way than that by which we came, and arrived at the house a little before seven, having ridden during the last part of our way at a very rapid rate, quite in cavalier style, in fine spirits from the exhilarating effects of our exercise, and with much reason to acknowledge the watchful care of a kind Providence.

December 24th.—To-night is the eve of Christmas, which the Spaniards call "NOCHE BUENA," and the bells are ringing at intervals in anticipation of the feast. Christmas-eve is celebrated with great festivity and rejoicing. The Cathedral is kept open to a late hour of the night, with singing and music.

We have called lately on Mr. Loring, the great American fruit and wine merchant; visited his wine-cellars, which seem extensive enough to load many ships. We tasted of many kinds of wine, and of some of the pure must, which was rather sweet and cloying. Indeed, that which has some admixture of spirit is by far more palatable, though it is possible to send it pure across the Atlantic in bottles or demijohns without injury; but this is seldom done. There is a method they have of stopping the process of fermentation, by burning a sulphur match in the cask which contains the must, and thoroughly impregnating it with the smoke. A kind of wine, or more properly cordial, called "Lacryma Christi," was very mild and delicate, and had a fine flavor, suiting our palates more than any other we tasted, though by connoisseurs, that which had more brandy in it would be much preferred. The sweet wine is composed of four ingredients, according to Mr. L., viz., fermented must, arrope (which is the juice of the grape boiled down to the consistency of molasses), brandy, and new unfermented must. It is a wine much used by the ladies, is highly nutritious, and exceedingly grateful to the taste.

Amidst so much that was outward and dissipating, the culture of the inner man, and the improvement of opportunities of doing good were not neglected, as will be seen by the selections that follow from the Private Journal.

At Uncle George's, Malaga, August 16th.—Sabbath.—Here am I, on this holy day, far separated from my beloved relatives at home, and the enjoyment of the high Christian privileges with which I was so long favored there ; but, blessed be the Lord, I am not denied the precious privilege of prayer, or the perusal of his holy Word. The Sabbath here is far different from the same day in my own land, being a day of recreation and amusement, and not sanctified and devoted, as it should be, to the exclusive worship and service of God. We find, as we expected, many new temptations assailing us, and we need much grace successfully to resist them. Uncle George is a most agreeable, intelligent, and interesting man ; yet it requires much wisdom to pursue a judicious, and, at the same time, a firm and upright course before him. But thy grace, O Lord, is sufficient for every emergency, and thou wilt give liberally to all who ask of thee in truth. Oh, grant it to us in this our new situation of trial and temptation, and make thy strength perfect in our weakness.

September 27th, Sabbath afternoon.—How greatly do we miss the precious services of this holy day, which we enjoyed at home, there being none here but in the Catholic forms, in which we have no inclination to partake ; for they are so palpably gross, and addressed to the senses—so superstitious and absurd, that we cannot be edified by witnessing them, but only disgusted, and indignant with those who perpetuate such a system of deception and error.

October 18th.—I have this week had quite a severe ill turn, but am now much better. I think I have felt in a more spiritual frame of mind for a few days, than for some time past. It is in kindness, no doubt, that the Lord thus again and again afflicts me with the stroke of his hand, to keep me humble and in a state of constant dependence upon himself. And though I know his grace is sufficient for me in any situation, yet he may be thus gradually restoring me to health ; giving me occasional checks in my convalescent progress, to preserve me from vain self-reliance, and make me feel that all my strength is in him.

November 1st, Sabbath evening.—We, this forenoon, at twelve o'clock, attended service in the Episcopal form, at the house of Mr. Mark, the English Consul, having been introduced by our Uncle to his family, with whom the Consul reads the Church Service every Sabbath in private. It is pleasant to enjoy even a shadow of the delightful privileges we have left behind us in our own land. I yesterday had the pleasure of giving a Spanish Testament and some Tracts to a young man whom we met in an excursion to the country the first of the week, and to whom I then promised one when he should come for it. May the Holy Spirit accompany its truths to him, and to the hearts of all who may read it, and make it effectual to the salvation of their immortal souls.

November 29th.—How rapidly has the time flown since we came here, and yet how little seem I to have done—how little to have grown in grace! We see much sin around us, and are compelled to hear much sinful conversation; but I think I can truly say, the more I see of sin, the worse it appears, the more revolting, and odious; and, oh! may I have grace to preserve me from the evil influence of such an impure, moral atmosphere. For a week past I have been in very comfortable health, though, for some time previous, I was much afflicted with my asthma.

December 6th.—The climate is very mild and beneficial, and I am much better than when I arrived here, but still I am not rid of the asthma; it yet clings to my constitution. O Lord, prepare me to suffer whatever thou shalt lay upon me; and prepare me for death, in whatever shape it may come; by shipwreck, or violence, or the lingering, heavy hand of disease. Oh! may my soul be ready and waiting for its dismissal from the body, and prepared to unite in the blessed enjoyment of heaven. On the fifteenth of November I renewed my solemn covenant with God, being its fifth anniversary, but not with the freedom I could wish, much of the day being consumed in the company of the officers of the United States ship

John Adams, then in port. But in whatever circumstances I may be placed, may I ever have a deep and constant sense of its solemn obligations. We have lately had the pleasure of distributing several Spanish Testaments; since we arrived, have given away seventeen. May their blessed truths, though mixed with error by the translator, be blessed to the eternal salvation of all who read them.

After nearly five months at Malaga, during which time the improvement in the health of the invalid was very gradual, it was judged best to avail ourselves of an opportunity presented for a longer voyage. The reasons that led to this are given below in an extract from the Journal dedicated to his sister.

Malaga, January 1st, 1836.—The old year has finished its course, and a new one commenced, involving the destiny of millions now on the stage of being, and of unnumbered thousands yet unborn. I was not asleep when the clock of the Cathedral, with its solemn strokes, announced the departing knell of the old year, and ushered in the new. Last year, at this time, I was at our own happy fireside in Hallowell, enjoying the sweet endearing society of mother and E , and all the pleasures and blessings with which, as a family, we have always been so abundantly favored. I am in much better health now, and I may be recovering, although I still have quite frequent attacks of my obstinate disorder. We are now on the point of embarking for Marseilles, and thence to New Orleans, in the ship Julia, in order to try the effect of a long sea voyage.

In leaving this city for the sea, I do not feel many regrets, convinced as I am that it will be better for me to be on the ocean. There is no Christian Sabbath, nor any but an apostate church; neither have we found any intimate friends with whom we could perfectly correspond in feeling or principle.

Yet I cannot leave, without a pang, our noble Uncle, nor bid adieu coldly to persons and scenes with whom we have now been conversant for the space of five months.

With a free, enterprising national government, and an enlightened, energetic city corporation, Malaga and the country around might exceed the richness and splendor it enjoyed under the elegant reign of the Moors. But an expensive civil war in the northern provinces, a wretched system of import and export duties, even between the different provinces, and a general unenlightened policy, serve, in a great measure, to cramp and depress individual enterprise, and keep the country from occupying that place among the nations, which her rich and extensive resources might enable her to hold. One thing is favorable: the illiberal, tyrannising, degrading influence of the Roman Catholic religion is very much weakened, and the people are fast emerging from that galling yoke which has so long ground them in the dust. Oh! that this system of absurd, useless ceremonies and superstitions might be succeeded by the pure preaching and practice of the Gospel, and this people become truly enlightened and Christian!

We insert here an extract from a letter addressed to the mother of the young invalid, by Professor Goodwin, of Bowdoin College, Maine, then absent in Europe. He had spent some time in the family, at Hallowell, and, as an instructor, knew the capacities of his pupil. He gives this voluntary expression of feeling at that time, under date of Paris, February 5th, 1836.

"My Dear Mrs. C——, I know not how long 'the boys' intend staying at Malaga, but I suppose they will return home in the spring or summer approaching. If they should stay until next autumn, I should hope to have the pleasure of meeting them in Spain, as my plan is (with due remembrance of the Apostle James' injunction), to spend another winter in the south of Europe. I wish they would visit Paris while I am here. A short stay, if it were but a fortnight or three weeks, would be very profitable to them. And then, Nathaniel would enjoy it so highly—so infinitely more than I can. What a wonderful faculty of enjoying things he seems to have! I have often been struck by it as an astonishing instance of compensation in the arrangements of God's providence, that he who has so much to dispirit and depress, has been blessed with a disposition so buoyant, and animated, and joyous. The activity and energy of his mind seem to mock at the infirmities of the body; and it moves off, under the burden of a most oppressive disease, with as much ease and lightness as another could do unincumbered and free.

This elasticity, this cheerfulness, this sweet and happy submission, is doubtless to be chiefly ascribed to a moral power—to the efficacy of an inwrought, practical piety, and to the special aids of God's gracious Spirit. But something is still due to the original constitution of his mind. What an ethereal spirit his would have been, had it not so early been clogged by its connection with bodily infirmity! I rejoice in every new encouragement we have to hope and pray that he may soon be released from this bondage, and be enabled, in the enjoyment of health, to devote his powers to the active service of his Redeemer. And have you not reason to rejoice, my dear madam, that whether your beloved son be restored to health or not in this world, you have so assured a confidence that he will one day be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

We turn again to the pages of the Private Journal after embarking from Malaga, and close this chapter with one of the entries made at Marseilles.

Marseilles, January 26th.—At Mrs. Budds.—We arrived here on the 13th of this month, and shall probably sail again for New Orleans the first of the week. I was visited with a violent attack of my inveterate malady the day after we came on shore, having taken cold the evening previous in our walk from the quay in a fog, and through wet, muddy streets. Oh, how much I need the blessed support of Christian grace and consolation to enable me meekly and patiently to bear this continued affliction! It may now be considered doubtful whether I ever get over this obstinate malady, though I cannot but have some hope of it; but expedient after expedient fails, and this which I have now been adopting, is far from having accomplished the desired end, though it has been of some benefit.

Let me now make up my mind for whatever may come—the attacks of this distressing, obstinate malady, as long as I live, or speedy death in consequence of it. I may possibly live several years longer, and yet continue to suffer with it much as I have done for eight years past; and I may be speedily summoned from this world by the hand of death. Oh! blessed Almighty Saviour, support me! Grant, oh, grant the light of thy countenance, the consolations of thy grace, the joys of thy salvation, and enable me with perfect meekness and resignation to bear all, even the heaviest strokes of thy chastising hand. I have wandered as a lost sheep, but I may say with sincerity, I do not forget thy commandments. Draw me, and I shall run after thee. "Sweetly draw me by thy love." Oh, melt down my soul in view of it, and of my own unutterable hardness and guilt. Transform and cleanse anew my sin-defiled soul, and then take up thine abode as the sovereign of my heart, and fit me perfectly for all thy holy will on earth, and to sing in heaven at last, where sickness, and sorrow, and sin shall forever flee, the blessed song of redeeming love, of Moses the servant of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

"Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

And, though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have sway."

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE ON THE OCEAN AND AT NEW ORLEANS.

> Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
> Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;
> On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,
> Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
> And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
> With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
> Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure, holds fast
> The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
>
> COWPER.

OUR stay at Marseilles, in the sunny south of France, was not long; and such were the sufferings of our invalid brother all the time while there, that after an excursion to Toulon and the vicinity, and to the birth-place of Massillon, we were glad to embark again on the Julia, and stand out to sea in the Gulf of Lyons. Almost every moment he could use a pen while ashore, he was intent with recording in his Journal, or writing to friends, descriptions and observations upon all he saw and heard, and a history of his own personal doings and life. They embody much entertaining and valuable matter for a traveller, and they open windows every now and then to his inner experience, hopes, and consolations. But yielding to the obvious necessity of condensation, we omit all but an account of certain remarkable paintings seen at the Health Office :

The largest, which is on the right as you enter, represents an actual scene in the yellow fever, at Barcelona—the black, ghastly corpse of a man who has just expired with the pest, a sister of charity standing at his head, and feeling, with one hand, the pulse of the young physician Maret, who was sent from France with other doctors, and just as he is bleeding his dying patient, is seized with the malady himself. His eyes become fixed and ghastly ; his arm drops powerless by his side, and the deathly hue overspreads his countenance ; his surgical instruments lie open by him, and the ligature for bleeding is seen upon the arm of the dead man. A man and boy looking in at the door, are struck with horror at the scene ; and a funeral bier, with the banner of the church, is passing the window. The kind, benevolent countenance of the sister of charity, as she anxiously seizes the hand of the sinking physician, is portrayed with admirable fidelity. This fine painting was executed by Vinchon, exposed in 1823, and bought by the king, who gave it to the Health Intendance of Marseilles.

At right angles with this, as you enter the door, is one most terribly true to life, done by M. Paulin Guerin of Marseilles, portraying the sickening horrors of the plague in that city, in the year 1720. The scene is an open esplanade, near the sea, where, in the violence of the pest, the bodies of its victims have been left unburied, to poison the air with their fetid exhalation. The most recent had been there fifteen days. The Chevalier Rose, of Marseilles (the Mayor, I believe, of the city), who, from the commencement of the contagion, had been very active, and exposed himself to great danger, examines this scene of horror, and perceives near the sea two ancient bastions, hollow within, and level with the earth ; of these he determines to make two immense tombs, and brings a hundred galley-slaves, and a company of soldiers, to throw the bodies into them, in which he sets them the example by taking up the first corpse himself. The whole are soon removed, and quick-lime thrown in upon the top to assist in their decomposition. This expedition cost the life of all but two or three of the soldiers and galley-slaves. M. Rose escaped with a short sickness.

On the opposite side of the door, is one painted in 1834, by Horace Vernet, Director of the Academy of Rome, exhibiting a scene of the cholera on board the French frigate, Melpomene, portrayed with equal fidelity and heart-sickening horror as the others. There are also several other paintings, well executed—one of St. Rock, in a country desolated by the plague, praying to the Virgin to stop it; another represents the Bishop of Marseilles, during the plague of 1720, distributing succor to the sick near the Hotel de Ville. Over the chimney is a large medallion in bas-relief, done in marble by Puget, representing the pest in Milan.

Although the emotions produced in the mind by examining paintings of this character, are not of the pleasant description, yet they afford such wonderful specimens of the painter's art and power, that to those who admire this, the sight of them is an ample reward for much time and trouble ; and we are glad to have had the opportunity of seeing them.

The day before we left the city, we visited, with Mr. Caille, the City Library, and Museum, where are to be seen many Roman remains, Egyptian curiosities, and rare antiques, besides a large collection of medals, gold, silver, and copper, and a plan of the city of Marseilles, ten or twelve feet square, made in cork, with all the streets, squares, houses, etc., and the harbor represented by glass, with vessels floating on it.

There are two Egyptian mummies, enveloped in numerous bandages, their wooden cases covered with hieroglyphic figures, showing probably the rank and character of the subject within them.

In excavating a new dock in the harbor, there have been found, within a few years, a large number of Roman coins and many tombs hewn out of a single piece of marble, like a sarcophagus, with urns, water-jars, lamps, etc., deposited by the friends of the deceased at their burial. These are placed at the Museum, and also many fragments of columns and statues, all of marble. The Library is large and well arranged, and connected with the same building is a college for students. The coins and medallions are arranged in cases, with a hole to contain each one, and seem to challenge almost the labor of a man's life to find them out.

Ship Julia, Atlantic Ocean, February 14, 1836.—We left Marseilles on the fourth of this month, and, this morning, about three o'clock, emerged from the Straits of Gibraltar. The voyage has, as before, had a fine effect upon my health; so that, as to any actual pain or particular ailment I feel, I might say "I am well." But, alas! I am compelled to check the exuberance of hope and bounding elasticity of spirit, by the dread certainty, so often distressingly realized, that even a small provocation will again bring upon me, with all its sad, depressing power, the renewed attacks of my disorder. We have now a fine quiet time to read, write, or study, which I am endeavoring to improve with some regularity. I hope, by the end of the voyage, to have acquired considerable knowledge of the French, by the excellent manner of studying in the "Essays," with Henry, and to increase my knowledge of Spanish, by reading in the beautiful little work of Gonzalo de Cordova, which, I think, may compare, in the delicacy, romantic tenderness, and pathos of its narration and sentiment, with the more celebrated works of "Paul and Virginia," and "Telemachus."

I am also slowly reading that condensed depository of knowledge on all general subjects, "Blair's Universal Preceptor," so well worthy the commendation which our deceased father has bestowed upon it in one of the blank leaves, which we cherish with great care, as we do everything relating to his memory, since from our own experience we cannot have the sweet pleasure of referring to it. I also recreate myself with Shakspeare's Plays, which furnish a fund of maxim and sentiment, true to human nature, and clothed in the powerful language of his vigorous, massive intellect, and rich, untrammelled imagination.

February 21st.—We are now enjoying the mild splendor of a new moon, which shines calm and peaceful upon the wild waste of restless waters beneath, pursuing with undeviating regularity her appointed course, seen or unseen by us, unruffled by any of the affairs of this planet she illuminates with the rays reflected from her superior luminary. The evenings are now very fine, and the magnificent blue vault above us, studded with innumerable twinkling stars, and resplendent with the steady light of the greater planets and the surpassing glory of the queen of night, may well cause me to exclaim, with David, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," and to adore, with humility, the almighty Architect of this beautiful refulgent temple to his glory. A Sabbath-day robe of beauty is upon the sea and sky to-day. We think of worshipping friends on the land, and say, with the Psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of my God."

We left at Marseilles, with one of the ministers of the Protestant Church there, most of our Testaments, and four French Bibles, for gratuitous distribution, also some Tracts; and I hope into whatever hands they may fall, they will do good. Our accommodations on board are very comfortable and convenient; but in our Captain we have been much deceived, for we find him both profane and ungentlemanly. There is much profanity used also by the first mate to the men; and in both instances it is most awful and revolting to hear.

I have supplied the men that were destitute—six, including one boy—with Bibles, and all with Tracts that can read. To our cook, who is French, we have given a French Testament. What an influence have the officers of a ship over the men under their control! But, alas! how wickedly, in many cases, is it perverted by setting them a miserable, irreligious example—cursing and swearing, and using the foul language of uncontrolled passion; and thus, instead of benefiting, corrupting and demoralizing by their example and influence those under their care.

February 28th, Sabbath afternoon.—Through the gracious care of him who governs the elements, we are now far on our way, though we still have a long distance to sail. We have much to bear from the positive, overbearing manners of our Captain, who, it is painful to say, in more ways than one is a very wicked man. Oh! how awful will be his cup in the eternal world, if he continues till death in his wicked courses. Oh, God, preserve me from the evil influence of such profane, wicked example; and may I be filled with compassion for the immortal souls of those around me, who are so surely, by their sins, if unrepented of, heaping up wrath against the day of wrath, and rapidly going forward in the path to eternal ruin. I have been reading to-day in the Bible and Barnes' Commentary on Romans. I am also reading Aids to Devotion, including Watts' Guide to Prayer, and Selections from Bickersteth. There is a small but valuable library on board, from the Seamen's Library and Tract Association of Philadelphia; but the sailors do not receive much benefit from it, as no attention seems to be paid to the lending of the books to them. Thus are the efforts of Christians to do good crossed and made inefficient by the negligence of wicked men.

Ship Julia, March 13*th*, 1836. *Off Cuba, lat.* 19° 22′, *long.* 78° 26′ *W.*—It is now seven weeks since I began to recover from my last attack of asthma at Marseilles, and thirty-eight days since I there embarked, during which time I have not suffered with my disorder, and am daily gaining in flesh and strength. The sea seems to be the very best place for the improvement of my health, and I regret that our voyage is so nearly at a close, for we shall, by the blessing of God, probably arrive at the bar of the Mississippi in the course of five or six days, and I fear the change from the pure sea air to that of the land will again bring on my complaint, notwithstanding the unusual strength and comparative vigor I have now gained. I know very well that a few days' suffering of its weakening, heavy attacks, would soon bring me back to the weak and feeble state I have been in so many times before. Be this as it may, how great is my reason for gratitude that I have already enjoyed so long an interval of comfortable health, longer protracted, I believe, than any I have had since I was first sick. How great and undeserved is the goodness of God toward me! Thanks be unto his name, He does not reward any of us according to our deserts, or recompense us according to the cleanness of our hands in his eye-sight; otherwise, I could hope for no mercy at his hands. We have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ, the righteous; and, O God, for his dear sake, forgive my backslidings, my prayerlessness, my negligent unholy living, and may I now form and fulfil new purposes of holy obedience to thy commandments.

Parts of a letter written at sea, about this time, to his sister, shed additional light upon his employments, prospects, and state of mind, while journeying thus upon the great deep.

We find being at sea, when not oppressed with *mal de mer*, to be an excellent place for intellectual pursuits, the monotony of outward objects leaving the mind undiverted by them, to turn its whole attention to the quiet discipline and cultivation of its own powers. We find abundant employment and, I trust, improvement, in reading, writing, and study. You will be glad to know that, as when I before crossed the Atlantic, I am experiencing great benefit from the voyage, though I still fear the sadly opposite effects I then suffered of again coming to land. I have now had enough to cool my most sanguine expectations of restoration to health; and when I suffer, as I did at Marseilles, the repeated attacks of my disorder, after having too fondly hoped I should not again be subjected to them, I am almost ready to despair, and endeavor calmly to resign myself to the prospect of suffering thus as long as I live. But, with the temporary intermission of my disorder, my buoyant spirit again revives, and hope, which may truly be said to spring eternal in the human breast, is again an inmate of mine.

This has been my experience for more than eight years; at the commencement of each one, I have too vainly hoped that by its close I might be free from this malady; but He, in whose hands are the issues of life and health, has not yet seen fit to bless with healing power any of the numerous expedients which I have tried. But may I be deeply grateful that He has taught me, as I hope, how to view it, and led me to feel as our dear brother has expressed it, that "In vain are youth and health and spirits given, if, strangers still to care and pain, we never think of Heaven." I think, when you know our reasons, you will see that it was best for us to go upon this voyage. The climate of Malaga, though very favorable, seemed far from working a permanent cure, and the known benefit of a sea voyage, with the favorable opportunity of embarking in this ship, induced us to adopt it.

March 9th, lat. 20° *N., long.* 70′ *W.*—We this morning came in sight of Cape François on St. Domingo, or Hayti, and have been sailing along that island all day, at the distance of twenty miles from the land, which we have on the south, and the Bahama Islands, and various keys, north. A strong northeast breeze sprung up this morning, and we are now going at the rate of eight knots an hour, and ten days will probably bring us to the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi.

St. Domingo is the island so triumphantly referred to by the abettors of slavery, as an illustration of the ruinous consequences of emancipation; but a reference to the facts of history show that the scheme worked admirably from 1793, the year of the Decree of the French Directory giving them liberty, to the year 1797, when Bonaparte, as First Consul, injudiciously and cruelly attempted to bring them again under the yoke of slavery; and then it was that the great massacre took place, and Dessalines, the black general, so nobly distinguished himself in fighting to maintain the liberty of the former slaves, to whom even the short enjoyment they had of it was dearer than life. They are now governed by a President (Boyer), and a House of Assembly, chosen from among themselves.

Saturday A.M., March 19th, off the bar, at the mouth of the Mississippi.—We took a pilot at half past nine this A.M., and are now under his guidance, making our way with a gentle breeze to the entrance of that mighty river, the Mississippi. This A.M., before breakfast, the lead was cast, but no sounding obtained in thirty-five fathom, and one of the eighteen pounders was fired four times at intervals, as a signal for the pilot to come off. There has been a thick fog around us all the morning, and the loud report of the gun gave a grand and prolonged echo, which reverberated like peals of distant thunder. The fog, though thick around us, and plainly seen descending upon the deck, is so fine as hardly to be perceived upon the skin, though it fills the surrounding air with dampness. The water began to be discolored day before yesterday in lat. about 27° N., long 87°

25′ W.; and it has now assumed a thick, turbid appearance, much like the Kennebec in a freshet after great rains. A man is now in the main chains throwing the lead, but has found no bottom yet in thirteen fathoms.

I am not yet affected with the asthma, though I fear the effects of this dampness, and of again coming ashore; but how great is our cause for gratitude for the unusually long interval of freedom I have enjoyed, and for the circumstances of safety and happiness in which our voyage is now nearly concluded. He whose is the sea, and who made it, and whose hands formed the dry land, has, in mercy, conducted us over the pathless ocean, preserved us from all accident and disaster, and granted us many great blessings. To him be all the glory of our comfort and preservation.

Evening.—We came to anchor at twenty minutes past twelve, off the Southwest Pass, in ten fathoms of water. After dinner H. and myself went up into the fore-top, and could see around our ship, about a mile or so farther in, a fleet of thirteen sail, all ships but one brig, beside a ship just astern of us, which came to an anchor just after we dropped ours. They had a most singular appearance, the bank of fog enveloping their hulls and rigging to the main yard, and causing them to look somewhat as though their lower parts were sunk in the sea. A steamboat was alongside one of them, lightening her to enable her to cross the bar; and this afternoon, at a later hour, she was towing her across. Her steam looked very curious, rolling along on top of the fog, nothing of her hull being seen, like light, fleecy clouds.

We could see none of these from the deck; and even the ship, only a few ships' length astern, was sometimes almost entirely hid, although the sun has been shining all day, and the atmosphere, at about fifty feet above the deck, clear of fog. This evening we can hear the ships' bells around us, either striking the hour, or to warn any ships coming in, where they are. A steamboat will probably come off to us to-morrow, to take the ship over the bar, and up the river. The water on the bar fluctuates from ten to sixteen or eighteen feet deep, and forms a great impediment to the navigation of this giant river, which runs its rapid, turbid course of three thousand miles, and is now the great thoroughfare of the growing empire of the "far West."

This bar makes a great source of employment and profit to the steamboats; but the expenses of the boats are prodigious, the item of wood alone being about thirty cords a day while towing. This, at the price which it sells at—four or five dollars a cord—would alone amount to between one hundred and one hundred and fifty dollars, and the other expenses in proportion; the high wages of engineers, and other items, would make a sum of at least two hundred dollars per day, which it takes to keep in motion these vast machines. The price of towing is according to the tonnage of vessels, and with lighterage, amounts frequently to five hundred dollars a ship. The rate of lighterage is ten dollars an hour, and very many large ships are obliged to take out several tons of cargo, and replace it again when they have got into the river.

The top of the bar is composed of a hard crust, six inches thick, and underneath this it is soft mud, so that it does not much injure vessels to ground upon it, which they very often do; and those outward bound remain stuck sometimes for five or six weeks. The water on the bar, we are told by the pilot, is less than it was several years since, though it is very fluctuating, new channels sometimes breaking through, and affording a passage of sufficient depth. In 1721, there were twenty-six feet of water on the bar, and in 1821, seventeen feet. Now there are but twelve feet steadily upon it. A strong southeast wind from the open sea, after continuing for a few days raises the water to a very good height; and a freshet in the Mississippi, on the contrary, lessens it, by driving the water of the sea back.

The water where we lay is very thick and muddy, and nearly or quite as fresh as in the river, which is continually discharging into the sea, with a current of four or five miles an hour, a body of water a mile in width, and fifteen or twenty fathoms deep. And yet, against this strong current one of these powerful, high-pressure engines will propel two or three ships, besides sometimes several brigs or schooners of less burden. Such is the wonderful triumph of man by the invention of the steam engine, over such tremendously powerful physical forces, opposed to the accomplishment of his vast and ever-restless designs, for the fulfilment of which he uses and manages with admirable adroitness all the elements of creation, air, fire, and water, with the same ease and regularity that he curbs the motions of his horse. How wonderful is man, but O, the infinite greatness of Him who made and endowed him with such god-like faculties!

The appearance of the shore, from our place of anchorage, is very flat and sunken, all the land to be seen having been formed by the deposit of the Mississippi. New land at its mouth is now to be seen in process of formation—logs, snags, and drift-wood being the nucleus around which the mud is deposited. Flocks of pelicans resort to these islands, and they fly in great numbers about us, screaming, and cawing, and sometimes flying in Indian file like regular soldiers.

On Sunday, the day after our arrival, the captain left the ship in order to get passage up to the city in a steamboat. He wished us to go with him, as it might be, he said, the only opportunity we should have before the ship was towed up; but this we declined doing for one of the best of reasons—that it would be a profanation of the holy Sabbath, which, though others might violate it with impunity around us, we feel a sacred obligation to respect and sanctify; and as it turned out, it would have been of no advantage to us, for the captain returned to the ship on Tuesday, and did not get passage to the city till Thursday, when he went up in the tow-boat

Hudson, leaving the first mate, pro tempore, "a monarch of all he surveyed" within the narrow limits of the ship, from the bowsprit to the taffrail, and from the keel to the main truck; in the government of which domain he would be pretty sure to go to the *ne plus ultra* of his temporary prerogative.

On Saturday, A. M., the Captain returned to the ship, with the Hudson, which carried us to a safe roadstead near one of the low islands, and lightened us of 425 casks of wine, lessening our draft of water two feet. Sunday noon, the Hudson took us over the bar in about twenty minutes, the keel of the Julia touching slightly, our draft being reduced to thirteen feet. The width of the bar, or of that part of it on which the water is so shallow as to impede navigation, is about four ship's lengths, or one-sixteenth of a mile wide. It extends quite across the mouth of the S. W. Pass, which is here a mile and a half or two miles in width, and is now the principal mouth of the Mississippi, and the only ship channel; the N. E. and S. E. Passes, from twelve or fifteen to twenty-five or thirty miles further east, being navigable only for vessels of eight or ten feet draft of water.

We came to an anchor about five miles up the river, at a small bayou or creek, where the pilots and a custom-house boarding officer live, on the right side of the river, ascending it. We dismissed our pilot at two o'clock, and received a visit from the boarding officer, who took a copy of the Captain's manifest, and certified the list of his crew. After we had come to anchor, the men commenced removing back to the ship a part of the casks of wine from the steamboat, and the noise of the work, and their merry, but I am sorry to add, ribald and profane songs, seemed little in consonance with the stillness and sanctity of the holy Sabbath which they and their officers were so grossly profaning.

About half past five, we got under way again, and at night passed another steamboat with two ships in tow. There was a fire burning among the reeds on shore, and some negroes with a boat fastened near it. The light of the fire upon the river and objects around, and on the two ships in tow of the boat, with its loud and, I may truly say, monster-like puffing, had a very novel and wild appearance. At ten in the evening, we took in tow, on the other side of the boat (making three abreast with it), the ship "Orwell," of Hull, the same that we spoke off Cuba. With this new tax upon his strength, the blowing monster between us still urged on, breasting up steadfastly against the rapid current, triumphantly proving that wind and tide are no obstacles to the power of steam.

The levee and sugar plantations of Louisiana begin about forty-five or fifty miles from the mouth of the river, and the former extends 200 miles above New-Orleans, and about sixty below it, the city being 105 miles from the sea. The appearance of the plantations, as we passed up, was picturesque and luxuriant, some of the planters' houses handsome, and the little huts for the negroes looked generally very thrifty and comfortable.

We saw considerable numbers of the slaves at work in the fields, men and women together, with an overseer having a whip in his hand, superintending their labor. But I did not have the pleasure, in looking on these plantations, (the effects of the compulsory labor of slaves without an adequate reward) that is experienced in beholding a thrifty New England farm, worked by the free, unshackled, and well-rewarded labor of men who have the "inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," stated to be such in that noble document, the Declaration of American Independence, but with which our system of slavery is a most palpable inconsistency. Oh! that the time may soon come, when this inconsistency shall no longer exist, but when those long-denied, but still inalienable rights shall be rationally enjoyed by every creature under heaven made in the image of

God. "Speed it, O Father; let thy kingdom come;" and let the soul-debasing slavery of sin soon cease, and all mankind be emancipated from its bondage into the pure and glorious liberty of the children of God!

The banks of the river are orientally verdant, and in many places bordered by forests of live oak, of which our navy is built, and other trees. In this climate, the oak is covered in all its foliage with a grey moss, that gives to the tree a sombre, funereal appearance, something like the willow. At what is called the English Turn, the river makes a great bend, forming a narrow peninsula, and varying in its course from about N. and S. to E. and W. The current off this peninsula is very strong, and our progress here was very much diminished, but by the overcoming power of steam we conquered it, and were soon going at our usual rate, about four miles an hour against a current of three.

New-Orleans, Wednesday evening, March 30th.—Here, by the unspeakable mercy of our heavenly Father, we safely arrived on Monday night at the Levee, and landed yesterday morning We are now at a comfortable boarding-house, recommended to us by Rev. Joel Parker, from whose acquaintance and ministrations, we hope for much pleasure and benefit.

Yesterday was my birth-day, but I was so unwell, and occupied by our new situation, as not to be able to spend it as I wished. This evening I have renewed my covenant, and enjoyed more freedom than for some time in prayer. Little did I think my last birth-day, I should be in New Orleans now; and as little do I know or conjecture where I shall be my next one, if I am still continued in this probationary world. I know not what will be the future course of either of us from this city. May the Lord who alone can direct the steps of a man, guide both my own, and those of my dear brother in the way most for his glory and our best good.

New Orleans, April 3rd, Sabbath evening.—I would joyfully record the unspeakable goodness of God in again permitting me, in company with my dear brother, to hear, from an evangelical, Christian pulpit, the glad sound of the gospel, and again to unite with the people of God, after more than nine months' deprivation of this affecting service, in partaking of the sacred emblems of our Saviour's dying love. We this morning attended divine service at Mr. Parker's church, and were edified by him with a most excellent discourse from Ephesians ii. 8. In the afternoon there was no sermon, but after reading the Bible with illustratory remarks and prayer, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants in the presence of the congregation assembled. Well might we, on this occasion, enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise.

New Orleans, *April 8th.*—On Thursday Henry obtained two good saddle-horses, and we set off soon after breakfast, on a tour of observation round the city. We first turned our attention to the Orleans Cotton Press, about a mile from the centre of the city—an immense structure of brick, seven hundred feet front and four hundred and eighty deep, in the form of a hollow square, leaving a large open court in the centre, with two wings extending into it from the main front next the river. The force of a powerful steam-engine is here applied to the screws by means of cog-wheels, and raises and depresses them with great rapidity and power. Several large vessels were loading with cotton from the press, which is owned by a company with a capital of seven hundred thousand dollars, and rented by them to individuals, and capable of containing a prodigious number of bales.

From thence we went to the engine of the water-works, which is in the same—the upper part of the city—and twenty or thirty rods from the river. It is in a brick building, two or three stories in height, and by means of exhausting the air with a horizontal piston from pipes laid to the river, brings up the water, and forces it into others laid to the top of an artificial mound, about an eighth or sixteenth of a mile further back, from whence it is to be distributed in other pipes to the city.

The mound, which was commenced about two years since, is three hundred feet square at the base, two hundred and forty at the top, and twenty-five feet above the level of the land around. It is surmounted with four brick cisterns or reservoirs, plastered with Roman cement, intended to be each twelve feet high, and about one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet square. Two of them are now finished to the height of eight feet, as far as they intend at present to carry them, and each is capable of containing one million gallons of water—a supply for the city, supposing every family to take it, for three days; so that when they are all filled, the water in each cistern may be settling for nine days, and the sand thus deposited by the Mississippi is to be washed out through a pipe at the end of each reservoir, and being very valuable for mortar, may, it is calculated, be sold for at least a bit (twelve and a half cents) a load, thus making it a source of income. These works will soon be in operation, and will supply the new, spacious baths at Caldwell's theatre, and will probably be excellent stock to the company of the Commercial Bank, who are the builders of this fine monument of utility, human labor, and skill.

We have seen, even during our short stay, the degrading, brutifying influence of slavery, by observing the manners and appearance of the slaves—their coarse, vacant laugh—their profane, vulgar conversation, and general behaviour: all show a lowness of being, and moral degradation most painful to witness, but the natural and legitimate result of the dark, oppressed condition in which they are kept.

To the political economist, the alarming increase of this population affords an appalling subject of contemplation; and to the Christian and philanthropist, it opens a wide field of benevolent effort for their peaceful emancipation, and preparation to enjoy the blessings of rational liberty. May such schemes be speedily devised, as shall be blessed by God to the entire remedy of this great evil, and the re-establishment of so large a number of his creatures in their long-desired liberty and happiness.

We visited also the New Orleans Burying-grounds. These, both Catholic and Protestant, are situated in the edge of the swamp, just back of the city. Those who are able, build monuments for the dead on the surface, as the earth, at the depth of only eight or ten inches, is so full of water as to make it necessary to put in stones or other heavy articles to sink the coffins, which frequently rise.

The Protestant Burying-ground has walls ten or twelve feet thick, where the bodies are deposited in niches, after the same manner as in the cemetery at Malaga. In this ground lie the bones of very many young men from New England, who have been cut down in the vigor and beauty of manhood, by the relentless stroke of death, through his dreadful ministers of fever and pestilence, which have here most truly been glutted with victims.

Canal street runs in a direct line from the river to the swamp, which is about half a mile back from it, and with Rampart street at right angles, and Espinal parallel, includes the city Proper, in its original limits under the French, about one half or three fourths of a mile square, but which have now enlarged to a great extent, as the city and its faubourgs extend from one and a half to two miles up and down the river, which is lined for that space more or less thickly by forests of shipping and steamboats, besides the arks and flatboats from the upper country. These streets are all double, and have, between the two carriage ways, several rows of trees, much in the manner of the French Boulevards, in Espinal street, they are very flourishing, and form a healthy and delightful ornament to the city.

In a letter to his Mother, written about the same time with these extracts from the Journal, he says:

> All the humane feelings of our souls were aroused at witnessing last week, at a slave-auction, those having the form and lineaments of our common humanity, placed on the stand, before the unfeeling multitude, their good qualities mentioned, and their defects pointed out like as of brutes, and knocked off in the same manner with land and other property, which were selling in the same room. A family of father, mother, and three pretty negro boys, were sold to one man for $2,600. They all seemed unconscious of their degraded condition. One of the women who was sold, and seemed to be the grandmother of the children, kissed and embraced them in a most affecting manner, and her aged frame seemed to shake with her strong emotions. Truly this indignant sight made our hearts weep; and we felt ashamed, and blushed to think ourselves of the same race with those who cause such scenes, and all the ignorance, degradation, and wickedness attached to this corrupt system.
>
> The weather here is warm and pleasant, and the earth and trees are covered with a beautiful robe of green; I have wished to defer my return to New England, till its damp, cold spring has well emerged from the ice and snow-drifts of such a tremendous winter as you have experienced. When you receive this, I shall probably be on the ocean, enjoying its healthy breezes, as the ship I have engaged passage in, sails by the middle of next week. Do not be anxious for me, dear Mother, but commit us both to the hitherto never-failing care of our heavenly Father. The accommodations of the ship are good, the captain is a pleasant looking man, having his wife with him; and the heart of a woman, if not a traitor to her sex, may generally be depended upon for kindness and sympathy, when such are required.

In this connection, on account of its biographical value, and the natural revelation it affords of character, we have not felt at liberty to suppress the following letter. The warm, fraternal affection and piety it breathes, were no spring freshet in the mind of the writer, but such was its perennial flow. How grateful it was to share and enjoy it, few can tell. To the companion of his boyhood, and of his travels abroad in quest of health, the separation that now ensued, while it was felt to be necessary, was peculiarly painful. The one remained in Louisiana to engage in teaching; the beloved invalid was left to pursue his homeward voyage alone.

Monday, A.M., April 25th, 1836.

At anchor in the river, just below the city of New Orleans.

DEAR, DEAR HENRY—Here we have been laying at anchor all night, waiting for the steamboat's men, who have just now as I write, half past ten, come on board, and we are now getting under way. We dropped off from the Levee about twenty minutes after you left last night, and came to an anchor on the opposite side of the river, a quarter of a mile below where we lay when I watched your retreating steps, and turned and found myself alone, without the dear brother whose sweet society I have so long enjoyed. As to my feelings in parting from you, dear Henry, if I should allow them full sway, they would altogether destroy my equanimity; but I restrain them, and find relief in committing you entirely to the watchful care of our heavenly Father, who has exercised it with so much tenderness ever since we have been together.

How great has been his goodnecs in permitting us to be so long together, and granting us both such unspeakable mercies! Oh! dear Henry, the loving-kindness and tender mercy of God have been exceeding great to both of us;

and, dear brother, let it lead us to a new and entire consecration of all that we have and are to him. Let us henceforth be more pure and spiritual in our thoughts, more watchful and circumspect in our behavior, and manifest more in all our ways, the temper and deportment of true, devoted Christians. I do hope this will be the case, and that we shall both gird up the loins of our mind, shake off our spiritual sloth, fix steadfastly our souls upon the heavenly prize, and march boldly and rapidly forward in the road to its attainment, counting all things else of inferior, subordinate importance to this blessed purpose.

What a sweet consolation it is, that we can both have access to a throne of grace through the precious, atoning blood of our Almighty Saviour. Let me be where I may, at the Sandwich Islands or at home, his care extends equally to all places; and everywhere can I pray for, and commend you to him, and you can do so in like manner for me. Let us be often at the mercy-seat, and pray much for ourselves and each other, with "all prayer and supplication."

We are now rapidly going down the river, having a square-rigged brig abreast of us on the other side of the steamboat, and two brigs and a schooner behind. The forest of masts at New Orleans has already disappeared from my view, and distance, dear brother, is rapidly increasing between us; but, though absent in body, may we be present in spirit, and enjoy sweet communion at the throne of grace. I shall try and be as cheerful as I can, though I can assure you it is "tuff" enough, dear Henry, without you. What a good brother you have been to me! Pray for me, that I may have the presence of Christ, and the support of His love. Oh, my dear brother, how I love, and long even now to see you; but I must repress my desires, and be quiet.

Thus, you see, instead of half a sheet, I have nearly filled a whole one, and I shall feel at closing this letter like again parting with you, but must leave space to add a few words when the boat leaves us at the bar. Dear Henry, that the Lord may ever keep you by his grace from all sin and temptation, and guide you by heavenly wisdom in all your ways, and make you faithful to him, and all things to work for your best good, is the earnest, constant prayer of your most tenderly affectionate brother.

Tuesday, *A.M.*—When I had finished writing yesterday, P. M., all the drear feelings of home-sickness, or rather of sickness to see you, came over me, and it was with great difficulty I restrained them; but I "turned to," and added up our accounts. Remember all I have said to you about everything, and be very careful of your health. Oh! my dear brother, you seem dearer to me than ever; but we must love no earthly object too strongly. Let us nail our affections to the cross of Christ, whose love is stronger than death, and from whom, if we are united to him by true faith, we can never, never be separated, not even by the roar and din of a dissolving world. Oh, let us commune much with Jesus, our blessed Saviour, make him our friend, and then shall we have one indeed that will never fail us. Let us both strive to be fitted for that blessed world where the parting word shall be unknown, and sin and sorrow never enter. Do not be too anxious, but commit me calmly to God, who has taken care of me thus far.

We resume here the Private Journal, which, from the time of his arrival at New Orleans, and renewed experience of suffering with his malady, is more than ordinarily pervaded with tenderness and resignation to the Divine will. Passing over the entries made in Louisiana, and at the period when providential circumstances, and a wise regard to the future, made it suitable that the brothers should separate, we open it again at sea.

At sea, May 15th, 1836.—I have had a slight attack of asthma this last week, but am to-day better, and have enjoyed a comfortable Sabbath. Thanks be to God, in the absence of all my earthly friends, I can hold communion with him, and enjoy the sweet, unspeakable privilege of prayer. And, oh, what a glorious privilege it is! What a blessed means of grace! Though in the midst of profane and wicked men, if the Christian humbly and earnestly improve this heavenly privilege, he may pass unscathed in the midst of their depravity, walking by faith and having his life hid with Christ in God. Oh Lord, grant me more zeal and earnestness to improve this blessed gift, and to be more watchful and holy in all my life. "O for a closer walk with God." In two Sabbaths from this, I may possibly, by the blessing of God, be with my beloved relatives. I do not return with all that improvement in my health which was hoped for from the measures that have been adopted. No; though somewhat better, and for as much as I am I would be sincerely thankful, I am still, at intervals, a sufferer, and sometimes a severe one, from the attacks of my indomitable disorder, which tenaciously clings to me like the wild beast to its prey. Oh, heavenly Father, who layest upon me this affliction, grant unto me meekness and resignation to bear, and grace to improve it to thy glory and my best good.

Boston, May 29th, Sabbath evening.—"Here I raise my Ebenezer, hither by thine help I'm come; and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home." Well may this be the language of my heart, in view of the exceeding goodness of God in preserving me safe from all the perils of the sea, and permitting me again to set foot upon the solid land. We arrived in the harbor of Boston last Sunday noon. I came on shore at half past four in the afternoon. This last week I have had "a feast of fat things" in the religious anniversaries of this city, which I seemed providentially to have arrived in season to attend. To-day I have had the rich, spiritual treat, of hearing two most excellent discourses from Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Troy, in the A. M. from the text, Col. i. 27, "Which is Christ in you the hope of glory," in the P. M from the 51st Psalm, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation"—both pregnant with sound experimental truth, which it was a spiritual feast for me to hear.

I have had a most happy Sabbath—I think the most so of any in my life, except those that immediately followed my spiritual birth. Indeed, the whole week, take it all together, has been one of the happiest I ever spent. I have felt all day to sing the praises of God for his abounding goodness to me; and have had sweet communion with Christ my blessed Saviour, to whom I have this afternoon renewedly consecrated all that I am, and all that I have, to be forever and entirely his; and, I think, never did I do it with more entire sincerity, greater delight and spiritual enjoyment. Oh, what a blessed privilege it is to surrender to God's disposal all that we have and are! Jesus, my God, to thee I consecrate my heart, my life, my soul, my being: thine ne'er to part.

"The Lord has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me, from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land

The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promised it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down."

CHAPTER VII.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER THROUGH SUFFERING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

O suffering, how much to thee I owe,
  Though dark thou be;
The lessons it imports me most to know,
  I owe to thee!
A sacred seminary thou hast been,
I trust, to train me to a happier scene.

In time of illness, suffering and alone,
  My friends withdrawn,
The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone
  On me, forlorn!
With such a hallowed vividness and power
As ne'er were granted to a brighter hour.

ANON.

How closely the experience recorded in this biography corresponds with that traced in these lines, has been already seen, and it will be yet more apparent in the present chapter. Affliction always has more to do in the formation of character and habits, than we are aware of. Cecil says, "Never was there a man of deep piety who has not been brought into extremities—who has not been put into the fire—who has not been taught to say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" The general experience of God's people endorses this: it is in the furnace that their gold is tried, separated, and refined. It is in affliction that we learn God's statutes; there it is that they are indelibly written, as with the point of a diamond, on the tablet of our hearts. The beloved subject of these memorials might have written what he often felt:

O sacred suffering! In that bright abode
  Where there is no more pain,
If through the merits of my Saviour-God
  A seat I gain,
This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays,
That in thy shelter passed my early days.

It was undoubtedly by suffering in his early days, and by suffering protracted into manhood, that he was sanctified. He used often to say with Jeremiah, though never complaining, "I am the man that hath seen affliction. Correct me, but not with anger, lest thou bring me to nothing." It was his constant prayer that his affliction might not be lost, and the sentiments, if not the language of a Scripture sonnet, were often on his lips:

We need not ask for suffering; when its test
  Comes, we may prove too faithless to endure.
We need not ask for suffering; it were best
  We wait God's holy orderings to ensure
Our highest good. But we may ask from him,
  That not one throb of grief, one dart of pain,
One burning throb of anguish, pierce in vain
  This feeble being in its faith so dim—

This fainting frame, or this o'er-burdened heart,
We may implore him he would grace impart,
And strength to suffer still as the beloved
  Of his own bosom. For of all below,
  The one affliction in this world of woe
Most sad, is an affliction unimproved.

There is abundant evidence in the case of which this volume is a memorial, that by the grace of God, affliction was so improved as to be transmuted into a blessing—the trial turned into a triumph. The first Sabbath after his arrival in Boston, he solemnly renewed his covenant with his Maker in the following terms, filed among his papers, and entitled,

A SOLEMN BUT CHEERFUL DEDICATION OF ALL THAT I AM AND HAVE TO GOD, AND COVENANT WITH HIM, TO BE HIS FOR TIME AND ETERNITY.

Oh, thou Righteous, All-seeing, and Omnipresent God! Thou, in the beginning, didst bring me into this probationary world! Thou watchedst over me during the critical period of infancy! thou hast protected me from all the accidents, and in all the dangers to which I have been exposed; hast shielded me from the shafts of death, which have flown thick around me; hast said unto the waves of disease that have well-nigh overwhelmed me, "Hitherto shall ye come, and no farther;" and having obtained help of thee, I continue unto this day. Notwithstanding all my enormous guilt, which might have provoked thee to the utmost extent of thy righteous wrath, and sunk me to endless ruin, in the regions of despair, where hope never comes, I am yet alive, and in the enjoyment of blessings of invaluable worth—thy holy Word, which is able to guide me in the way of life, and thy Gospel, which bringeth the good news and glad tidings of a Saviour's righteousness. It is not on account of any works or worthiness of my own, that I am not in a land where heathenish darkness and idolatry prevail, and that I am in a part of the world where the blessed light of the Gospel is enjoyed to its full extent; but it is of thy rich, free, sovereign mercy and grace. And it was only thy matchless love that ever inclined my heart (as I hope it has been) to accept of salvation thus freely offered.

Why am I not in the condition of thousands around me, who hear the same precious invitations, but still reject them? Oh Lord, I can only answer, "By thy free grace am I saved, and that not of myself, it is the gift of God." O Lord, I have again and again, privately and publicly, before God, men, and angels, solemnly dedicated myself to thy service and glory, to be thy faithful servant as long as I live; and though I have been most faithless to my covenant engagements—though thou mightest justly forbid me ever to take thy name upon my lips, and forever shut me out from thy presence and blessings, yet I thank thee, oh Lord, I thank thee that I have been permitted so to do. Blessed be thy name, that thou ever disposedst me thus, and that I now feel disposed to come and renew my covenant with thee. Thou, oh Lord, art the author of all the good dispositions of my heart; they are not of my own creation. I am naturally vile, conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, full of all uncleanness and deadly impurity. I bless thee that though sin remaineth in me, and to a lamentable degree, yet that I have ever felt (as I hope I have) the purifying, sanctifying application of a Saviour's atoning blood, and that I am permitted daily to wash my soul in that precious fountain. And, O God, do thou now forgive, for thy dear Son's sake, my Redeemer and Mediator, all my sins of every nature that I have ever committed, whether of thought, word, or deed, aggravated and numberless as they are. Oh, for Jesus' sake forgive them, and wash away all my guilty stains in his cleansing, atoning blood.

I would, I do now unreservedly and forever dedicate myself to thee, and to thy service—to the performance and suffering of thy holy will. I would henceforward feel that I am not my own but thine—that I am not placed here for the accomplishment of my own selfish desires and purposes, but for thy glory—to accomplish thy will, whatever it may be, and in whatever way thou mayest appoint. I take the Lord Jesus Christ to be my Saviour, Priest, and King, and would obey his Gospel, and walk in his footsteps. I take the Holy Spirit to be my sanctifier, comforter, and guide. I pray that my heart may be made a meet temple for his residence, and that he may dwell therein continually. And oh, heavenly Comforter, do thou help me to fulfil faithfully all the obligations of this covenant, and all others that are binding upon me to the very end of my life. And in the solemn, trying hour of death, do thou, O Holy Spirit, fill my soul with firm, unwavering faith in Jesus, my blessed Redeemer, with delightful, rapturous thoughts, and unutterable foretastes of heavenly bliss, with calm, serene peace, of which the pangs of death cannot rob me.

Oh blessed Saviour and Redeemer, put underneath me thine everlasting arms, and sustain me under the pains of dissolving nature, and "though I walk through the dark valley and shadow of death, may I fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff may they comfort me." And, O Holy Trinity, unitedly and separately, help me to keep unbroken this covenant—to resist all temptations to sin, and join to give me strength in my dying hour; and may I glorify God in my dying conduct, and bear abundant and indisputable evidence of the power and blessedness of the religion of Christ. And may this my covenant, made on earth, be ratified in heaven. Oh God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be with me in all my earthly pilgrimage, be it long or soon to come to a close, and in death, and finally receive me to the enjoyment of everlasting glory and happiness. Amen. NATHANIEL CHEEVER.

This covenant was drawn up on the third anniversary of the solemn dedication of myself to God; has since been many times solemnly renewed, and I have now transcribed it from my diary, and again renewed it with prayer and solemnity this day, Saturday, June 20th, 1835. Oh, Divine Spirit, assist me to keep its solemn requirements.

At Malaga, Friday, August 21st, 1835.—I have this day renewed my covenant, and do thou, oh God, assist me by thy powerful grace to live according to its tenor in the midst of the new circumstances of trial and temptation in which I am now placed. I renewed this solemn covenant on its fifth anniversary, Sunday, November 15th, 1835, at Malaga.

New Orleans, March 30th, 1836, *Wednesday evening.*—Safely preserved from all the dangers of the great deep, and brought yesterday to this port in peace, I have now solemnly renewed my covenant; and oh, gracious God, grant me grace cheerfully and faithfully to fulfil it, in the midst of the corruption and temptation of this wicked world.

Boston, May 29th, 1836, *Sabbath P. M.*—This day would I most gratefully erect another Ebenezer to commemorate the unutterable goodness of God in permitting me, last Sabbath, again to set foot on my native shores; and in thankful acknowledgment of his unnumbered mercies, I have, with much spiritual joy, again renewed this solemn covenant, and I think I never felt to do it with more delightful sincerity and unreservedness than I have this afternoon. Oh, the joy of an entire and eternal consecration of soul and body to Jesus, and the blessed calmness and serenity that follows such a consecration,

Jesus now am I thine,
Thine would I ever be,
Thine through all fleeting time,
Thine in eternity.

At about the same time with this entry in the

Journal, is the date of a letter to his brother in New Orleans, from which we copy the following extracts :

You will be able to conceive the loneliness of my feelings yesterday on stepping ashore alone, a poor, weak invalid, without any dear friend to speak to, and without you who have been a partaker in all the various changes of situation and circumstances, which we have mutually undergone during the past year. I am now but just recovering from a pretty severe attack of my inveterate malady, which came on the few last days of our passage. Indeed, I was not well for most the voyage. All the time I felt anxious about you, although I can commit and commend you to God, who has now again added to his mercies in permitting me to land safe from all the dangers of the sea, which, perhaps, have been more upon this voyage than any other, as we have been much of the time on soundings, and not a great distance from land; and to this circumstance I greatly attribute it that I have not experienced more benefit from the voyage, though for a part of it I was finely. We had one rain squall in the Gulf of Mexico, which was more severe, I think, than any you or I ever witnessed ; and even our captain, who has been to sea for about twenty-five years, and master of a vessel for twenty-two, seemed to think it something. It blew into ribbons almost instantly, our jib and fore-top sail, which burst with the report of a gun. But the Lord, in much mercy, preserved us from the violence of the winds and the waves ; and to him be the praise.

My fellow passenger, though a distiller of New Orleans rum, was a very shrewd, intelligent man, and I obtained from him much valuable information. I wrote about twenty-eight or thirty pages in my Journal on the passage, and was finishing up when a new battery opened upon me from my old enemy, the asthma, whose iron grasp still clinches me with the hold of a screw-vice, or rather with a strength that I find language inadequate to express. Yet I think, in looking back, that I am, on the whole, much better than when I was here last year on our way to embark; and do not, dear brother, be too much grieved that this expedition has not been blessed to the wished-for extent; but let us both be deeply and humbly grateful to God, that he has permitted us to return at all, and in the enjoyment of so many great blessings.

My spirits are and have been good, and I felt the blessing and comfort, on the voyage, of a throne of grace to resort to, of an inward life of my own, and communion with God, our Saviour. I think I can, with faith, commit my soul entirely to him; I had some very pleasant feelings during the severe squall, and felt like saying, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit," for we were for some minutes in great danger of going to the bottom. That beautiful hymn, "Jesus my God, I know his name," came very appropriately to my mind, and dear brother, it is in such moments as these that we feel our need of something more than human support, and of a calm and happy prospect beyond the reach of death and sin. Let us both continually cultivate an humble spirit of prayer, and a deep sense of eternal realities, and then shall we be best prepared for our duties in this life, and above all, for happiness and glory beyond it.

I am sorry that you should now be grieved by hearing, as you have been during the past year by seeing me a severe sufferer under the distressing asthma, which you have with so much tenderness and assiduity tried to alleviate; but so it is; this incubus, this mountain-weight upon my bodily and mental activity, still maintains its seat, and seems sometimes as though it would press me into the grave. But thanks be to God, I trust through his grace, I have a support, a blessed buoy which will sustain and elevate my soul in all the deep waters of affliction that I may yet have to pass through, and in the struggle with the cold billows of Jordan, which I may soon enter.

In this connection, as revealing his love for souls, his fidelity to his Master, and his deep interest for the personal salvation of all with whom he had intercourse, we insert the following copy of a note found among his papers, to a Spanish gentleman, with whom he had been taking lessons in music:

Boston, *June* 1*st*, 1836.

SEÑOR DON ANGUERA—MI CARO SEÑOR—I expect to leave the city in a day or two, and shall not have the great pleasure of taking any more lessons on the guitar, but hope again to repeat them in a few weeks. I believe I settled with you for all I took, and for everything else. And now, dear sir, permit me kindly to ask, if you and I should never meet again in this world more, where do you think we should meet—in heaven or hell? in a world of peace and purity, or in one of "endless ruin, deep despair?" Oh, my dear sir, this is an awfully solemn question, and one that it behooves each one of us to answer as in the sight of God, who is to be the judge. In Jesus Christ there is happiness and peace; and "there is no other name given among men whereby we can be saved." Oh, let both, dear sir, seek and find an interest in him, and then all will be well with us, whether we meet again in this world or not. May this blessed hope which, by the unutterable mercy of God I enjoy, be yours, and then shall we meet in heaven, and tune our harps to his praise. Yours truly,

N. C.

The ensuing summer, spent under the maternal roof, was one of much suffering, but also of strong consolation, to which there are allusions in the following letter to his eldest brother at Salem. It was a trial all the more painful to him, that his continued and alarming ill health now rendered it necessary to detach his brother awhile from his ministerial charge, in order to accompany him to sea. This course was clearly indicated by Providence, and preparations were accordingly made for it.

Hallowell, *August* 3*rd*, 1836.

Most Dearly Beloved Brother—Physical inability alone has prevented me from writing hitherto. I have suffered very severely for several weeks from my asthma, which seems almost to have become habitual, and to have been aggravated instead of relieved, as we hoped, by my visit to Harpswell. But this goes nothing against a long sea voyage, since you well know, and I from experience, the vast difference in the air on and off soundings.

I long to reciprocate your kind attentions, and to talk to you freely of our Blessed Redeemer, and the consolations of His presence which He has mercifully permitted me to enjoy during my severe sufferings. O the blessedness of His love, and the sacred consolations He can afford to the weary soul. I sometimes feel almost constrained to cry out—"Friends, is not my case amazing, what a Saviour I have found?" And I have felt much of the spirit of those other lines—"O that all the blind but knew him"—for I have longed that others should come and drink of this water, which is indeed a well of everlasting life. I think I have enjoyed much of the serene spirit of resignation, and pray that I may have it more and more under this, and all other trials which the Lord, in His Holy Providence, may see fit to lay upon me.

I seem to be between two or three fires. It would be delightful to spend the winter with uncle at Malaga, and inexpressibly sweet to remain by the fireside at home with dear Mother and E. and all our domestic endearments; but my stern, unrelenting disorder, says—"GO TO SEA," and this I feel to be my duty, notwithstanding the great sacrifice of feeling and inclination it will require.

Passing over the remainder of the summer, we resume the private journal, still in the bosom of his childhood's home, on the Kennebec.

October 6th, 1836.—I am expecting to leave in about ten days, to embark for Malaga, with my beloved brother George, who will go from thence to other parts of Europe. I have been four months enjoying the delightful privileges and kindly influences of home; and now, that I am again going abroad, I need most urgently a renewed supply of heavenly wisdom and grace, and well I know that is not to be obtained but by earnest, humble perseverance in prayer. I need much wisdom and prudence to curb my naturally rather rash and imprudent temperament. Let me constantly aim at meekness and humility in my heart, and modesty and gentleness in my manners. "Let me be slow to speak, and swift to hear." It is my failing on many occasions to speak too much, and now let me try and cure it.

At sea, ship Empress, Dec. 4th, 1836.—This is our seventeenth day from New York, and by the Lord's unspeakable goodness we have been preserved from all accident, having experienced some very severe weather. The sea has had its former good effects upon my health, and I have great reason for gratitude. O that I could perceive an increase of spiritual health! but here I most urgently need the invigorating influence of the Holy Spirit, to quicken me heavenward, and break up my habits of spiritual sloth. I want to set the Lord always before me, to keep near to Christ every moment by faith and prayer.

The city of Malaga was again reached in safety by the two brothers, and a residence there was found yet more salubrious than before, to the invalid. The letters and Journal of travel and observations relating to this period we pass over, because, though full of information and interest, they do not exhibit the character of the writer in any new light, nor do they bear in any important degree upon the future.

The year 1837 opened propitiously with cheering prospects of health upon its wings, and with hope and gratitude swelling in the heart. The expectations of friends and physician were sanguine and seemingly well founded, that a year's continued residence in the genial climate of far-famed Andalusia, at the critical period when he was passing from youth to manhood, would quite establish his constitution, and win a quit-claim deed from its tenacious invader, the asthma. So hoped and earnestly prayed himself and his kindred. A record in the Private Journal early in the month of January, says:

> Another year has commenced its course, and finds me in company with my beloved brother, at my Uncle's house, with great reason to feel deeply and speak much of the goodness of God. I have not suffered a severe attack of my asthma since I arrived, although I was then just recovering from one that came on the few last days of our voyage. I am reading Philip's "Love of the Spirit"—an excellent, experimental work. Oh that I experienced more of the love of the Spirit in my own soul. It is an unworthy temple, and entertains guests with which he cannot abide. Oh Lord, help me to arise, and drive away these sinful intruders. Oh, purify my heart from all sin, and make it indeed a temple meet for the residence of the Holy Spirit.

Thy mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.
Oh, for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

In a new volume of his second Journal, intended for friends, and affectionately dedicated to his next elder brother, there is a very particular and full account of his visit to the ancient Capital of the Moors in Spain, and of all that was to be seen there. But the architectural remains, and legends, and lovely scenery of Granada and the Alhambra, have been so often described, that we omit all but the mere itinerary of his route to Granada and return.

Malaga, March 31*st.*—Since I last wrote, I have had the great pleasure of visiting, with my dear brother, the imperial city of Granada, far and justly famed for the beauty of its Moorish palace, the Alhambra. Having made our arrangements for departure on the previous day, on Tuesday, the 21st of this month, we started upon our journey, our party consisting of Dr. Woodworth, of the United States Navy, George, and myself, with our amusing cochéro Bautista, a native of Genoa, and the owner of the horses and carriage, accompanied by his dog, a shaggy, dirty animal, who seemed well acquainted with the road, trotting bravely on before the carriage, and ever and anon when tired sharing the seat with his master, from whose wallet of provisions he occasionally received a bit of bread, always devoured with much eagerness.

We were for several hours in sight of Malaga, winding our way slowly around the high range of mountains that lies to the north clad with vines and olive-trees. The vines at this time of the year, are destitute of any leaves, and being pruned entirely close, without leaving a single shoot, they look like so many small, black stumps, arranged in rows up and down the mountains. About noon we passed on the right the village of Colmenar—a small town situated on the declivity of one of the mountains that surround it. Here begin to cease the vine-clad hills and olive groves that surround Malaga, and give to the view so picturesque and beautiful an appearance. We continued our way through an uninteresting region to the solitary Venta, near Alfanate, where we arrived about six o'clock.

It had been cloudy, cold, and rainy during the day, and we were glad to get to any resting-place, although there was but little here to cheer a weary traveller. It was a dreary, comfortless-looking place, built in the form of a hollow square, having two gates leading into the court-yard in the centre, from whence we passed into the kitchen, at the end of which a huge-throated chimney, without jambs, received the smoke of a fire. Around this were seated a group of peasants. One of them a black, unshaven, villanous-looking fellow, had a guitar, on which he was playing ever and anon, the same ceaseless tune that salutes our ears so often at Malage, and is sung all over Spain, proceeding apparently more from the organs of the nose than those of the mouth, so nasal and drawling is its sound. He seemed to have a high opinion of his powers as a musician, and to think he was affording infinite amusement to those around.

This party were paisanos, or countrymen, who had come in to pass the evening, and who lived in the vicinity. I should have said, that when we entered, they were supping together with the Amo de Casa, or landlord, at a small table in front of the fire, to which they afterwards adjourned, continuing to pass around the wine, which they drank by tumblers full. They soon proved its nature, though not so as to lose the command of themselves; but we thought as they left the Venta at the close of the evening, armed with their carbines, how readily, in that state, they would commit a robbery on any luckless traveller they might meet on their way home.

The circle round the fire was increased in the course of the evening, by the arrival of two Galeras from Granada, laden with men, women, and children, stowed together on the top of whatever other lumber these clumsy vehicles might carry. They are a heavy, ill-constructed kind of baggage-wagon, covered at the top, and drawn by six or eight mules, and compared with things of the kind in our own country, they appear one or two centuries behind the age. The arrival of the Galeras with the living cargo they brought, made a busy and amusing scene; the fire began to be put in requisition to prepare the messes of the different parties, and the servant-girls, though they might have been idle during the day, had now as much work as their hands could perform. We had engaged our Cuartos, or chambers, before the arrival of the Galeras, and in such as they were, we passed the night.

We were aroused in the morning at half-past five, by the stentorian voice of the man-servant of the inn, saying at our door Arriba se va El coche, "Up, the coach is going," at the same time prefacing this announcement by a tremendous knock. Having taken a cup of chocolate with bread, we again commenced our journey at a quarter to seven; passing the small village of Alfanate on our right, romantically situated at the foot of a mountain. Our road was less mountainous than the day before, but not easier to travel. The mountains so inlay each other, that it is impossible sometimes to tell where it will lead you, and there are so many windings and turnings, some of them almost at right angles, and many quite unnecessary, that it makes the distance one has to go over, double or quadruple more than it is in a straight line. Granada is but fifty-five miles from Malaga, in a N. E. line; but by the road you have to travel nearly seventy.

About noon we arrived at Loxa, an ancient strong-hold of the Moors, and the key to the Vega of Granada. Its position is very romantic, and there are upon the top of a rugged precipitous hill, in the midst of the town, the remains of its Moorish castle and fort. It cost the Christians much bloodshed to take this place, for the Moors disputed its possession with desperate courage. Though built on a rocky declivity, at its foot is a beautiful valley watered by the river Xenil, and covered with orchards and green fields. This ancient city commanded the entrance to the Vega of Granada, and was a place of great importance under the Moors. More than once they repulsed the Spaniards, headed by their warrior king, Ferdinand, from its walls; and it was not till after a severe siege, and a most bloody, desperate assault, that it was finally taken.

We stopped about two hours at the Venta, and then pursued our way over a very rough stony road, about two or three leagues, to an Inn called "La Venta Nueva," where we passed the night. This Inn was more comfortable than that of our first night's adventure. The mules and horses at this Inn are stabled on the same floor with the kitchen, without any partition between, and you enter from the carriage into the midst of borricos and muleteers.

In the morning, having taken our bread and chocolate, we started at a quarter past six, and soon began gradually to enter upon the Vega of Granada. As we slowly wound through the Vega, and approached nearer the city, the scene became enchanting. On either side of us an immense plain covered with green crops, or orchards of olive, lemon, and orange trees, and sometimes vineyards—in front, the city of Granada, with the grey, red towers of the Alhambra rising above it, embowered in gardens and trees; and on the right of the city, as we approached it, the snow-covered mountains of the Sierra Nevada, overtopping all other objects, and rearing their summits above the clouds, added splendor and sublimity to the picture. It was almost impossible to realize that we were passing over ground rendered famous by so many historical events and recollections, and that we were approaching the former imperial seat of Moorish science and magnificence.

Santa Fé, the site of the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella, which they built to show the Moors their resolute determination of taking Granada, is now but a small, miserable village. It is about two leagues from Granada, and we passed through it both in going and returning, but saw nothing there to indicate its having been the former court of two powerful sovereigns, and the scene where were displayed the pomp and chivalry of their numerous armies. We entered the city through a broad street, and soon came to the Plaza de los Toros, or place of the bulls, at one end of which is the amphitheatre, where are held the bull-fights.

* * * * * *

This celebrated city, which, at the time of its capture from the Moors, in 1491–2, contained 400,000 inhabitants, and armed 100,000 warriors in its defence, now numbers in all but about 80,000 souls. At that time it was three leagues in circumference, entirely surrounded by a strong wall, defended by a thousand and thirty towers, and contained within their precincts seventy thousand houses. It then, and for many years afterwards, contained extensive manufactures of silk, cloths, woollen stuffs, etc.; but the general causes that have brought on the decay of Spain, and the miserable, cruel policy of utterly banishing the industrious Moors from the soil, have caused their abandonment, and the immense decrease of population in this once densely-inhabited city.

When one thus views the ruined monuments of a great and noble nation, and meditates on the magnificence and grandeur of their former empire, he may well make the exclamation, though it is a trite one, "Sic transit gloria mundi!" and he may add also with emphasis, in the language of Scripture, "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."

On our return to the Fonda, breakfast being finished, we soon began to make the necessary preparations for our departure, and having settled our bill, and remunerated our redoubtable cicerone, the good-natured Mateo, in commendation of whose worthy qualities we signed a certificate which he is in the habit of requesting from all whom he guides through the Alhambra, we placed ourselves again in Bautista's famous coach, which, together with his horses, dog, and himself, he had bestowed in one of the posadas of the city during the time of our stay. We left the Fonda about eleven o'clock, and were, in due time, out of the city on our way to Malaga, through the lovely plain that surrounds Granada, the beauties of whose situation, and the magnificence of whose palaces we were both so soon to leave; and we cast back, as we departed, many a lingering look on the lovely landscape in our rear.

In the afternoon of the third day, notwithstanding our slow pace, we arrived safe at Malaga, with much reason for gratitude in our preservation from all the perils of our journey, and glad once more to get back under the hospitable shelter of our Uncle.

An extract from the Private Journal at this time reveals the growth of the inner man, and the concern he had for the improvement of his spiritual part, while his senses and intellect were exercised in viewing and describing the things of the outward world.

April 9th, Sabbath evening.—On Thursday evening I had the pain of parting with my beloved brother. He embarked on board the English steamer "Transit," for Gibraltar and Cadiz, from whence he will take another boat for Seville, and in the course of two or three weeks he expects to embark again at Cadiz for England by the next steamer. I had intended the night before he left to have gone with him as far as Seville, and to have returned in the next boat; but I awaked on Thursday morning with the symptoms of an asthmatic attack, which has prevented me from taking this pleasant tour, and, at the same time, enjoying for a longer period of time the society of my beloved brother. This is a grievous disappointment, but I hope it may be for my best good; and the Lord is able to raise matter from our bitterest trials and disappointments, to fill our souls with his praise and love.

We have been together constantly for the last five or six months, and for nearly three months and a half under the roof of our hospitable Uncle. Now that he is gone, and I am left alone, without the society and Christian fellowship I have so long enjoyed, I miss him exceedingly, and feel a painful void—the more so, since in this place there is no other Christian society with which I can mingle, and have communion of spirit. But it is a separation that was necessary, and one to which I have been for a long time looking forward; and now, let me make diligent improvement of the privileges that may ever remain to me. Let me use much the weapon of "All prayer, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

Oh blessed Jesus, adorable Redeemer, be thou unto me a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Draw me to thyself, and illumine my soul with the blessed light of thy countenance. Raise me above all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and let no sin have dominion over me. Ever grant me grace to resist all my easily besetting sins, and to obtain an entire victory over them, and, finally, "to beat down Satan under my feet."

Act but the gentle infant's part,
Give up to love thy willing heart;

No fondest parent's melting breast
Yearns like thy God's to make thee bless'd:
Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The tenderest babe its love can show;
Bid thy base, servile fear retire—
This task no labor will require.

Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelmed, oppressed,
Th' encumbering load that galls thy rest,
That wastes thy strength in bondage vain,
With courage break th' enthralling chain;
Let prayer exert its conquering power,
Cry in the tempted, trembling hour,
"My God, my Father, save thy son!"
'Tis heard; and all thy fears are gone.

MARTIN LUTHER.

CHAPTER VIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SOCIETY, MANNERS, AND MORALS IN SPAIN.

> And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
> Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
> Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
> These are memorials frail of murderous wrath;
> For wheresoe'er the shrinking victim hath
> Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
> Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
> And grove and glen with thousand such are rife,
> Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.
>
> CHILDE HAROLD.

AT the time of our residence in the south of Spain, the condition of the country was very much the same as when Gil Blas of Santillana, wishing, as he said, to avoid Scylla, struck upon Charybdis, and fell into the hands of the robbers of the Subterranean Cave; and the materials of which the robber-bands were composed at the time of our observations upon society and life in Andalusia, were not essentially different from that notable knot of highwaymen, or ladrones, among which it was the fortune of Gil Blas to be thrown: assassins, criminals escaped from justice, disgraced officers, runaway soldiers, mis-educated and cast-off sons of wealthy families; sometimes men unfortunate in business or love, soured and misanthropic from failures and disappointments; now and then a recreant friar, along with villains who had served their time as contrabandistas, vagabond paisanos, and loafers of the city and village.

The rule that

> He may keep who has the power,
> And he may get who can,

then prevailed to such a degree, that travellers and natives were naturally under black-mail tribute to lawless hordes of banditti, who roamed the country and spoiled whom they pleased. We knew of a man in the very city of Malaga, who, acting as an agent of the robbers, would give to travellers, for a sum of money according to their ability, a sort of paper-passport, that would ensure them safe conduct through all parts of Andalusia. If robbers appeared, and this paper were produced, signed by the well-known name or sign of their city confederate, the traveller would pass unmolested. Even for the Governor himself, it was said this paper would be as good a safe-guard as a file of soldiers.

It will be at once seen how the personal narrative of the present chapter confirms these statements. Though not all within the proper field of biography, the matter of it is in part of such thrilling interest to the general reader, and withal so strikingly illustrative of life in Spain, and of the mind and heart of the writer, that we have not felt at liberty to exclude it here. The Journal begins, and is dated at Alhaurin el Grande, June, 1837:

Having some time since received a kind invitation from Mr. Loring to spend a few days at his country house, in this pleasant village, I left Malaga yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, on horseback, accompanied by a good-natured muleteer, who lives rent free, in a little house adjoining that of Mr. Loring, which latter he takes care of when the family are absent, carrying letters and packages to and fro between this and Malaga. The ride for the first part of the way was through a dry plain, destitute of trees, and without anything to refresh the vision. There is so little rain in this country, (indeed, I may say almost none, except in the fall and winter,) that the land, when it is not artificially irrigated, has during the summer months an arid and baked appearance. Once in a while, we passed a Cortejo, or farm house, built of stone or brick, stuccoed, or whitewashed outside, and at a distance looking quite neat, but generally naked and desolate, being a single, lone building, without any trees around it, or any signs of taste in its inhabitants.

Within, these Spanish farm-houses generally present a more rude and barbarous appearance than without, scarcely more inviting than the snug barn of a New England farmer. Indeed, the whole estate of agricultural affairs in the two countries is right opposite. Here the proprietors of the soil are generally noblemen, rich men, or the Church, who do not cultivate it themselves, but let it out to the peasantry of the country. Unlike the sturdy, independent farmers of our land, who own the soil they till, and are for the most part decently intelligent, these are a class of ignorant boors, seldom knowing either how to read or write; the limit of their knowledge being to cultivate the land as their fathers did before them, and to sell its products for the best price.

As we arrived at the river of Malaga, we struck off to the right, and crossed it farther up, leaving the village of Churianna on the left, our road now lying further inland, towards the mountains. The depth of water in the river was only about two and a half or three feet, but in the fall and winter when it has been raining in the mountains, it comes down with great violence; and then, as it would be impossible to ford it, they have a ferry-boat, which is pulled across from one side to the other by a rope. A mile or so beyond where we crossed, is an aqueduct, reaching to the edge of the river, and having the remains of some piers in its bed, but like many fine public works in Spain, here left unfinished. It is already carried several miles from its fountain head, built of good solid mason-work, sometimes raised on arches to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and at others on a level with the ground, varying in height according to the nature of the land it crosses, having on the top a channel for the water, covered with bricks, which, if it were led into Malaga, would exempt the inhabitants from that painful scarcity of water, which they now often suffer in the dry season.

About one or two leagues from Alhaurin, my guide pointed out the house, where Gen. Torejos and Pinto, the brother of Lopez Pinto formerly Civil Governor of Malaga, were surrounded and taken prisoners by the troops of Moreno, then governor of Malaga in 1831, and afterwards with about forty-eight others (including Mr. Boyd, a young English officer, who had volunteered in their cause), were publicly shot on the beach at Malaga, on Sunday the 11th of Dec. of the same year.

It was during the despotism of Ferdinand VII. that they wished to make a movement in favor of the liberal cause, and devised their plans for the purpose at Gibraltar. This becoming known in Malaga to the bloody despot, Moreno, who ruled with a rod of iron, he wrote false letters to the patriots at Gibraltar, pretending they would be well received, and inviting them to come to Malaga. Having thus succeeded in deceiving and decoying them into his clutches, he had them all shot in cold blood. He is now one of Don Carlos' principal chiefs, and his memory is most heartily execrated by every soul in Malaga.

When he was governor of the city, I have been told that every person that had a bible, was obliged to go and deliver it at the bishop's palace; and the spiritual despotism of the church was in full play. At that time when the hour for evening prayer arrived, and the bell of the Cathedral struck to announce it, wherever a man might be, or whatever his situation in the house, or in the street, he was obliged to take off his hat immediately, and kneel down, at the risk of having it knocked off by a blow from some soldier or bystander.

For about a league before we arrived at Alhaurin, the scenery was made up of beautiful vineyards, orange, lemon, and olive groves, fig-trees and pomegranates, and fine green vegetable gardens, or Huertas, refreshing the eye in every direction, with their bright rich verdure. About a quarter before eight, I arrived safe, with my guide, at Mr. Loring's house, and was very cordially received by its inmates with Americo-Spanish hospitality. The place is charmingly situated on the declivity of a hill, just at the foot of the Sierra of Mijus, overlooking an extensive undulating plain, bounded in almost all directions by lofty mountains. The soil is very rich, and being irrigated by an abundance of water, from a number of never-failing springs, it produces bountifully.

The Huertas, as they are called, or as we should term them, vegetable and fruit gardens are very fine, yielding a great abundance of everything marketable. Oranges, lemons, apricots, cherries, plums, pears, apples and peaches, olives, grapes, quinces, and pomegranates, all abound in this fruitful region. Grains and a variety of vegetables also grow here, vast in quantity and of excellent quality. Various kinds of beans—the Garabanros or large Spanish bean—the Altramuas, or Lupines, which are hawked about the streets, soaked in salted water ; Spanish artichokes, cauliflowers, cabbage, onions, garlic, beets, carrots, tomatoes, green peppers, various kinds of stuff for salad, cucumbers, corn, wheat, barley, oats, and other cereals which the earth here yields bountifully.

From this and the neighboring town of Coin, the markets of Malaga receive their supplies. This compact little village is estimated to contain six thousand souls; the manner of building being such that a village very small in extent, may contain a large number of inhabitants. The houses, instead of being interspersed like those of a New England village, with pleasant little grass plats and gardens, are built like those of a city, in solid blocks on each side of the street, generally of one story, composed of bricks, or stone and mortar, plastered and whitewashed outside, presenting one uniform surface throughout the town.

Alhaurin, *Sabbath Day.*—While dear Mother and E. are enjoying, as I hope, the precious privileges of the sanctuary, Henry at New Orleans, and George, I suppose, in London, I am here under the roof of my countryman, Mr. Loring, in a quiet little Spanish town, far retired from the noise and bustle of the world, in a calm retreat, with which prayer and praise may well accord:

"This calm retreat, this quiet shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seems by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who worship thee."

These beautiful lines I may with much propriety apply to my situation to day. I look abroad from my window upon the face of nature, the distant mountains bounding the horizon, and the hills and valleys around covered with green trees, and waving crops; all is quiet and serene, but few sounds are heard from the village to disturb the universal repose, every thing seems to invite to calm meditation and prayer; and oh, may not the opportunity be lost upon me! I long to enjoy a really christian Sabbath ; to be among those who keep holy time, and to go up with them to the house of God in company. How many happy Sabbaths, and I hope in some measure spiritually profitable ones, have I passed under my native roof with my dear Mother and Sister, who now occupy it! May God in his loving kindness, grant that I may pass, yet, many more in their beloved society with the added blessing of perfect health.

Wednesday, 21*st*, *Alhaurin*.—A scene altogether in keeping with the state of things in this country, and illustrative of a life in Spain, took place in this very house the night before last. About half-past eight in the evening a man came to the door to announce that some men, whose character he well knew, wished to see Mr. Loring, el Amo de Casa, and as they had no place to leave their arms, they would have to bring them upon their persons. We were just at tea, but a ham was put on the table with wine, &c., to give them a hospitable reception, and Mr. and Mrs. Loring were with them at table, as it is necessary to receive them in a free and unembarrassed manner. They all came armed with carbines and pistols, and knives in their belts, making a formidable appearance, and with their peaked hats and dark swarthy faces, their tout ensemble was not a bad sample of Spanish Brigands.

But who are they? The facts in the case are the following: These men were formerly guards on the road between this village and Malaga, obtaining their subsistence by the contributions received from the muleteers, and others, which is a few quartos for every one that passes. For some reason or other they were dismissed by government from this employment, and have since been leading the life of free-booters, living upon robbery, or the black mail paid to them to be freed from their attacks. They are indeed now the keepers of the road, for if they choose to molest passengers, the other guards placed by government would be of but little avail.

Two of them are brothers, called the Naranjos ; they are well known in the village, and come in and out quite freely, as the authorities here are making no efforts to take them. Mr. Loring had previously had an intimation that they wished to see, and obtain assistance from him; for they genteelly cover their demands in this way, under the guise of lending, though we may be quite sure they will not trouble themselves to return this kind of loans. He represented to them that as the times were not favorable, they must be content with less than they asked, but if not he must pay them all; they took, however, what he offered, the amount I do not know.

The whole of this affair is so astonishing, and almost incredible, that even one on the spot can hardly realize it, and to those who are distant, the inhabitants of countries advanced in civilization, and not kept in awe by robbers, as the interior of this country may with truth be said to be, this state of things would hardly gain belief. That armed banditti should come into a peaceful village of six thousand inhabitants, enter the house of a gentleman there residing, partake of his forced hospitality, levy upon him their contributions, and then depart with their booty to their strongholds, or temporary abiding places, unmolested, would be esteemed a tough story, even for marines.

Mr. Dillon, an Irish gentleman, who lives opposite Mr. Loring's house, knew that these robber gentry had come to pay him a visit, and preparing himself in case anything should happen, to act with energy, ordered his servant to load, with two balls each, both his guns, and thus made ready, they watched in the house to see what might take place, but found no occasion to use their weapons, although he was not far out of the way in saying that a bullet through the heart of each of these villains would be no more than they richly deserve. They went away quietly about eleven o'clock, in very good humour with the liberal treatment of their host, Mr. Loring. I was not in the room during their stay, but saw them through the open door, as they sat at table in the dining-room, and also when they went out of the house.

The hands of these very men are stained with the guilt of many a murdered wretch, whose blood cries out against them from the ground. It is only about two months since, that this same gang that are now levying their contributions on Alhaurin and its vicinity, took away from his house, and carried with them to their haunts, a rich farmer of Coin, demanding for his ransom $3,000, $2,500 of which was at length paid, and he released.

It is also but a few weeks since, that they went into Churianna, took out the Captain of Police into the Plaza, and began to bring him to account for having said, as they alleged he had done, that they were thieves and robbers. He tried to excuse himself, and escape their vengeance, but all his entreaties were of no avail. They told him to kneel down and say his creed, for that he had but a few moments to live. In the mean time, the Alcalde had come to the Plaza, begging them to desist from their bloody intentions, but they heeded him not, threatening to shoot him also if he did not hold his peace. They accordingly drew off from their victim, the Captain of Police, fired a volley of balls into his body, and departed from the village leaving him weltering in his blood.

Having heard about the same time of the intention of the Commander of the Nacionales and another man to take them prisoners, a Commission from Government having been received to that effect, they waylaid them one day as they were passing on horseback, shot one dead in the breast, and wounded the other in the arm, breaking the bone. This last putting spurs to his horse, fled with all speed, and escaped with his life. They had previously shot at, and seriously wounded the schoolmaster of the village, mistaking him for their enemy, the officer. Thus were two public officers killed, and one badly wounded, by these assassins, and all within six miles of Malaga, and even in sight of the city. This gang have their spies or informants in the cities and villages, and know beforehand whenever an attempt to take them is to be made, and devise their measures accordingly, so as to baffle the pursuit.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of connivance and criminal compromising with them by many of the authorities, and indeed there is much corruption and bigotry. The execution of the law is so slack, and very often not enforced at all, that some well-disposed magistrates, who, perhaps, might have it in their power to take them prisoners, are deterred from the fear that when brought to trial, having bribed well the escribanos, they will again be let loose, and wreak their vengeance on the heads of those who were the means of their temporary imprisonment. The decision of law cases lies in this country almost entirely with the escribanos, who are a very corrupt and venal class of men. When they are well bribed, they will make almost any case go in favor of their client; so that money is the grand requisite in a law-suit, let the right or the wrong of the case be as it may.

The robbers are, in fact, sometimes in league with the escribanos, as the following anecdote, among many others that might be adduced, proves and illustrates: Mr. Rixon, a respectable English merchant in Malaga, told me, a few weeks since, that some noted robbers in the vicinity (I presume this same gang), made an appointment for an interview with a couple of escribanos, at the distance of six or eight miles from Malaga, in which they used language to them equivalent to the following: "Rob on; why don't you rob? Do your business, we'll do ours—we'll protect you; you shall not be punished." This the driver of the calesa in which they went, told Mr. Rixon, having himself heard the conversation; and in many respects it shows but too well the state of society in this unhappy country.

A few days since, a celebrated villain, called Polaca, was shot near Coin, as he was passing the road with a load of tobacco He fell into the highway, having received two balls directly through his breast; and though he had money about him, and his jacket was ornamented with silver buttons, yet nothing was touched, neither also his horse, which was left to wander at his own will. It is thought he was shot by one of his own companions, who wished for nothing more than to glut his own private vengeance by taking away his life. Though not exempt from the guilt of murder, he has, whoever he may be, rid the earth of a wretch who long ago deserved death, and himself has now to answer for the blood of many a murdered victim.

Several years since, Mr. Loring resided a little time with a son of his, at the village of Colmenar, on the road to Granada, for the benefit of the country air; and this very man was the guard of the farm-house and vineyard where he staid. He was at that time but eighteen years old; yet, even then he had, in several instances, taken away life. His violent doings have now come down upon his own head. "He that seeketh mischief, mischief shall come upon him."

Yesterday, having for my guide the good-natured muleteer Immanuel, who came with me from Malaga, I took a pleasant trip on horseback to Coin and Monda. With my stomach fortified by a cup of tea, a bit of cold ham, an egg, and bread, I sallied forth on my gay little charger, and my trusty guide on his borrico, about half past six A. M. The old Moorish tower being now directly on our way, I dismounted, and went up to the top of it. The first flight of stairs, which is outside, leads into a vaulted chamber that supports the tower above. From this was formerly the entrance to the dungeon or calaboso, where were deposited prisoners or criminals, being an opening in the centre of the floor of about three or four feet in diameter, and having, as the farmer of the cortejo told me, a depth of six yards. The pit is now floored over with bricks. At one corner, on the top of the tower, is a bell, having on it the date of 1789, which the man said had been used formerly to call the neighbors to mass.

A farmhouse adjoins the tower, through the miserable room of which I passed on my way to the top. The dirt and squalidness of a Spanish cortejo form a striking contrast to the neat apartments, and well-burnished dressers, of a New England farmhouse; and their respective appearance is a very good commentary on the different habits of the people. Coin is a much larger place than Alhaurin, being the capital of the three Pueblos—Alhaurin, Monda, and Cartama, and contains about eight thousand inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of a Sierra, in an uneven valley, on the side of a hill, surrounded on all sides by beautiful huertas, fine orchards of fruit trees, and waving fields of grain. The road just before you enter the town descends into a deep passage, on either side of which rises a steep cliff of twenty or thirty feet in height, overhung with green trees and shrubbery, and leaving just room for the road. After riding in the hot sun, it was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, to pass suddenly into this cool, shady retreat, impenetrably shielded from its rays, from whence, in a few moments, we again emerged into the streets of the town.

Immanuel having put our beasts, by permission of the occupants of a little house, into a stable, or place answering for it in the rear, we took a walk round the town. It has a pretty little Alameda, apparently new, planted with geraniums, rose bushes, and set out with black poplars—a row on each side, and a weeping-willow at each end, with marble seats at proper intervals, and at one end a fountain. The churches were all shut, but one of them presented a very decent appearance outside. There are also several convents, but none of them at present occupied by friars. According to the prevailing custom, the principal haunt of the place is called the Plaza de la Constitucion. Thus Alhaurin, Coin, Monda, Churianna, and Torre Molinos, each have their Plaza de la Constitucion, which, under the former despotism, would have been called Plaza Real, which was the name of the principal public square in Malaga, previous to the Revolution of the Liberals in August, 1835, when it was changed to Plaza de la Constitucion.

Our rustic meal being despatched with the keen relish given by horseback exercise, we ascended a high hill back of the village, on which are the remains of an ancient Roman fortress. In its own day it must have been a very strong castle. The top of the hill is precipitous, in some places perpendicular, and the summit seems to have once been surrounded with a strong wall, buttressed with several towers, of which there are parts still remaining. The mortar with which they were built, has become almost as hard as the stone itself. It would seem as if the ancients in those centuries had an art of mixing mortar which is unknown now; for time, instead of crumbling it, seems only to make it grow more hard. The fort is in a very commanding position, situated exactly at the head of the valley, guarding the entrance to the mountains; but now that gunpowder is invented, it could be battered from the neighboring heights.

This little village has been made famous by the battle which historians and geographers say was fought near it, between Cæsar and the sons of Pompey. It was then called Munda, which has been changed in the lapse of time to Monda. In the period of the Roman domination in Spain, it must have been a place of considerable importance, as several Latin inscriptions and medals which have been discovered, as well as the remains of its strong fortifications, tend to show. The village is now a small, compact, little pueblo, at the foot of the hill on which stand the ruins of the castle, containing about five hundred souls.

How many important events, big with the fate of empires, have transpired in the world since the erection of the ruined fortress that now overlooks this little place! And in particular, what scenes of bloody warfare—of rapine and revolution—the invasion of foreign armies—the anarchy of civil strife, has this wretched land been the theatre of! In different centuries before and since that time, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, the Moors, and the Christians, have, in succession, been the lords of its soil; and besides the severe and long-protracted struggles between these different warlike people in conquering each other, during which the earth was fattened with the blood of the slain, it has drunk in the life-current of millions killed in the civil dissensions of those respective nations. What a commentary does it present on the raging passions—the ungovernable lust for power—the unmitigated wickedness that reside in the breast of the unsanctified man!

Thursday, June 22nd.—Yesterday afternoon, with Mr. Loring and Mr. Dillon, an Irish gentleman, I had a pleasant ride to an estate in the vicinity, belonging to the latter, called Quinlin.

It was only a few nights since that the same men who paid their respects to Mr. Loring, came to this place with their horses, and slept for the night. A farmer in the vicinity was expecting the return of his nephew or grandson. One of this gang, therefore, being made acquainted with the fact, disguised himself as the nephew, came on his horse, and knocked at the door, which was unsuspectingly opened, supposing it to be their returning relative, when lo! in rode the robber with his confederates at his heels, and quartered himself and horse on the astonished family! He made them keep the horse for a week, and when he took him away, levied on the farmer a black-mail of ten dollars besides.

They also, about a week since, sent to a priest, the cura of this village, to request the loan of a fine mare they knew him to have; and as there was no alternative but their vengeance, he made a virtue of necessity, and sent the animal, granting them a loan, of which he may be quite sure neither principal nor interest will ever be paid. Thus it is that these abominable outrages are daily perpetrated; and the Government, which might check and punish them with comparative ease, if energy were used, allow them to be committed with impunity.

This afternoon I expect to return to the city. I shall have reason to remember this little sojourn under the country roof of my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Loring, with many pleasant recollections, *muchas memorias*, both of their attentions and my own personal enjoyment.

Malaga.—I am now again amidst the sights and sounds of the city, but I could have relished yet longer the retirement enjoyed the last few days; and I find it has been of great advantage to my health. As Cowper beautifully says:

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, when the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTRIGUE, THE ASSASSINATION, AND THE PUNISHMENT.

We insert here, as properly constituting a chapter of this work, a paper written out at a later date for the Opal, the materials of which were supplied by personal observation and knowledge at the time. It is entitled,

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE IN SPAIN—A MILITARY EXECUTION. FROM NOTES AND OBSERVANCES ON THE SPOT. BY N. CHEEVER, M.D.

In the neighborhood of the city of Malaga, on the banks of the Guadal-Medina, the traveller may observe, among other pleasant habitations, a beautiful hacienda, or country seat, which attracts a melancholy notice when some of the associations connected with it are revealed. Amid the orange groves and olive orchards of that lovely climate, many a place has its story of intrigue and murder, which the beauty of the region would belie. This romantic spot was the dwelling of a young lawyer, amiable in his deportment, affable in society, and enjoying a reputation superior to all suspicion of crime. I shall not describe his whole name, because the transactions to which I refer are yet comparatively recent;

and it is enough for my purpose to designate him as Don Juan. On a bright and glorious day while I was in Malaga, I saw him publicly shot, in the presence of ten thousand spectators, in an open space on the banks of the Guadal-Medina, on the city side, where the eye could rest directly on his beautiful residence in full view beyond.

One of Don Juan's acquaintance and friends in the city, was the husband of a lovely wife, possessed of some property in her own right. Between this woman and Don Juan there was an intimacy which, but for the dreadful tragedy I am going to relate, might never have worn the appearance of guilt, but only of friendship. Her husband, Don José, was of a frank, unsuspicious, open-hearted nature ; and both were young. Whether the guilt of the crime resting on her and Don Juan, were greater on her side or his, it is difficult to say, or who was the tempter to the deed of blood which resulted in her misery and his destruction.

In a small village called Priego, a few leagues from Malaga, there lived a man named José de la Rosa, by profession a common day laborer, married, and the father of six children. He had, as the Spaniards say, ten murders on his soul—"tenia diez muertes"—being one of those mercenary assassins whose most profitable trade, in such a country as Spain, is blood, and in whom undiscovered crime had effectually seared his conscience. As he appeared at the execution in the square in Malaga, he was of an elevated stature, regular features, and strongly knit, powerful frame, denoting immense vigor and physical strength. His face was of citron color, his eyes black, large, and very wide apart, and the whole expression of his countenance dark and fearful in the highest degree. If you had met him of an evening in the narrow streets of Malaga, you would have felt anxious till you found yourself in safety at your own door.

This man might have been seen one night in the beautiful month of October, when the grape-harvest had closed, stepping out from Don Juan's residence, muffled in a rough Spanish capa, and making his way from the river toward the mountains. The price at which Don Juan had secured his services was never known; but he had promised him perfect security, and a personal participation in the crime, by his own presence, to make all sure when he should meet his victim. The arrangement was completed; and on a certain night, when Don Juan knew the intended movements of his friend, the murderer was to meet him across the bridge in the city, and to be guided by him till, in sight of his object, he might post himself without mistake, for the assassination.

It was half-past eleven on the night of the 30th, as Don José, accompanied by a watchman, was returning unsuspectingly to his home in the city from an evening visit at the house of a friend. They had arrived at the entrance to one of the dark and narrow streets with which Malaga abounds. Here Don Juan and La Rosa had posted themselves, expecting to meet Don José, and awaiting his coming. At the farther corner of the street they had been stopped, and as Don Juan saw his victim advancing with the watchman, he hastily said to La Rosa, "Ahi viene! ahi viene!" There he comes! there he comes! and then fled swiftly to his own house, not remaining to see the end of the murder, but as quick as possible placing himself quietly in bed. Before the night finished he was taken thence by armed soldiers, for his execution!

Don José and the watchman, continuing their way up the street, were met suddenly by a tall athletic man in the common garb of a *paisano* or rustic, muffled in a cloak. As he came up with Don José, neither he nor the watchman being in the least on their guard, the murderer drew forth a savage knife concealed beneath his capa, and plunged it with such tremendous violence into the breast of the unfortunate young man, as to make a wound six and a half inches deep, completely dividing the heart. The blood of the poor victim, impelled by the spasmodic contractions of the heart, spouted into the air, and sprinkled to a considerable height the walls of the street. Thousands of horror stricken spectators were gathered the next morning to gaze upon the stains. On receiving the dreadful stab, the murdered man breathed forth one sad cry, the gurgling rather of his death-agony, and fell lifeless.

La Rosa having finished the murder, instantly took to flight. He might have killed the watchman, had he chosen, and then robbed his victim, who had upon his person a watch and chain of much value; and the fact that no attempt of this kind was made, indicated, by itself, a concealed interest and agent in the murder. The watchman, though thrown for a moment from his guard, by the horrible catastrophe which passed before him with such electric rapidity, at once gave chase to the murderer, who, in making his escape, intended to take a street close at hand, by which he might easily have effected it. This was the *Calle de las siete revueltas*, the Street of the Seven Turns, a literal definition of its geography, so that it would have been exceedingly favorable for La Rosa's purpose; but, being hotly pursued by the watchman, he missed his aim, and rushed down a *Calle juela sin salida*, a narrow lane without an outlet, and a very short one too, at the end of which he was brought to a dead halt by the huge impenetrable walls of high buildings on the three sides of him, leaving no possible way of retreat but that by which he had entered. Here he was brought to bay, like a raging bull; and being knocked down and slightly wounded by the lance of the watchman or Sereno, he was, with other assistance, at length secured, and carried immediately before the Captain-general.

I have mentioned the Spanish appellation of the watchman, Sereno; it is interesting to state that the Serenos, or watchmen in the South of Spain, probably have taken their name from the loveliness of the climate. It is not unlikely that the term came to be applied to them from the fact that in crying the hour and the state of the weather, as they do, the climate is so delightfully mild and agreeable that they can generally say Sereno, fair, serene. The sound of their fine melodious voices, heard in the deep stillness of midnight, ringing through the clear crystal atmosphere of Andalusia, has an indescribably serene, romantic and thrilling effect.

> Ave Maria purissima!
> Las doce-e y media-a,
> Y sereno-o!

They cry the hour, with a prolonged and musical repetition of the syllables, preceded by the name of the Holy Virgin, and almost always you hear the Sereno-o at the close, to tell the sleepers how quite and beautiful are the heavens above them. Too frequently, beneath all this quiet and beauty, deeds of violence and blood are transacted, fitter for the murky atmosphere of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

At the time of the event I am relating, the city of Malaga, on account of the disturbed state of the country, had been put under martial law. This is the reason why justice, in most cases so dilatory, was in this case inflicted with such rapid and terrible severity. The war with Don Carlos had not yet been concluded, and the Captain-general of the kingdom of Granada, who usually lives at that city, was residing at Malaga. These circumstances gave me an opportunity to see some phases of Spanish life, which I could not otherwise have witnessed, and also, as my readers will find, brought before me in detail the course of a capital trial before a military tribunal. The Captain-general took it all into his own hands, and proceeded with an unrelenting energy, rapidity, and sternness, completely overwhelming.

It was about midnight when the watchmen hurried their captive before him. The efforts of the murderer having been noticed in rubbing his hands to efface from them the bloody vestiges of his crime, the Captain-general ordered them to be bound between two tablets of wood. He also caused to be gathered up, the hat, the cloak, and the *faja*, or sash, of the assassin, which he had thrown off at different points during the close pursuit of the watchmen, and also the knife with which the fatal blow had been given, and which was found near by the yet palpitating body. The Captain-general also immediately nominated an officer to act as attorney-general in the case, on the part of the government, and then proceeded to the business of taking the depositions. There was no possibility of denying the fact, and consequently La Rosa confessed the crime; and seeing himself utterly lost, if alone, designated as his accomplice the young lawyer Don Juan.

Here commenced a drama of the judgment, like to the horrible solemnity of which it would be difficult to find any counterpart in the judicial proceedings of any other country. In the dead of night a body of men rapidly and silently surrounded the city residence of Don Juan, his father's house, and took him from his bed, where he had scarcely time to close his eyes, even if his conscience would have let him, and hurried him before the Captain-general, to confront his desperate accuser. La Rosa entered into the most minute details of the premeditation of the murder, with all the circumstances of the diabolical transaction, affirming that Don Juan had tempted, persuaded, and induced him to commit the crime, having, for this purpose, offered and delivered to him certain sums of money. What could Don Juan answer? The unexpected discovery and capture of the hired murderer, in the very perpetration of the crime, and the suddenness with which the bolt of justice had fallen, were overwhelming; nevertheless, he might hope to escape. He maintained the utter calumny of the accusation. "Prove your charge! Am I to be condemned on the testimony of a common assassin? I defy the proof. It is a murderous falsehood."

If there had been any delay, a skilful lawyer might have contrived a powerful defence. But the parties had no time even to sleep upon the transactions. The investigation was followed up with terrible activity and despatch. And it was of such a nature as if dead men could tell tales as well as living witnesses. At seven o'clock in the morning, another *careo*, or confronting, took place between the prisoners. But being still discordant in their testimony, they were conducted to the Sagrado, or parish church connected with the cathedral, where the body of the murdered man had been carried soon after the assassination took place. While the soldiers had been taking Don Juan from his bed, others had laid the body on its bier within the solemn shadows of the Cathedral. Thither the multitude of an awakened city poured, and there, under the dim arches of the temple, before the lifeless and gory remains of the victim, La Rosa solemnly swore to the charges he had before made against his accomplice, and face to face accused him of the murder. The countenance of the assassin haunts me now, his citron face, and black eyes, like lamps in a cave, desperate and wrathful. "In the name of God I swear that I killed this man, Don José, instigated and hired thereto by Don Juan, who is the murderer!" La Rosa had nothing to conceal; and this oath to the bloody corpse of his victim, carried with it into the soul of the assembled multitude a deep, damning conviction.

Meantime, during this fearful scene, Don Juan remained abashed and confounded. He uttered nothing but a few indistinct articulations. Then, when the assassin had finished his adjuration, the Attorney-General commanded Don Juan to take the hand of the corpse and curse the murderer—"Maledecir su asesino." Pale and conscience-stricken, he dared not do it; but as in a revery, gazed stupidly, and uttered some confused mutterings. So finished the trial by oath in the Cathedral with the murdered man's body.

Next, at the motion of the Attorney-General, the prisoners were conducted together to the spot where the crime was perpetrated, and there again interrogated on its details. They were carefully guarded between a picquet of soldiers, La Rosa with his arms pinioned at the elbows, his bloody hands still between the tablets of wood; and Don Juan enveloped in his capa, and full of gloom, remorse, and anxiety. They were accompanied by the different officers engaged in taking the depositions, one of them carrying, wrapped in a handkerchief, the bloody knife of the murderer.

This weapon was one of those Spanish knives in general use among the peasantry of Andalusia, with which they frequently fight their bloody duels, and give the deadly stab in moments of furious passion, or in a cool, rankling vengeance. I have one of these knives in my possession; and I am sure that the ideas of piracy and murder attached in every one's mind to the term, "a long Spanish knife," have a most natural and legitimate origin. It has a blade about twelve or fifteen inches in length, and two inches wide at the haft, tapering gradually to a sharp point, for about three inches from which it is double-edged. It is made to open and shut like a jack-knife, with a strong spring, into a handle of brass, the back of which is composed of a piece of steel, which the peasants use to strike fire when they wish to light their cigarritos de papel. The most singular and characteristic part of this knife is the inscription on the side of the blade. It is a very distinct and significant couplet, reading as follows:

Quien a' mi amo ofendieré
De mi la venganza esperé.

This may be rendered exactly in English rhyme thus:

He who my owner doth offend,
On my keen vengeance must depend.

This was the weapon of La Rosa the murderer. Doubtless it had done similar work in his hands before.

Thus they moved on from point to point in their investigating process; and never before or since have I witnessed such a procession as that. As it passed from place to place, literally "making inquisition for blood," followed by an immense, rushing multitude, eager to get sight of the prisoners, the impression was terrific. An intense interest pervaded the whole city: all eyes were strained to gaze, all ears erect to hear, and every tongue dwelt in accents of horror on the details of the tragedy. At the spot where Don José had been stabbed, the procession rested, and the criminals were questioned as to the route which they took from their place of rendezvous, to the point where they expected to meet their victim. La Rosa, with a sort of malignant satisfaction, described the whole scene.

During the course of the day fifty-one witnesses were examined. The murderer also went into more detailed and astounding disclosures, showing, in part, the sums of money paid beforehand, the cool, calculating deliberation in the preliminary arrangements for the murder, and their patience in awaiting their doomed victim. The monster persisted in all his previous statements, and spoke of his crime with such a terrible tranquillity and self-possession, that the tones of his voice grated with a horrid dissonance upon the ear. Don Juan remained silent, absorbed in dreadful forebodings as to the result. At eight o'clock in the evening the depositions and confessions of the day were concluded. Then, at four in the morning, the assassin and his accomplice, Don Juan, with their legal defenders, and the whole body of the witnesses, solemnly ratified their testimony.

This was the day of the trial, and the interest and agitation of the public rose to a still higher pitch. New confrontings took place, and at twelve o'clock the cause passed into the hands of the counsel for the accused. An immense multitude thronged every avenue leading to the Convent of San Felipé, where the council was held; and anxiety and impatience were portrayed on every countenance. It is difficult to convey to my readers an idea of the course of a criminal process where there are no pleadings, nor trial by jury, nor anything like it; but where bundles of papers simply pass from one side to the other, and accusations and defences are read. At half-past six in the afternoon the defence returned the cause; and at eight o'clock in the evening the Council of War were called together to hear the accusations from the Attorney-General, on the part of Government, against the prisoners, and their defence on the part of their counsel; and from all the data and evidence before the court, to give sentence.

The speech of the Attorney-General was short. He demanded capital punishment against both criminals. The defence followed. That of Don Juan was read by his defender. It was animated and logical, and excited in the audience a deep interest. That of La Rosa was simple and laconic, being merely an appeal to pity. The accusation and defence being concluded, it would be natural to suppose that thereupon the opinion of the court would be made up, and sentence pronounced accordingly; but now ensued one of the most extraordinary scenes which can be conceived in the course of a judicial trial, casting around it a deeper solemnity and horror than any of the preceding steps.

The defence being completed, the bloody corpse of the unfortunate Don José was solemnly transferred from the Cathedral, where it had lain amid wax-lights and masses, and was brought before the Council. The two criminals were then posted beside it, and a new confronting took place. La Rosa, the cold-blooded and hardened assassin, maintained the same stern and malignant composure with which he appeared from the first. If he could not escape himself, he was resolved that his accomplice and master in the crime should not. He re-stated and insisted on his charges against Don Juan, and entered into such a multitude of particulars, that the narrative excited fresh horror and indignation. Meantime, Don Juan himself endeavored to assume the air of carelessness and defiance. He smoked his cigar, maintained his innocence, persisted in denying the accusations of La

Rosa, and declared that it was all imposture and calumny.

Next, the President of the Council directed the simultaneous transition of the tribunal, the prisoners, the Attorney-General, and the Counsel for the accused, together with the ghastly corpse of the murdered victim, to the place where the assassination was perpetrated. What made this solemn act more appalling, was the circumstance of its being performed at the dead of night, before an immense concourse of spectators, the expression of whose motley faces, as they gazed on the dead body and on one another, grew wild and deep in the torch-light. Again, La Rosa, standing beneath the bloody stains upon the wall, confirmed all his previous statements, and with singular coolness and serenity repeated the minutest details of the crime.

After this the tribunal was dissolved, and its opinion, given in writing, passed into the hands of the Captain-General for his confirmation or disapprobation. The sentence being for the execution of both criminals, he made not a moment's hesitation to sanction and perform it; although the family and friends of Don Juan, being rich and powerful, and among the first in the city for respectability and influence, made immense efforts for the young lawyer's rescue. It was said that ten thousand dollars were offered by them to the Captain-General if he would only commute the punishment to imprisonment for life in the Presidio of Ceuta--a Spanish fortress for criminals on the coast of Africa, nearly opposite Gibraltar.

The tribunal being dissolved after the solemn night-scene with the corpse, the sentence being confirmed, and the execution appointed, Don Juan and La Rosa were placed at ten o'clock of the same morning in the Chapel of the Convent—*entrar en capilla*—to prepare for their approaching death. *Entrar en capilla* is an expression for which, in English, we have no exact equivalent. When it is said of a criminal in Spain, "*Esta en capilla*," you need no other statement to inform you that in a few hours, or a day or two at farthest, his execution will take place. While in the Chapel he is constantly attended by priests, who say the death-masses and administer the sacraments ; and thence he goes forth, accompanied by his confessors, to the place of punishment. But all the masses and extreme unctions in the Romish world could not soothe the conscience of one of these murderers. The unhappy young lawyer passed that day and the following night in a febrile delirium, amid the dreadful anxieties and reflections natural to his situation. From the moment of his being placed *en capilla*, all hope forsook him. The murderer, La Rosa, made no change from his hardened and desperate serenity.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 2nd of November, they came forth from the capilla, in the convent of San Felipé, on their way to execution. An immense mass of the population of Malaga had assembled to witness the concluding melancholy act of this tragedy. In the midst of a strong detachment of troops of the line, the muffled drums playing the dead march, went La Rosa, walking erect and firm, with perfect self-possession ; at some little distance, sad and distressed, followed Don Juan, walking between two priests, listening to their exhortations, and saluting his friends and acquaintance as he passed. When the melancholy procession arrived at the *barrio*, or the open space on the banks of the Guadal-Medina, where he could behold on the opposite side the beautiful country seat which he owned, his eyes filled with tears as he looked upon the pleasant spot for the last time. Little had he anticipated, while projecting his murderous intrigues, that not far from the same spot he should suffer an ignominious execution, along with a common assassin, the hired instrument in accomplishing his designs !

It was evident that La Rosa feared, even to the last, that Don Juan might escape. In a regular trial by jury, the lawyers might have made much for Don Juan's defence out of

La Rosa's malignity. Several times, on the way from the chapel to the place of execution, the assassin turned his head and looked back, suspicious that his partner in the crime might not be coming. "Viene ese caballero?" said he—"Is that gentleman coming?"

An open space on the west side of the Guadal-Medina had been designated for the execution, and thither had been carried the corpse of the murdered young man; the Captain-General being resolved that no circumstance of horror should be wanting to deter others from the commission of similar crimes. And indeed the whole conduct of the affair produced an impression on the city such as never had been made before.

The fatal square being formed, La Rosa again, in a loud clear voice, insisted on the truth of all his declarations. Beneath the solemn adjurations of his confessor, he declared that he forgave Don Juan, and begged the bystanders to pray God to pardon him; and then in the true spirit of the Romish system, prayed them to say a Credo, and a Salve to the Virgin del Carmen. This was probably the particular appellation under which he had been accustomed to make his own "Ora pro nobis" to the Virgin Mary—Maria del Carmen.

The criminals being seated together on the fatal bench, La Rosa turned to Don Juan, and with an expression of the most bitter sarcasm, asked—"Es esta la felicidad que usted me prometia?" "Is this the happiness you promised me?" Don Juan, turning to his confessor, besought him to interpose, "Por Dios que no me mate ese hombre antes de tiempo!" "For God's sake do not let that man kill me before the time!" What more dialogue of this kind might have passed I know not; but certainly it was a foretaste of the wild world of the lost, for the murderer and his tempter thus to be brought together.

As I stood with the company of Spanish friends on the banks of the Guadal-Medina, opposite the place of execution, expecting the consummation of this tragedy of Justice, it was a moment of most painful interest. Nature seemed not at all to sympathize in such a scene. The deep blue sky was cloudless, the bright rays of an autumnal sun poured down with a mild and genial warmth, and our temples were fanned by an air of such transparent purity and delicious balminess as to render the very breathing of it a luxury. In the natural world all was innocent, serene, and lovely, and here we were to witness the doom of men who had crimsoned the earth with their brother's blood ; plotting and accomplishing a midnight murder under such circumstances that no peaceful citizen could be safe for a moment, if such crimes went unavenged.

As the appointed moment arrived, precisely at four o'clock, an officer's sword was raised in the air, and gleaming in the bright sunshine as it fell, gave the signal for the death-volley. A quick, sharp report, and the curling smoke from a dozen muskets, told that all was over.—The body of Don Juan was followed to the grave by the lawyers of Malaga ; and that of Rosa was buried by La Caridad, the brotherhood of Charity.

This execution was on the whole most salutary in its effect on the city of Malaga. I hardly ever knew such an instance of sudden and awful retribution. Had the Captain-General acted with less decision and promptitude—had the case been managed with the usual chicanery and delay of Spanish law tribunals, it was thought that Malaga would have become the theatre of fearful and bloody riots, which would most certainly have been turned by their leaders into occasions for gratifying party animosities and political vengeance. The excitement was intense, and it needed but the torch applied, to kindle it into a flame that would have well-nigh burned up the city. As it was, even amid the Carlist war, a calm succeeded to the agitation of the public mind, and men felt more secure than before ; for in the midst of the horrors of the civil conflict, no man in Spain could have predicted that such an assassination in any city would have been overtaken with vengeance. The fact that it so was overtaken, and that with such stern summariness, helped to save Malaga from the bloody tumults of the revolution.

Not a man doubted the guilt of Don Juan, neither was there at the time much doubt as to the participation of the wife of his victim in the murder. It was rumored that on one previous occasion they had together attempted to poison Don José. The public authorities considered her as implicated in the crime; she was therefore arrested, and for several weeks guarded by soldiers at her own house. It was thought that she would be publicly executed by the garrote, a mode of execution not unfrequently practised in Spain under the civil law. It is a very simple, though dreadful way of exterminating life, perhaps invented by the inquisition.

The criminal sits in an arm chair and an iron collar is placed round his neck, uniting by a screw behind, so that when the fatal moment arrives, a turn or two of the screw produces such a degree of compression as to cause instant death. The wife of Don José escaped this evil, being gradually forgotten by the public after the execution of Don Juan and La Rosa; an amount of justice quite unusual in Spain, amid the shocking corruption and bribery of the legal courts. I should hardly be believed, if I were to relate some illustrations of the nature of justice in Spain. And some of my own personal experience of the manner in which a gang of robbers will set all danger at defiance, and accomplish their schemes in the open villages in open day, would corroborate the wildest romance.

In the daily occurrences of human life, as well as in natural scenery, Spain is still as she was in the days of Don Quixote, one of the most romantic countries in the world, and is constantly exemplifying the verity of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

Ved que historia
Que a entrambos en un punto, o extraño Caso!
Los mata, Los eucubre, y resuscita,
Una espada, un sepulchro, una memoria.

CERVANTES.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHURCH—THE MARKETS—THE CONSTITUTION—THE FIESTAS AT MALAGA, AS VIEWED BY A PROTESTANT.

Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

THE religious condition of decaying Spain—its abject submission to the ecclesiastical despotism of Rome—its intestine feuds, and the civil internecine war then raging, weighed heavily upon the mind of the Protestant visitor at Malaga, in 1837. There are constant allusions to it in his Journal, and frequent entries like the following, after witnessing a burial-service, which is described minutely, in which a company of orphan boys, called Hijos de Providencia, or Children of Providence, had a conspicuous part. As they go along, he says, they chant and respond. But, ah! how little is here thought of the future condition of the dead? and how unprepared, it is to be feared, are the most of those who enter the eternal world under the extreme unction so vainly, superstitiously confided in, of the Priests of Rome? Sad, and dark, and gloomy, indeed, is the spiritual state of a Roman Catholic community like this of Spain. Oh, that God of his good providence might soon cause the pure and blessed religion of the Gospel, with its train of light and intelligent consolation, to supersede the ignorance and darkness of the Man of Sin!

Sabbath evening, May 7th, 1837.—Attended service at Mr. Marks, the English Consul, and heard another good sermon read from the text, "Whom having not seen ye love." This evening, in my walk, I met a procession which was announced in the Boletin this morning. It is called the procession of the Holy Cross, or, in Spanish, *La procesion de la Santa Cruz.* It was preceded and followed by soldiers of the National Guard, between whom walked priests and military officers bearing long wax candles, and six or eight others carry upon their shoulders a kind of tabernacle, in which was seen the Cross. There was another Cross also borne by a single man, and a crimson canopy borne by several others, to cover it in case of rain during the progress of the procession. The nuns uncovered their heads as it came, and the houses of the streets through which it passed had the balconies decorated with colored cloths. This is a part of the machinery of Rome, adopted from Paganism, to tickle, and please, and enslave the people; and how well it succeeds, the religious, I should rather say, the irreligious condition of the Spanish nation too plainly proves. Alas! the spiritual state of this city, and of the country in general, is sadly degraded and sunken under the long-continued, darkening reign of the Roman Catholic Apostasy.

> "Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
> Contrasted faults through all their manners reign;
> Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
> And even in penance planning sins anew.
> All evils here contaminate the mind,
> That opulence departed leaves behind."

May God of his mercy, who alone can do it, yet raise this nation from its present low estate! and may its people, ere long, by the circulation of the pure Word of God, become an enlightened and truly Christian people, and put away the childish play, as well as the Satanic corruptions, of the Man of Sin!

I have had the pleasure, since I have been here, of distributing many Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts, including quite a large number of little books for children, prettily bound with yellow covers, published by the English Tract Society in London, which were left with me for distribution, with some Spanish Bibles and other books, by an English midshipman of the frigate Tyne, to whom we had a letter of introduction from Rev. Mr. Rule, the missionary at Gibraltar. A few of their titles are familiar in English: "The Young Cottager;" "The Happy Negro;" "Honesty is the Best Policy;" "Little Henry and his Bearer." For a week or two after I began to distribute them, (which I did only in a quiet way,) the house was thronged with people after them, particularly many little children—pretty little girls and boys, of the most respectable families, who came in quest of the "libritos," or little books. Many priests also came after them, and for the "Biblia entera," or the whole Bible, which they manifested a great desire to obtain. It has afforded me great pleasure to be the instrument in thus diffusing God's truth; and I cannot but hope good may result from it, which I shall never know.

Malaga, July 7th.—There are now here, or were a few days since, a company of four or five students, wandering about the country, with guitar, flute, and tambourine, accompanied by the voice, and words generally "levantadas de la cabera," as the Spaniards say, or extemporaneous, according as subjects may present themselves, often in praise of those who give them something, and sometimes in satire of those who do not. They are often from very respectable families, and sometimes rich, spending their vacations in perambulating the country in the garb of poor musicians in search of adventures, and to see the world; a two-cornered hat on the head, and a blanket thrown over their left shoulder.

Not long since, one came here with his companions, who had a letter of recommendation to Mr. H., one of the richest men in Malaga, from whom he drew what money he wanted; and in the evening, after the ambulations of the party were finished for the day, he doffed his coarse garb, dressed himself as a gentleman, and went into society; but always joined his musical companions again the next day. Others adopt this mode to obtain something during their vacations to pay their college expenses. They come from the universities of Salamanca, Murcia, and other parts, and probably have many a curious adventure to recount to their fellow-students, on their return to college at the end of their amusing peregrinations.

The markets in Malaga now present to the eye a rich profusion of fruits and vegetables; and it is a sightly walk to pass through them. Ripe cherries of two kinds, red and black; apricots, pears, apples, not quite ripe; golden plums and damsons; *brevas* or early figs; mulberries, oranges, lemons, and many more different kinds, which I cannot name, tempt the appetite of the passer by, whose ears are assailed with the Billingsgate cries of the men and women, some of them hideous, withered old hags, that are selling them. "A tres cuartos peras muy buenas? A tres, a tres! Cerezas muy buenas!"

Besides being sold in the markets, both fruits and vegetables are hawked about the streets by men, women, and children of both sexes, whose sharp, shrill cries are very annoying to the ear. Potatoes, beans, peas, cabbages, green apples, rich heaps of that delicious vegetable, the tomato, lettuce, and all sorts of green stuff for salad; beets, carrots, turnips, *garbanzos* or Spanish peas, *altramuces* or lupines, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, spinage, cauliflower, garlic, onions of a prodigious size, and others, are piled up in abundance on each side as you pass along through the Mercado. Grapes and melons will in a few weeks be added to the list which this fine climate so abundantly affords, with little or no pains to improve the modes of cultivation. By grafting, the apples of this country might, doubtless, be greatly improved; at present they are far inferior to those of our own country, as are also the peaches.

The beef market of the city is not to be compared with that for vegetables and fruit. There is no attention paid to fattening the cattle, but they are driven to the slaughter without any special feeding, and, consequently, their flesh can neither be fat nor very tender. Spanish mutton is proverbially good, and the fish market is well supplied with a great variety. The little *buccaronies*, savory and edible beyond almost any product of the sea, seem to be a peculiar gift of Providence to the coast of Malaga. It may be regarded as a peculiar boon to the poor, for they can be obtained very cheap, and form a good part of their living. Malaga, indeed, took its original name (Malacca) from the abundance of its fish. The oysters are large, but not equal in taste to those of New York.

In a few weeks the prickly pears, or "Higos chumbos o' de Pala," will form one of the principal street cries of the boys about Malaga. Great numbers of extemporaneous tents also are erected for the sale of them. The common people are extravagantly fond of them, and sometimes they eat an enormous number at once. It is death to drink any ardent spirits or wine after eating them, as in that case they become a coagulated mass in the stomach, which it cannot possibly digest, and dreadful colics ensue. A little water is advantageous, and is generally taken with them. The most respectable people often go to these tents to eat this singular fruit, which they are wont to devour, seeds and all. Sometimes an officer will be met flogging along the streets persons who have eaten too many of them, and then have indulged in wine or spirit, and who, if not thus treated, would lie down and die of colic.

July 17*th*.—The number of Saints' days and Virgin's days, and holy Martyrs' days, and other *dias de fiesta* in the Spanish calendar, make up a sum almost equal to half the number of days in the year. Many of them, as to abstinence from labor, are observed with much more strictness than the Sabbath itself. Yesterday afternoon there was a procession called La Procession de Nuestra Señora del Carmen, which sallied out of the church of that name, on the other side of the Guadal Medina, between six and seven o'clock. First came a small guard of Nacionales, immediately followed by the full length image of a feminine saint, dressed in a long white cloak, gaily ornamented, a crown on her head, and holding in one hand an ink-stand and quill, in the other a book. She was carried on the shoulders of four men, and is called Santa Tenza, a saint that wrote a great deal, as a Spanish lady assures me, and was "Muy Literaria," of which the book and quill in her hand are emblems. A priest followed next, bearing a banner, and at the distance of a few rods came the celebrated Virgin, the veritable image of Nuestra Señora del Carmen, standing in a kind of custodium or tabernacle, having muslin curtains, drawn aside, the whole carried on the shoulders of men, who every now and then would stop and rest the weight of their holy burden upon upright posts placed upon the ground.

After "Our Lady" came a goodly company of priests with crosses, a military band of music, and as a rear guard, another company of Nacionales. These at her sallying out from church fired a salvo of musketry, and also at her return, and the people, as the procession passed along, took off their hats, though they did not kneel. It passed on as far as the bridge, and when Our Good Lady had arrived in a favorable situation to behold the sea, she most charitably blessed it with several gesticulations of her arm; and from this, the day of the procession in her honor, the ladies begin to bathe, and not before, religiously believing that after receiving her benediction, the water can do them no harm! This kind act is performed by means of joints and hinges in the arm, which are made to give the necessary motion, by means of a cord inside, pulled when the time comes, by the hand of some friendly coadjutor, for whose assistance "Our Lady" surely ought to be very thankful.

There was a little fair of fruits and toys, in the Calle del Carmen, through which the procession passed, and a large concourse of people, with more than the usual desecration of what in Protestant countries is considered, and in some measure observed as the Christian Sabbath. But alas! if one did not previously know the nature and obligations of that blessed institution, a half century of years spent in Catholic countries would not teach them to him from observation. Wherever Popery prevails, there the Sabbath is prostrated, and instead of being a blessing, is, under that wicked system, turned into a curse, for during its precious hours, men's passions run to still greater "excess of riot" than on other days. I withdrew from the scene deeply pained at witnessing these superstitious, degrading rites that cannot profit them that are occupied therein; and inwardly praying that the pure and blessed gospel might soon emerge clear as the sun, from the stupendous mass of idolatry and error under which it now lies buried.

September 9th.—Yesterday afternoon was celebrated the annual procession of the Nuestra Señora de la Victoria, being formed at the Convent of that name, where the keys of Malaga were surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. The Virgin came in the centre of the procession, in a mahogany tabernacle, adorned with artificial flowers, and having an image of the infant Saviour at her feet, both tricked out with the usual finery. The Virgin had a silver crown on her head, and a half moon, or crescent of the same material at her feet—the whole wheeled along upon a car, close to which several women were following, thinking to be healed of some infirmity in this close contiguity to their Benedita Señora. The Nacionales were all under arms, lengthening the train by their military array, and, as the procession arrived at two different points, discharges were made from two artillery pieces, the bells of course giving their usual salvo of noise. It passed down the street Victoria into the Plaza de Riego, and then back to the Convent, from whence this lady sallies once only in the year, the eighth of September.

Amid numerous observations and records like these of passing events and scenes, improving to himself for the effort of composition, it is grateful to find, by entries like the following, from time to time, in the Private Journal, that the interests of the soul and the culture of personal religion, were not neglected :

Sabbath afternoon, July 23rd.—This day I have solemnly renewed my covenant with God ; and oh, that he may grant me strength to keep it better than I have yet done. His grace alone is sufficient for me. To my deep sorrow, in the bitterness of my soul have I again and again experienced my own utter weakness and folly—my readiness to fall into temptation, and depart from the Lord. Oh that it may never more be thus! Lord, keep me evermore near to thee. "Never let me from thee wander; keep me near thee till I die." In Cowper's words would I say:

> But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
> Still bind me to thy sway;
> Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
> Drives all these thoughts away.

Perhaps more than at any former period of my Christian course (though it is needed at all times), is the necessity now more urgent of fervent, constant prayer. I am here in this Roman Catholic city, where the Sabbath is observed by all classes merely as a day of recreation; I see all around me careless and unconcerned for their immortal souls; and this where there is no temple dedicated to the pure worship of God, and the preaching of the blessed Gospel—where there is no one that I know of with whom to enjoy Christian communion and fellowship.

By the unspeakable goodness of God, my health is vastly improved; but this, in one sense, furnishes another reason for increased energy, watchfulness, and prayer, as, in proportion as my strength increases, so increases the strength of my animal nature. Here, then, must I diligently watch against temptation. "Keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." I am alone. I have no one to commune with freely upon the things that pertain to the kingdom of God—to the everlasting welfare of the immortal soul. Oh, Holy Spirit, Divine Comforter, be thou my guide; take of the things of Christ and show them unto me, and impart to my soul sweet peace and joy in believing in him. Blessed Jesus, be thou my friend, whose love never faileth. Let me ever abide at the foot of thy cross, and there may all my sins be washed away by faith in thy precious blood.

"Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm the feeble knee;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And every door is shut but one—
Yet that is mercy's door.

There till the dear Deliverer come,
I'll wait with humble prayer;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find him there."

Sabbath evening, *September* 17*th*, 1837.—This morning, at twelve o'clock, in compliance with previous arrangement, I went to the lodgings of a young man, an Englishman,[*] by the name of Cooper, where we united in reading the beautiful service of the Church of England, and I hope with some spiritual enjoyment and devotion. This young man has spent a considerable part of his life in the British provinces of North America, where his friends now reside. He has come to Malaga for his health, and is writing in a counting-house. He is the only person I am acquainted with in Malaga, who seems to have any true interest in spiritual things. Yesterday he wrote me a note, proposing that we should meet on the forenoon of Sunday, and join together in the service of the Church, thus signalizing that day by some social religious act. This I am most glad to do, the family of the British Consul having gone to England; and hope it may be attended with our mutual benefit. To-day an American captain and his wife dined with us. I have had to listen and take part in much miscellaneous conversation. I may say with emphasis, in the words of a beautiful hymn of Steele:

Alas, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven then let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

I am, indeed, surrounded with evil influences, with snares and temptations, and spiritual enemies, both within and without. I have done wrong this afternoon in walking out with the company we had, and thus involving myself in a sea of perplexing doubts, and recriminations of conscience. I will not do it again, the Lord helping me. I will endeavor to act in all things as conscience dictates, and never go contrary to it. This will cost me a struggle, for I am not unfrequently in situations where much decision is needed; but by the grace of God, I will exercise it. I will strive to keep the Sabbath holy, even to the end of it. I will make it a day of spiritual reading, meditation and prayer—"a day holy unto the Lord, honorable." I will, by the grace and assistance of God, strive to have a conscience void of offence in all things towards God and towards man. And O gracious and blessed Redeemer, help me so to do, and mercifully purge my conscience from all the stains of guilt it has contracted. "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sins;" and grant me that purity and solid peace, which the world can neither give nor take away.

A letter to his eldest brother, then in London, about this time, alluding to recent intelligence from America says:—

How rejoiced am I to hear of the revival in New York! What blessed news, and how should I delight to have some pleasant Christian friend to participate in the joy it occasions. But there is here no one like-minded, who cares for these things, and to whom to communicate such news with any prospect of reciprocation. One thing I am able to do; I can turn the current of my joy into the channel of praise and prayer, for the continuance of this precious blessing, and for its extension over our whole beloved land. Perhaps the Lord means to make this a year signal, and long to be remembered by his church, and by many rejoicing converts, for the glorious outpouring of his Holy Spirit. May He in the abundance of His mercy, and almighty power, grant that it may be so. I long to hear the particulars of this blessed work, and whether the same Holy Agent continues to display His power in our beloved native place.

I have to overcome a great deal of inertia in writing in my journal. But taking for my motto "Labor omnia vincit," I mean to achieve a complete description of all we have seen and met with.

A letter to his sister in Hallowell, at the same period notes with thankfulness the improvement in his health, and contains his itinerary of a day in Malaga, which sheds instructive light upon his character and habits at that time.

My Very Dear Sister.—I am continually thinking of you all, and often, very often, I endeavor to paint your probable situation before me in my mind's eye, and imagine myself present, conversing with my beloved Mother and sister. Particularly when your welcome letters are received, does my heart leap out in earnest longing to behold your faces, and enjoy the sweet reality of a personal interview. And how would such an interview gladden your hearts, for you would see in my appearance the ocular demonstration of a vast improvement in my health. I have not had the slightest attack of asthma for two months, and the one I then experienced was very light. Indeed my system seems now to be fairly emerging from the bondage of that distressing disorder, which has so long cramped its energies, and hindered me from the fulfilment of my fondest wishes; and with cheerful gratitude would I record this unspeakable blessing, and pray for its continuance, and that I may have grace to use all my returning health and strength in the pure and blessed service of Him who gives it. When I compare my present comfortable health with my exhausted, suffering, and almost dying condition, last year, at this time under my own native roof, administered to and alleviated by the fond attentions of my beloved Mother and sister, well may my heart be filled with gratitude at the change, and that I am now in a state not to need those tender cares, though far removed from all those so dear to me, who have been wont to bestow them.

It is now more than five weeks since I began to bathe regularly every day in the sea, except the Sabbath, and it has been of great advantage to my health; besides I have learned, perfectly, that noble and useful art of swimming. I get up every morning at half-past five, and go down with my compañero, Uncle's servant, José, to enjoy the luxury of my bath in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, which I can assure you is very grateful. There are several other Spanish young gentlemen, that bathe at the same time and place with myself, though the greater part of the people bathe in the evening. At that time, between eight and nine or ten o'clock, the highest Señoritas and Señoras in Malaga, as well as the lowest, avail themselves of this healthful and refreshing amusement; and perhaps our New England ladies would be astonished to hear that there are many of them very good swimmers.

After my bath, I generally take an hour's walk, then return to my room, and commence the duties of the day. We have breakfast about nine, and the forenoon I generally devote to studying the Spanish, and recite a lesson to Magdalena after dinner. Between one and two o'clock I take a short walk, and go into the Gabineté de Lectura, or Reading Room, which was established here at the commencement of the year, and is a very pleasant place of resort. As Uncle is a subscriber, I have a carte blanche. The principal Spanish periodicals, as well as French and English papers, are here taken, and Uncle receives from time to time files of New York papers, so that I do not fail to be informed of news from all parts of the world, that from my own beloved country, as you may naturally suppose, always taking precedence in interest.

After dinner, which we have a little before three o'clock, having spent an hour with Magdalena, I read or write, often the latter in my journal, and at evening take a walk. I retire to bed between ten and eleven, and now, dear E. I have given you the history of a day, having been thus particular in compliance with your known and oft expressed desires.

We are as a family one, "Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our comforts and our cares." I often think of this beautiful hymn, and sometimes sing it, though it is singing the songs of Zion in a strange land, for I have no Christian friend to unite with me in its spirit. How blessed it is that besides the bonds of natural affection which bind us, we are also joined in heart by the strong delightful ties of Christian love and fellowship, and though we are now widely separated in space, may this happy union be daily more and more firmly cemented till we are one in heaven.

"The homes of this world become dim and decay,
And friends, when they meet, are too soon called to sever;
But the mansions prepared in the regions of day,
Stand beaming and beautiful ever and ever,
And those, whom the Saviour shall lead to that shore,
Shall stray from its mansions and part never-more."

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXPERIMENT AND EXPERIENCE OF A VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA, WITH NOTES UPON MONTEVIDEO AND BUENOS AYRES.

There is no light without companion shade;
  There are no griefs which do not herald joys:
In Nature's balance all are fairly weighed,
  And every thing must have its equipoise.
There is no gold withouten some alloys,
  And no alloys which are entirely dross;
Day weighs with darkness—silence follows noise;
  Life has two sides—its profit and its loss.

Anon.

Leaving, with regret, the salubrious clime of Andalusia, where, as we have seen, the experiment upon the health of the invalid was in successful progress, we are out once more upon the swelling Atlantic. We have noted the improvement effected in the summer of 1837, and the joy and gratitude elicited by the prospect of returning health. We have seen how life could be enjoyed by one every way fitted for its enjoyment, when the grasp of disease was somewhat relaxed.

The short period of sunshine must now be followed by a long one of shade. The joy of health must give place to the grief of sickness. The sparkling wine of life must be dashed with its wormwood. The profit and the loss must alternate, in order perhaps that character may gain its equipoise ; certainly that the wise, though inscrutable purposes of God's gracious discipline may be accomplished with his child, and that it may be seen hereafter, if not now, how all things work together for good to them that love God.

Not forgetting the principle of letting well enough alone, nor without some doubts on the score of expediency, but over-ruled by the opinion and advice of others, by whom he had, in a measure, to be governed, the beloved subject of these memorials again departed upon a long sea voyage, for which there offered a favorable opportunity in the autumn of 1837, from Malaga to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, in the bark Isaac Ellis, Capt. Spring. His Private Journal at the time evinces considerable solicitude and doubt in respect to the change and undertaking. But, in the order of Divine Providence, it was so to be. Letters to his Sister, dated at sea, October 26th, 1837, and afterwards at Montevideo, let us into his estate, employments, and prospects on shipboard, and after arriving again at land :

Bark Isaac Ellis, Long. 30° *W.*

My Dearly Beloved Sister—Our voyage may now fairly be considered as half accomplished.

You will naturally wish to know of my present situation and employments on shipboard, and I can with pleasure give you the particulars. Captain S. and myself occupy the after cabin of the vessel—a small, but nevertheless comfortable little place, separated by a partition from the cabin in which we eat, and where the first and second mates have their berths. Here, if you could some evening peep in, particularly that of the Sabbath, you might find us seated upon the transoms, on our respective sides of the cabin, singing together one of the sweet songs of Zion, and talking of home and native land—the Captain of his wife and "bairns," and I of a dear Mother, Sister, and Brothers. I find him on shipboard as he was on land—a gentlemanly, agreeable, intelligent man, and one actuated by Christian principle, the sea and the command of his own vessel not having caused that metamorphosis which took place in our quondam captain. No work but that absolutely necessary in managing the vessel is done on the Sabbath; the decks are quiet, and the men may improve the day if they will, in a proper manner, which, alas, few, in the true spiritual sense of the word, are disposed to do.

My employments principally alternate between reading and writing. In Spanish I am reading Don Quixote, which I commenced long since. I read a chapter daily in the Spanish Bible, having already finished the New Testament.

You may be assured, dear E., that it was not in itself from any desire of roving that I have become again a wanderer on the deep. Oh, how gladly would I return if my health would permit, and again nestle down in the quiet home of my childhood's happy hours, where we have, in later years, enjoyed so much delightful Christian communion and fellowship. "Those peaceful hours we once enjoyed, How sweet their memory still." Sweet indeed is their recollection; and may the Lord, in his unspeakable goodness, permit us again to renew them, with the blessings on both sides of health and happy peace.

The circumstance which perhaps has annoyed me more than anything else, in leaving Malaga so suddenly, was the uncertainty I am in concerning the future movements of dear George, and the surprise and regret that my unexpected departure may occasion him. I do most earnestly hope that by the blessing of God we may meet again at Malaga, on his return to the United States in the spring. My return, I dare not say, sweet as it would be to have it in prospect. When it may be I can little foretel, or what may be my future situation and circumstances in life, if it should be prolonged. "The way of man is not in himself: it is not in a man that walketh to direct his steps." May the Lord in much mercy "order all my footsteps by his word," and guide me in all my paths in the way that shall be most for his own glory and my highest good. I surely have much reason for gratitude in the very great improvement that has taken place in my health during my residence at Malaga. The hope of getting rid of my asthma in a hurry, I have quite given up. It has got too strong a hold, and become too thoroughly intertwined with my very constitution, to be thus easily loosened.

The utter uncertainty of my future course in life, makes me often perplexed and undecided as to what studies I shall most direct my attention. With what an ardent zest—with how much delight, if my health would only permit, could I quietly sit down to a course of hard, thorough, systematic study, with a view to preparation for the Gospel ministry, unworthy vessel though I should be of bearing so rich a treasure. But this fondly-cherished, long-indulged hope, though I cannot help yet tenderly clinging to it, perhaps, considering my health, I ought to abandon. It may be more my duty to address myself to the pursuits of commerce, or of some active business life.

At the same time we find his soul breathing itself in the pages of his Diary as follows:

My heart mourns at being so far separated from my brother abroad, and all my other beloved friends; and I sometimes feel greatly perplexed and in doubt whether I ought to have taken this voyage. Oh Lord, wilt thou in thy mercy show by its beneficial results, that it was not a mis-step. Direct my steps, and guide me in all my ways. Save me from future temptation, and forgive my innumerable past transgressions. Preserve me, oh Lord, from depression and unbelief. Grant me a strong and overcoming faith in Jesus my Great Redeemer, my Atonement, and High Priest. We do not have worship on the Sabbath as I could wish; but all unnecessary labor is suspended, and stillness reigns on board, the crew being at rest, and at liberty to spend the Lord's Day in a proper manner.

Montevideo, *November 24th*, 1837.—I think I may say that I never felt more deeply my cause for gratitude, at once more finding myself upon the solid land, after a voyage upon the deceitful ocean, and a merciful preservation from all its perils. How thankfully would I add, with health greatly improved by the voyage; but with a reluctant sadness I am compelled to state, for I know your fond hearts will be grieved by the intelligence that my strong hopes of benefit from this voyage have been completely defeated. For the last three weeks of it, I was a constant sufferer from my distressing disorder. Thus has the Lord seen fit again "to weaken my strength by the way," and disappoint my fondest hopes. I would feel that it is he who hath done it, and would bow with submission, to his will. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"Although assurance all be lost,
  And blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
  And glory that he died for me."

Blessed be the name of the Lord, he has not left me comfortless in my affliction. I do feel sweet peace—something of that which the world can neither give nor take away—in committing myself and my dearly beloved friends from whom

I am so far separated, and all our interests for time and for eternity, into the hands of him, who is, I trust, to us all, a faithful, covenant-keeping God. His will be done.

I am much better since I came on shore. I find myself very pleasantly accommodated at the Fonda del Vapor, kept by a Mr. Palmer, an American. There is no doubt, I think, that by the Lord's blessing I shall recruit greatly during my stay here and at Buenos Ayres. The weather is very warm and pleasant; there is a profusion of fruits and vegetables, and ripe strawberries of an enormous size, in abundance, this being here the last month of spring, which corresponds to our May. I feel much better for an escape from the confinement of shipboard, having the whole city before me to exercise in, instead of the narrow limits of a ship's decks.

At the same time, in a letter to his brother Henry, he says:

During my sufferings upon the voyage, I was not a little perplexed and depressed by feeling doubtful whether I ought to have undertaken it, and fearful the plan might not meet the approbation of my beloved friends, with various other unbelieving suggestions, which greatly harassed me. But I determined at last to cast all my care upon the Lord—to solve all my doubts by humble faith in him, even though I might have taken an erroneous step, and misinterpreted the leadings of his Providence. I tried to act conformably to the sentiment of one of Cowper's most beautiful hymns:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

How delightful! how consoling is every verse of it! His hymns in the Selection, as well as those there of other authors, have afforded me great consolation, even when my voice has been too weak, and my breath too short to allow me (as I would often fain do), to sing forth aloud their sweet stanzas. How would I delight, if it could be so in health, to be now sitting with you at our own snug little fireside, listening with quiet enjoyment, to some of our favorite hymns, from the voice and piano of our own sweet Sister! O how my heart yearns for fresh news from you all, and what a long, weary time it may be yet, ere I receive it! I shall probably be here and at Buenos Ayres till the first or middle of January.

We turn now to the Religious Journal of date Montevideo.

Sabbath Evening, *Nov. 27th.*—I have had rather a suffering day from asthma, though much better than last Sabbath. This evening had a pleasant season of prayer, walking upon the house-top, and enjoying the pure, fresh air, which is here very dry and elastic. The asthma still hangs with its leaden weight upon my constitution, depresses my animal spirits, and draws away my vigor. Still would I not complain, but endeavor meekly to bow, and say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." I have read to-day the 38th chapter of Isaiah, which contains the account of Hezekiah's sickness, and miraculous cure.

With much emphasis can I use some of his words and find them my most appropriate petitions. "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." "Undertake for me." "Heal me and I shall be healed;" grant, if it is thy will, that this evil disease which now cleaveth fast to me, may be removed. But, O deny me not one thing, for Jesus sake deny it not; O grant that whatever may be the dispensations of thy will, whatever thou mayst ordain, "pleasing or painful, dark or bright," may by thy grace be abundantly sanctified to my highest spiritual good; that these afflictions, which compared with eternity, endure but for a moment, may "work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Have not been out abroad to-day. There is here no Protestant church, but at Buenos Ayres I hope to enjoy the privilege of once more entering a temple dedicated to the pure, spiritual worship of God. On the fifteenth, in much bodily weakness, but I trust, spiritual sincerity, I renewed my covenant with God, that day being its seventh anniversary. O Lord, I entreat thee, grant me grace to walk according to its tenor.

December 17*th*, *Sabbath Evening*.—The last week I have been suffering much, from a renewed attack of asthma. Last Sabbath was very unwell as it was just commencing. How my heart longs for news from my dear friends, and for their sweet endearing society! Have read this afternoon a few pages in the "Way to do good." May I view thine hand in all my sufferings, O Lord, and have grace meekly and sincerely to say "Thy will be done."

It was here that he made up the following narrative and log of his voyage, in a correspondence for the New York Observer:—

Montevideo, *Dec.*, 1837.—We set sail from the Mediterranean port of Malaga, on a fine sunny day, the first of October. The early morning, a strange thing in that loveliest of climates, had been foggy; but the sun soon chased the vapors over the sides and tops of the vine-clad mountains of Andalusia, and by sunset, under the influence of a very gentle easterly breeze, we were gliding gradually along in sight of the grey rock of Gibraltar.

The next morning, between nine and ten, we were just abreast of it,—the rock with its impregnable fortifications, barracks, hospitals, and other buildings, wearing even a more singular appearance than usual; its venerable summit being entirely enveloped in a thick bank of mist, while over our heads the bright sun was shining clearly, and the heavens free from a cloud. As we rapidly opened the bay of Gibraltar, with a pleasant breeze filling our sails, the scene was beautiful. The blue outline of the African coast, with the classic waters of the Mediterranean, were spread out on our left to the eastward; on our right, to the West and North, Algeciras and the Spanish coast rose like an amphitheatre, with the rock and town of Gibraltar, and the shipping in the bay; while in front we held our own course between the two continents of Europe and Africa.

About twelve o'clock we passed Tarifa with a fine fresh breeze, studding sails set, and dashing along at a rapid rate Its old Moorish and Spanish fortifications give it a romantic appearance. And indeed the historical associations connected with it have a deep interest, for it was at this point, about A. D. 713, that the Moorish troops first invaded Spain, under the command of that famous Captain, Taric el Tuerto—or Taric the one eyed, whose achievements Washington Irving has celebrated in one of his volumes of the Crayon Miscellany

"He chose a dark night to convey his troops across the Straits of Hercules, and by break of day they began to disembark at Tarifa before the country had time to take the alarm. A few Christians hastily assembled in the neighborhood, and opposed their landing, but were easily put to flight. Taric stood on the sea side, and watched until the last squadron had landed, and all the horses, armor, and munitions of war, were brought on shore. He then gave orders to fire the ships. The Moslems were struck with terror when they beheld their fleet wrapped in flames and smoke, and sinking beneath the waves. 'How shall we escape,' exclaimed they, 'if the fortune of war should be against us?' 'There is no escape for the coward!' cried Taric, 'the brave man thinks of none; your only chance is victory.' 'But how without ships shall we ever return to our homes?' 'Your home,' replied Taric, 'is before you; but you must win it with your swords.'"

We could see very plainly, close under the point, the wreck of the magnificent steam-ship "Don Juan," which was here lost about fifteen or twenty days previous in a fog, probably through the negligence or incapacity of the captain, who judging himself far enough out to steer N. W. for Cadiz, brought his vessel full up on Tarifa point. She was a perfectly new and splendidly finished steam-ship of 800 tons,—having cost more than £40,000 sterling, this being only her second voyage between London and Malaga, touching at Lisbon, Cadiz and Gibraltar. The passengers and crew, with their baggage and the specie on board, were all saved, but all her splendid finishing, her rich adornments, are the mockery of the waves in the stables of sea monsters. Beneath the troubled surface of the mighty ocean, what untold treasures, what fearful and curious remains, outrun the wildest dreams of Shakspeare's imagination.

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

At evening we had left far behind the land of both continents,--Cape Trafalgar on the European side, and Cape Spartel on the African. A Spanish barque that left Malaga about the same time with ourselves, was nowhere to be seen. The broad Atlantic lay before us, and many a day to sail upon its restless bosom, ere we could reach our destined port. In such a case, whether time passes tediously or not, must depend very much on the direction of the voyage, and the particular temperament of each individual. With us the voyage was agreeably enlivened, and its monotony broken, ere it had begun to be felt, by passing in sight of two interesting groups of islands, the Canaries and Cape de Verd.

Saturday, Oct. 7.—Latitude 28 deg. 16 min. N., longitude 16 deg. 46 min. W. This morning we came in sight of the Peak of Teneriffe, and have been sailing along in view of several of the Canaries all day. The appearance of the Peak was singularly majestic and sublime. When we first discovered it, nothing was to be seen but its very top, its bald head peering up into the heavens at an immense height above the bank of clouds that surrounded the horizon, and calmly looking out in silent majesty over the thick, foggy atmosphere of the regions below. In the course of the forenoon the clouds dispersed, and we had for several hours a full view of this celebrated mountain, said by geographers to be 13,500 feet in height. The whole island is very high land, and rises rather gradually to the immense height of the Peak About noon we passed along the island of Gomera, on our larboard side, generally bearing about southeast. The side presented to our view appeared rough and barren, the eye being able to discern with the glass but two or three spots at all cultivated. Passing Teneriffe, we had on our starboard side, very far distant, the island of Palma.

This afternoon we have been passing between Gomera and Ferro, bearing about N. E. and S. W. Ferro is the island from which the Portuguese charts were anciently graduated. The Canaries, as well as Madeira and the Cape de Verds, are all under Portuguese dominion. Madeira we passed yesterday; but much to my regret, the weather was so cloudy that we could not see it. The water to-day has not been at all discolored by our vicinity to land, retaining the same deep blue that marks it in the middle of the Atlantic. These islands rise suddenly from the ocean, having no soundings from one to the other, or in the water around them—thrown up, doubtless, from the bed of the deep by some volcanic eruption.

Friday evening, October 13th.—Lat. 16° 39′ *N. long.* 25° 55′ *W.*—Last evening, about eight o'clock, we came fully in sight of San Antonio, the northwesternmost island of the Cape de Verd group. The night was magnificent, and I remained on deck a long time, enjoying its beauties and gazing on the high land of the island which reared itself far above the ocean to the south. The wind was very light, the sea gently ruffled, and our good bark glided slowly along beneath the silver rays of a beautiful moon, illumining our path over the mighty waters, and bringing out in solemn, majestic relief against the horizon, the elevated island we were passing. There was something in the perfect stillness of the night, and in the whole scene around us, that seemed to command our inmost souls to a solemn, holy silence before the Almighty Architect of the universe—the being, whose works by night so emphatically "declare his glory"—who himself seemed presently saying, "Be still, and know that I am God."

This is the group of islands that suffered so terribly a few years since from famine, when relief was humanely sent them from the United States. One of the vessels that then carried them provisions was bound to the same port as ourselves, Buenos Ayres, taking that singular zig-zag course—the usual one for vessels from the United States bound to Buenos Ayres, even when they do not touch at the islands. The object is to get advantage of the southeast trade winds which commence in a few degrees lower latitude; and the northeast trades being of equal benefit in coming to that point from America, as they have been to us in sailing from the Straits of Gibraltar. We are now in the latitude of the light, changeable winds, called the "Variables," which prevail between the two trades—about losing the N. E. and not having yet entered the latitude of the S. E. On the ninth we crossed the tropic of Cancer. The thermometer ranges from 70° to 80° in the shade.

Saturday, 14*th.*—Last evening we witnessed an eclipse of the moon. An eclipse at sea is, perhaps, on some accounts, more peculiarly impressive than on land. The beautiful moon seems a friend to the mariner in his lonely way over the deep ; and when, as last night, having risen in all her glory, mildly illumining our path, her full round orb becomes gradually darkened and hid from view, there is a solemn and almost awful glory investing all objects. The ship ploughs her way darkly and silently along—everything is still—the stars which were before hardly to be seen, now start out innumerable from the splendid vault of heaven, their twinkling soon again in their turn eclipsed, and cheerfulness restored to the scene by the returning glories of their superior luminary.

October 23rd.—We have probably taken the S. E. trades, though they have not yet become settled from the usual quarter. I can now testify, from my own observation, to the truth of all that has been said as to the worms that are generated in the Malaga fruit. Our cargo consists of fruit, wine, olives, etc. ; and for two weeks past we have been overrun with that kind of live stock. They have come out into the cabin in immense numbers, and penetrated into every nook and crevice they can find—into books, clothes, and trunks, weaving a light web at the end of their vermicular wanderings, and enclosing themselves in it to hatch their eggs and die. They are about an inch long, fat and oily, and, if killed upon paper, they leave a greasy stain. The Captain tells us that the same fruit, if kept in store, will have another crop of worms six or eight months hence.

October 25th.—Lat. 24′ *S., long.* 28° 10′ *W.*—This morning, about seven o'clock, we crossed the Equator, transferred in a moment by that simple imaginary line from the northern to the southern hemisphere. This noon we were twenty-four miles south of it, according to the latitude I have given. We have seen immense numbers of flying fish, and several have flown aboard. They have a singular and beautiful appearance, as they skim along in immense schools just above the waves, in which they often light, dip their wings, and take a fresh start, keeping above water till they become dry, when they are compelled again to drop into their native element; perhaps, poor things, to become the prey of some swift dolphin, whose eager pursuit they were eluding by a temporary flight in the air.

November 14*th*.—We have had several albatrosses wheeling their majestic circles round the vessel—one grey-headed, venerable-looking fellow, of an immense size, whose skin, well stuffed, and placed in one of our museums, would attract attention. He would form a most excellent prototype of the albatross in the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," some passages of which, read by one at sea, have an import that is almost terrific. How expressive the following verse to one who has been becalmed:

> Day after day, day after day,
>   We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
> As idle as a painted ship
>   Upon a painted ocean.

The next verse is truly terrific in its import, and almost makes one's mouth parch in reading it:

> Water, water, everywhere;
>   The very boards did shrink.
> Water, water, everywhere—
>   Nor any drop to drink

November 17*th*.—This day we arrived in sight of the land of South America, about forty miles S. W. of Cape Santa Maria, very low, and to an unpractised eye, at first scarcely perceptible. Last evening the sun set most magnificently, the sky unsullied by even the slightest cloud, and the atmosphere of a most transparent clearness. The Magellan clouds were more distinctly visible than they have been during the voyage. They seem to be a cluster of stars, appearing like two detached portions of what is called the "Milky Way," lighter than the most fleecy summer cloud. They are generally seen about as high as the Equator. Magellan, the Spanish navigator, who first passed the Straits which bear his name, gave it also to these constellations.

Yesterday morning we began to perceive a decided change in the color of the water, from the deep blue of mid-ocean to a dark sea green, indicating our approach to soundings, which we obtained in the afternoon, in forty fathoms, and again in the evening in thirty. The lead has been thrown frequently to-day, bringing up fine sand and shells sticking to the piece of a candle which is jammed for this purpose into a suitable hole left in the lower end. Now commenced a season of watchfulness and anxiety for the Captain, far more wearisome than when on mid-ocean, with abundant sea-room in case of storm. He must set his courses and have his ship steered with the greatest exactness, and cautiously guard against the influence of dangerous and variable currents, as a small mistake might now lose his vessel.

Many useful and appropriate illustrations, if the heart be disposed for such meditations, may be drawn from the navigation of a ship, and a sea life, for the spiritual voyage of the Christian. He, too, must guard most sedulously against the currents and counter-currents in his course—the ebb and flow of temptation and prejudice, for which he must always make allowance in his spiritual account. He will often have to "brace up" sharp against a head wind and a head sea of opposing passions and influences; still, like the mariner, he must keep his spiritual bark "stiff" upon her true course, however tossed and driven he may be by adverse gales, cheered in the darkest hour by the blessed assurance that "skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm;" and, that though unseen by mortal eyes, he will guide in safety his faithful disciple to the haven of eternal rest, to that blest shore,

> Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar.

Yours, etc., N. C.

We give here a few more extracts from the South American Journal, embracing the natural observations of a traveller in realms yet to be the fair abodes of regenerated humanity.

Montevideo, *Wednesday*, *Dec.* 10*th*, 1837.—Since my last date I have been rambling about the city, as health would permit, and have gathered some information of the place I am in. The houses are of but one and two stories, and those of the principal merchants generally have a small tower raised above the roof, which is flat, from whence they may see the vessels off the port, and those coming in.

The city is situated in a kind of peninsula, having the water on three sides: the Rio de la Plata to the S. W., the Bay to the N. E., and the Atlantic to the East. The land rises gradually, sloping on either side to the water. The city is laid out after a regular plan, the streets running at right angles, and thus forming squares upon which are erected the buildings. The population is said to be about twenty thousand, and rapidly increasing. A vast amount of building is going on, and the price of labor of all kinds is very high. Rents are also high, and living expensive. Mutton and beef are almost the only articles of food that are very cheap. Beef is about one dollar the arroba, or four cents a pound, there being twenty-five pounds to the arroba.

There are not any particularly fine public buildings in the city. The principal Church or Cathedral, here called La Iglesia Matrix, is quite an ordinary edifice, built of brick, left on the outside without stucco, and unfinished. On the inside it is complete, but with very little ornament. It is situated on one side of the Plaza Grande, or principal public square of the city, and on the opposite is the Cabildo, or the City Hall. There is a very good News Room and Commercial Hall, which has a look-out and telegraph communicating with one established on the Cerro or Mount on the opposite side of the bay to the westward. By these vessels are signalized to a considerable distance. This mountain, from which the city is named Montevideo, ascends gradually, and being covered with green to the very top, and its apex crowned with a fort, now used as a telegraph station, has a picturesque appearance.

The face of the country is gently undulating, and well calculated to pasture the immense numbers of cattle in which the riches of both this and the Argentine Republic may be said almost solely to exist. The immense flocks and herds that are here owned by individual men, remind one of the pastoral wealth of the early patriarchs mentioned in Scripture. Job's substance was seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses—eleven thousand in all, while, on some *estancias* in this country, they have twenty-five thousand horned cattle alone, not including, perhaps, a complement of between two and three thousand sheep, and one thousand horses! This is patriarchal wealth, indeed. The business of the *saladeros*—the establishments where the cattle are killed, and the beef cured and dried—is said to be exceedingly lucrative. Every part of this useful animal is valuable, even to their bones, which are here much used as fuel to burn brick. In their hides, tallow, and horns, is carried on the great export trade of the country. Great quantities of the jerked beef are carried to Havana, for the consumption of the slaves.

We find this little Republic, La Republica Oriental, or La Banda Oriental, as it is sometimes called, in a state of civil war, arising from the contention for power between the former and first president—Don José Fructuosa Rivera—and the present incumbent and head of the government forces, Don Manuel Orirbe. A day or two since news came by several chasquis, or couriers, of the total defeat in an engagement about forty leagues from here, on the river Yi, of the rebel chief Rivera. The city was soon in an uproar of enthusiasm, the bells set to ringing, guns fired, and music, and illuminations, in the evening. The thing will not, however, be finished till he is either taken prisoner or killed, one of which two events, for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped, may speedily take place. Its interests are very much injured, and commerce unfavorably affected by the state of uncertainty that now exists.

There are but very few regular troops in the city; but a National Guard of about five hundred men, who do the duty of patrols and sentinels. Each one wears in his hat a band of white ribbon, with the inscription, "Defensor de las Leyes," "Defender of the laws." Some who wear this inscription, look as though, instead of being its defenders, they would be the first to violate the law. Fighting, in this country, is carried on almost entirely on horseback; that being the mode of warfare to which, from their constant habit of riding, the inhabitants are most accustomed. The soldiers are armed with a lance, carbine, sabre, and pistols, and after discharging their fire-arms, they attack each other hand to hand—*cuerpo à cuerpo*—so that an engagement is often a series of personal combats.

Horses are raised in immense numbers; an excellent one can be bought for fifteen or twenty dollars, and the very best for twenty-five or thirty; the expense of keeping in the city, amounting, in about a month, to the original price of the horse. Travelling is here chiefly performed on horseback, and the rate at which the people ride, and the number of leagues they perform in a day, is astonishing; ninety or one hundred miles a day being not an unusual journey. A gallop is the usual pace, and little consideration is felt for the well-being of the animal, who thus faithfully carries them, for when one is killed by over-exertion, a few dollars only is required to supply his place. The horses, however, being first broke to this rapid mode, become accustomed, and hardened to it.

The costume of the country people, or *guachos* as they are here called, to the eye of a stranger is very novel and singular.

They generally wear on horseback a kind of cloak, called poncho, made with a hole at the top, fitted for the neck, hanging before and behind, covering the arms, but leaving them less embarrassed than the common one. These are of various colors, some of blue cloth, others of a flaming scarlet red, others of a strong cotton cloth, variously striped. Their lower dress is generally a pair of cotton drawers, or pantaloons, with a fringe, over which is fastened round the waist a piece of thick red cloth, going quite round the body, and the ends meeting in front; a clumsy dress, one would think, for a laboring man. As they gallop rapidly through the country, their gay costume flaunting in the wind, they realise the idea which imagination has formed from pictures in childhood. A hat or cap is the usual covering for the head. The drawers and sash, of red or other cloth, and sometimes a coarse white gown or frock, is a usual costume among the laboring classes, or *peones* in the city.

Slavery is permitted, although there is in operation a gradual scheme of emancipation. A law was sanctioned by the House of Representatives, when the Oriental State had just declared itself independent, on the 7th of September 1825, declaring all to be free, without exception of origin, that should be born from that day forward, and prohibiting the traffic in slaves from a foreign country. They are sometimes introduced clandestinely, but the whole number in all the province does not amount probably to more than five or six thousand.

This Province declared itself independent by its representatives, assembled in the town of Florida, the 25th of August 1825; and by a treaty of peace between the Argentine Republic, and the empire of Brazil, signed at Rio Janeiro, 28th of August, 1828, its independence was acknowledged under guarantee of Great Britain. Its present constitution was sanctioned by the Constitutional Assembly, September 10th, 1829. It much resembles in its general provisions that of the United States, from the model of which the constitutions of most of the South American Republics are formed. There is a Senate and House of Representatives chosen by the people, and a President elected for four years. The territory of the republic is divided into twelve departments, each one of which sends a senator to the Assembly. It contains three cities, viz: Montevideo, La Colonica, and Maldonado; seventeen towns and nine villages or pueblos.

The police regulations of the city are very good; murders and robberies of rare occurrence. The "serenos" or watchmen patrol the streets at night, carrying a lantern, and well armed with lance and pistols, beginning to cry the hour at ten o'clock, and mentioning the state of the weather as in old Spain. They are so numerous, that it is safe passing the streets at any hour of the night. Montevideo lies in Lat. 34° 54′, South; and Long. 56° 14′, West. The whole republic is said to contain seventy-nine thousand square miles, and about eighty thousand inhabitants, its population rapidly increasing by foreign emigration. There are no wild Indians within the province; but many of the country people—peones, or guachos—seem to be a kind of civilised Indians, their features and complexion much like those of North America, cheek bones very high, hair jet black, long, and straight.

Land is about $2,000 the square league, and some Estancias contain as many as fifty or sixty square leagues. On some of these the proprietors live, and have comfortable houses, on others there is no building but a few miserable ranchos, or sheds, for the peones who take care of the cattle. On the estancias distant from the city, they generally cultivate only land enough to afford vegetables for family use, as their great source of profit is the raising of cattle. The dried or jerked beef looks anything but fit to eat, as one sees it thrown like sheep-skins from the carts into the lighters for embarkation. Indeed in its appearance at a little distance, it has a resemblance to old dried pelts, being cut in slices from every part of the animal, whose carcass may literally be said to be flayed to a skeleton, the bones of which, as I have said before, are used to burn brick.

As to the climate its sudden changes do not agree with me, although the air is very pure. The wind is almost all the time blowing hard from some quarter or other of the compass, which is not very favorable for complaints of the chest.

Buenos Ayres, *January* 18*th*, 1838.—Since my last date I have become a temporary sojourner in this city, and another year has commenced its swift career. On the evening of the 24th of December, I embarked on board the little packet schooner Eupacia, of eighty tons burthen.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, we came safely to anchor in front of the city, in the inner roads, and immediately after having received the visit of the boarding officers, we went on shore, being transferred from the boat to a cart, and from the cart discharged upon terra firma much to our content after a good round jolting—truly a novel way of landing. This mode is really ridiculous, and it is a good commentary on Spanish indolence and want of enterprise. There is a bank or shoal in front of the city, having on it from one to three feet of water, extending out perhaps the sixteenth of a mile ; and this distance you have to be carried in a rickety cart drawn by horses or mules, which backs up to the boat, and receives you to be spattered and jolted at the mercy of the cart-man, who straddles one of the beasts, till much to your relief he emerges with his living cargo upon the dry land. At an expense comparatively small to the advantages that would result from it, a good solid quay might be constructed to a depth of water sufficient for the lighters and small craft to discharge, and receive the cargoes of vessels of burden lying in the roads.

About two miles from the city down the river, there is a little creek or river, " Riochuelo," as it is called, which has a depth of water sufficient for vessels of very light draft, and where the small coasting craft receive their cargoes. There is a wooden quay built a mile from its mouth, where the vessels lie, and this place is called the Boca. Some lighters are loaded at this place, and others immediately from the carts in front of the Custom House.

My quarters are pleasantly situated in a central part of the city, on a long, wide street, leading into the quiet square, the balcony of my room commanding a pleasant view up and down. The house is kept by an American lady, who has long resided in this country, and has a son in the Buenos Ayrean navy. The boarders are mostly captains and supercargoes of American vessels.

The first of January, New Year's Day, was a gala day in Buenos Ayres. The Governor-General, Rosas, opened in person the House of Representatives of the province. The streets around the building were strewed with sweet-smelling fennel, and covered with an awning. A corps of armed citizens, called El Guardia del Honor, Cavalry, and bands of music, lined the street through which the Governor was to pass. As he entered the building, and passed into the Hall of the Representatives, the files rung with "Viva la Federacion!" "Viva el Restaurador." The bands of music struck up, and a salute was fired from the fort. I saw him as he passed in at the door—a fine, martial-looking man, splendidly dressed in military costume, a great deal of energy and decision depicted in his countenance, which is a true index of his mind, judging from his vigorous measures.

The opening speech or message was read by the Secretary to the House, printed the next day in the daily papers—a long document, chiefly treating of local affairs. In the evening there was an immense ball at the fort, at which the Governor and his family were present, the foreign ministers, and a large assemblage of the fashion and beauty of Buenos Ayres. The popular cry here now is "Viva los Federales," "Mueran los Unitarios." A large number of the citizens wear a piece of red ribbon with this inscription in their button-holes; and over the door of every public office, building, or institution, this device is painted in large letters. On NewYear's Day, no one without the device in their button-hole was permitted to enter the galleries of the House of Representatives; and I was obliged to put one on for the time being, for fear of insult from the mob.

The Governor-General, Don Manuel Rosas, is the Executive of the province. All executions are military, criminals being shot by a file of soldiers. This province, Buenos Ayres, is charged by all the other provinces of the Confederation with the administration of foreign affairs, and is, therefore, the court of the nation, and the residence of all foreign ministers. The Federation is composed of thirteen provinces, each having its separate Governor and House of Representatives. The United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, called more generally the Argentine Republic, comprehends a surface of one million of square miles, extending from the Tropic of Capricorn to 40° 10′ south latitude, and embracing a longitude of from 9° to 15°. It is bounded on the north by Bolivia, east by the Paraguay, and by the Cordilleras mountains, separating it from Chili. To the south lie the deserts of Patagonia. The river Uruguay serves as a dividing line from the Oriental Republic.

The banks of the Rio de la Plata were first discovered in 1517, by Solis, and afterwards by Cabot in 1526. In 1535, the Spanish government began to settle this side of it, forming the first colony under the direction of Don Pedro Mendoza, and giving it the name of Nuestra Señora de los Buenos Ayres, her surname being added from the good climate and situation of the city. This was its first foundation. It was afterwards abandoned, and again recommenced by Don Juan Saray, in 1580. The goodness of the climate, and the communication with Peru and Chili, of which it was the key, so much increased the population and importance, that in 1778 it was erected into a Vice-Regency.

Buenos Ayres, the Capital, in 1807 resisted an English expedition of eleven thousand men, reduced the half by force of arms, and compelled the other half to capitulate, promising to evacuate the Rio de la Plata, and retire to England. The ninth of July, Independence of the Provinces was proclaimed. In 1810, the Revolution of the Provinces broke out, when the authority of the Spanish Government was thrown off; and in 1819, a Congress was convened in the Capital, and the present Constitution of the Provinces that now form the Federation, was published.

Until 1828, they were called the United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata; but in that year was formed the present government of the Federation, or Argentine Republic. This year is called the Twenty-eighth Year of Liberty, Twenty-second of Independence, and Sixth of the Argentine Republic. Since the present Governor, or President of the City and Province of Buenos Ayres, came into power, the government has been much better regulated, and crimes greatly diminished by exemplary punishment and salutary enactments. He refused the office of Governor three several times, when it was tendered to him; and at last said, that if they would invest him with extraordinary powers, he would accept of it, if he were chosen by a majority of the people. He was again chosen, and now, in effect, wields the power of a Dictator, and is called the "Restaurador de las Leyas"— "Restorer of the Laws," which, in many respects, he may truly be said to be, as before his election anarchy and misrule prevailed, and there was but little security for life and property.

His policy has lately been to encourage the priests, and even the Jesuits have been publicly allowed within the last eighteen months, and they now have a college of boys in the city. The churches have been, and are being repaired, and the friars are permitted to walk the streets in their full robes. Great numbers have come from Spain since the suppression of the Convents, and are now arriving from time to time Twenty-five Friars and eight Jesuits recently arrived from Cadiz. They have been well received by the government, and provision made for their residence.

There are in the city fourteen Churches and two Hospitals. There is also an asylum for orphan children. The Government has a College, where the students are fitted for either of the three professions—theology, medicine, or law. Common Schools—" Escuelas de Primeras Letras"—are quite numerous. There are also English schools supported by the British and American residents in this place. There are a large number of British and other foreign residents here, and many have married with the natives of the country. Of Americans there are less, though many more than in Montevideo. The whole population of the city is between seventy-five and eighty thousand. The Argentine Republic includes a surface of 779,000 square miles. A large territory in the northern and central parts of the country, is in possession of the Indians. The whole population, not including the Indians, is 779,000. That of the Province of Buenos Ayres, 120,000; its square miles, 95,000. According to another statement, the Indians are put down at 1,000,000.

The city of Buenos Ayres is situated on the west bank of the Rio de la Plata, one hundred and eighty miles from the ocean. It is here about ten leagues, or thirty miles wide; and sometimes, in very clear weather, the opposite coast can be seen. At its mouth it is about one hundred and fifty miles from cape to cape, formed by the union of the Uruguay and Parana. The Parana rises in the mountains of Brazil, about two thousand miles long, joins the Uruguay a little above the city of Buenos Ayres. The Uruguay rises in the southern part of Brazil, its general course southwest, and about twelve hundred miles long. The currents in the La Plata are very strong and variable, sometimes up and sometimes down, much according to the wind. With a strong north wind, the vessels in the inner roads are sometimes almost high and dry, the water being temporarily driven out to sea.

We add to these extracts from his Journal for Friends, a record found about this time in the Religious Diary, on occasion of his going up once more to the courts of the Sanctuary, and singing the Lord's songs in a strange land:

Buenos Ayres, Jan. 23rd, 1838.—To-day I have enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of again partaking in the affecting service of the Lord's Supper, with a few, who, I trust, truly love his name. A Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, who was sent out about a year since, has succeeded in forming a little church among the foreign population, and in fitting up a hall for Divine worship. He seems a truly pious, devoted man. I attended the preparatory meeting on Friday morning, at eleven o'clock, and have enjoyed a profitable season to-day, in again renewing my vows at the Table of the Lord. Oh, blessed Jesus, how infinite is thy love! how amazing thy condescension in dying for lost and guilty man!

What an unworthy disciple I have been the last year! How have I grieved the dear Saviour, by my repeated backslidings and transgressions! By thy grace, blessed Jesus, I will do so no more. But only by thy grace; for my own strength, alas! how often have I found it to be but perfect weakness. I would lie low at the foot of thy Cross, with deep penitence and contrition, confessing my sins and entreating thy pardon, and thy strength against future temptation. How sweet to lie there! How blessed a spot! There may I ever stay. Blessed Saviour, ever keep me there, for there alone is safety.

"My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

Oh, how sweet—how unutterable is thy love! May my whole soul be melted down and subdued by its influence, and moulded entirely into thine own image. May this new year be to me a year of spiritual blessing—a year of growth in grace. Oh, be with me in all my journeyings by sea and by land. Keep and bless me in all my ways. To thee would I rejoice renewedly and unreservedly to consecrate all that I have and am, and to commit to thee the disposal of all events. Oh, prepare me for them all, and sanctify them to my best good—sickness or health, joy or sorrow, life or death.

"In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAUSE, HISTORY, AND CURE OF DESPONDENCY—SUBSEQUENT RETURN TO AMERICA, AND ENTRANCE UPON THE STUDY OF MEDICINE.

> To lay the soul that loves him low,
> Becomes the Only-wise;
> To hide beneath a vail of woe,
> The children of the skies.
> Ah, vainly anxious! leave the Lord
> To rule thee and dispose;
> Sweet is the mandate of his word,
> And gracious all he does.
> Down then with self-exalting thoughts;
> Thy faith and hope employ
> To welcome all that he allots,
> And suffer shame with joy.
>
> MADAME GUYON.

We enter now upon a part of these memorials full of melancholy interest to ourselves, and by no means destitute of instruction to others. If its perusal shall be the means of impressing a single invalid, or valetudinarian traveller in quest of health, with the importance of being always accompanied by a trusty friend, it will not be written in vain.

We say, with earnestness, to any one whose health is much impaired, especially if young, DO NOT GO ABROAD ALONE. If you do, there is reason to fear that travelling will do you more harm than good. A thousand times you will want some one with a common interest, in whom you can confide—to advise with you—to counsel you—to decide for you, when you cannot well decide for yourself; and half the profit of journeying will be lost by the perplexity you will often be in, of determining what to do and where to go, in the change of circumstances, health, hopes, and prospects, which will often be experienced in the life of a traveller.

There is much truth in a saying to be found in Schiller's Piccolomini, which we have hitherto seen remarkably exemplified in the life we have been tracing:

> The game of life
> Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
> The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
> Which, having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
> Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

Beyond all doubt, the unalienable treasure and guarantee of cheerfulness, being reconciliation to God, was in that heart (now at rest in heaven), whose pulsations are still beating in the leaves of this book. In his sky the star of hope was always in the ascendant. The aspect which life had to him, notwithstanding all his suffering, was green and cheerful. He was wont to view things on their sunny side; or, if a cloud interposed, he had learned to look beyond it.

We have seen, at the close of the last chapter, what those who knew him had often occasion to observe, how serenely he could behold the gathering storm. But a storm of trial, temptation, perplexity, doubt, and despondency, was now preparing, which he little dreamed of, and which alone, as he was in a strange land, without one congenial earthly friend or helper, had well-nigh overwhelmed him. It all originated in a painful distress of mind (which the presence of a single skilful friend might have prevented), induced by the apprehension that he had acted wrong and unwisely in abandoning a Spanish vessel wherein he had taken passage for Cadiz, and so forfeiting the passage-money previously paid. His state of mind up to that step, and certain items of his South American history, not heretofore given, are contained in the following letters to his friends:

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 6th, 1838.

Dearly Beloved Sister.—When I last wrote, on the 23d of January, I was under the influence of an asthmatic attack; I have now again recovered, and am in comfortable health, vastly better than when I first arrived here. I have enjoyed my short residence in this city much more than I did that at Montevideo; I have found more society, and have been in better health. Moreover, I have enjoyed, on the return of every Sabbath, the privileges of the sanctuary; and though in a foreign land, among strange faces, they have been, I assure you, very delightful. There is no language I hear like the language of Canaan, and that not in stately Castilian, but in our own dear native English. On the first Sabbath of the year, with a few who love the Lord Jesus, I partook of the Lord's Supper at the chapel of the Rev. Mr. Dempster, the American

Methodist Missionary at this city. I thought much of you all, and trust it was a precious season to your souls; to myself I think I may truly say it was a profitable one. Jesus seemed to be present, and "his banner over me to be love;" his cross and atonement appeared unspeakably precious, and upon it only, I felt to hang all my hopes, and at its foot to lie with a deep sense of my own utter unworthiness and ill-desert. It is indeed a precious, blessed spot. Oh, that we could ever humbly keep there, and always feel the love of Jesus secretly constraining us. To Him would I rejoice renewedly to consecrate myself, and to commit to His disposal the direction of all my future steps.

How unspeakable is our cause for gratitude that we all as a family have such a Saviour to go to, that though absent in body, and wandering upon the earth, we may often meet in spirit, at the throne of His grace. Prayer is indeed an unutterable privilege, and particularly does one feel it so when in a foreign land, amid strangers, and far, far separated from friends most dear. I feel peace in committing you all to the care of our gracious, covenant-keeping God, and I earnestly trust that you are constantly commending me to His grace. Oh, how I do long, long to hear from you; my heart almost weeps with the intensity of its desires. But I must quiet them, for I shall not probably get any intelligence from either dear George or yourselves till I arrive at Malaga.

Mr. Tressera's attention and kindness I have found exceedingly valuable, of the house of Zumaran and Tressera, to whom I had letters of introduction from the Messrs Huelin, of Malaga.

My knowledge of the Spanish language is a source of much pleasure, and the practice I have had here in speaking, has been very useful in increasing my fluency.

I now expect to embark, in the course of six or eight days, for Cadiz, in the Sardinian brig "Trafalgar." I was yesterday off on board to see her. She is a good strong vessel, and a very fast sailer, making the passage between here and Cadiz generally in forty or forty-five days. The accommodations are tolerable. I had expected to go in the "Eola," a fine ship with excellent accommodations, from Montevideo; but hides being scarce, she will not probably go under six or eight weeks, and this is the only vessel from either place, that will probably go for many weeks. There will be three other passengers beside myself.

I am collecting materials in my journal, for a series of letters for the Observer, from Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and if the Lord permit, I shall prepare them upon the voyage. But as I have said before, this will depend upon the state of my health. "If the Lord permit" includes all, and it is a phrase we are never safe in omitting.

Thursday, *Feb.* 8*th*, 1837.

Dear and Honored Mother.—Since I commenced the accompanying sheet to my dear sister, a change has taken place in my plans, though they were not previously altogether fixed, of which in an additional sheet, by the same opportunity, I hasten now to give you the details. May your own judgment approve my decision. For my own part, I think I can truly say that I have not made it without sincere, fervent prayer for Divine direction. Since writing to E. I have ascertained from the captain of the "Trafalgar" that all the berths, four in number, in the principal cabin of his vessel, are absolutely engaged to the other passengers, and the only place of accommodation that remains is a small state-room, but for which he asks the enormous price of $200 if I occupy it alone. I have tried to make an arrangement with some other passengers to occupy part of it with me, but have not been able; and, moreover, it would not be very agreeable. As there is a family that wish to go, and in case I do not take it, would occupy it and pay $300 or more, the captain would not take any less than $200 to carry me. This morning I had to give my final answer to the captain, whether to go or not, in order that he might engage with the other passengers; and it has been, considering all circumstances, best to wait for the "Eola" which goes about the first of April. Many things have influenced me to this decision; one is the great improvement in my health, since I have been here, and which may be increased by a few weeks longer residence; another, the advice of several persons of judgement. The weather continues warm and pleasant here till the middle of April.

My mind has been greatly perplexed in deciding, dear Mother, but I trust I may have determined for the best. O, may the Lord be with me, and direct and guide me in all my ways. Commit me, dear Mother, to Him, and may we all enjoy the blessed light of his countenance. Do not be too anxious about me; I shall write again in a few days.

Buenos Ayres, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 10*th*, 1838.

Dear and Honored Mother.—On the 8th instant, I sent a long letter to dear E. with an additional sheet to yourself, by the barque "Chalcedony" for Boston, the latter communicating to you the decision I had then come to, of remaining here some weeks longer. I was most sadly, sadly perplexed on the day I wrote to you, as to what was the best course to pursue, but concluded in the morning, before closing my letter, that it would be better on many accounts to wait for the "Eola." This intention I am now exceedingly sorry for having announced to you, as I fear it may give you anxiety, and you may think me vacillating and deficient in judgment, when I tell you that I have returned to my original determination, and expect to embark on Tuesday the 14th, in the "Trafalgar" for Cadiz. I spent truly a miserable day of suspense, on Thursday; and in the evening, home-sick and desponding, I went up to the house of the consignee of the vessel to see if the state-room was actually engaged, though with little hope to the contrary.

To my joy I found it was still at my disposal, and that I had till ten o'clock the next day, to decide whether I would take it. I have accordingly decided that, considering all things, I had best improve this opportunity, as it is so uncertain when another vessel goes. The price of passage is large, and I feel a great reluctance to paying it, but the uncertainty in which I should remain, and the prolonged period of deprivation from news, either of yourselves or dear George, it having been all along my original determination to embark about this time, I have concluded on the whole that it was best even to pay $200, rather than remain so many weeks longer in a strange place, where I have no particular friend, or uncle, as in Malaga. Still I have hardly known what to do, and it has been a difficult case to decide. The evident improvement in my health, as I mentioned before, seemed to favor my remaining; but my heart is really sick, with longing for news from those I love. I think since I left home, I have not felt so home-sick as during the two or three last days, since I found my only course was to go in this vessel, and pay $200, or wait six or eight weeks longer for another. How I have longed for some dear friend or brother with whom to advise! My earnest desire to see and hear from dear George has also influenced me in reversing my decision; and although it is so uncertain when I may have the sweet pleasure of the former, yet if I am on the same continent with him it will be a comfort.

All things considered, I think it is a Providential circumstance that the state-room was not engaged; Providential I say, for it is a relief to think that all our movements, however trivial they may seem, are directed by a superior power, rather than the mere casualties of chance; the most important thing is not to misinterpret the Lord's providence by our own errors in judgment. If I had come here with any idea of stopping, in case the climate should agree with me, it then might have been best to remain, and wait a favorable opportunity to go to Mendoza, and give the climate a fair trial. The air is said to be impregnated with saltpetre, and for this reason I can imagine it favorable to the asthma, for I have used the remedy of paper soaked in saltpetre, perhaps with greater effect than ever, since I have been in this city, apparently, through its instrumentality, avoiding several attacks.

Tuesday, Feb. 13*th.*—Yesterday I had the unexpected delight of receiving a letter from dear George, dated Havre, Oct. 28th and 29th. If I had received it last week I should not have thought of leaving so soon, as I now see that his plans are very uncertain, and it is also uncertain whether I meet him in Malaga at all. But I have been harassed and perplexed beyond measure. Perhaps I ought not to have thought of changing my decision to remain ; I fear it was hasty, but O, may the Lord in his infinite mercy make it all work out my best good. The "Hamet" sails this afternoon. If I can, I will drop you a line after I get on board, by the pilot, to be sent by the first opportunity. I fear you will think me very fluctuating and, perhaps, injudicious, but you will, in some measure, appreciate my circumstances.

The captain is a Genoese, but speaks Spanish perfectly, and he assures me, as well as the consignee, that every thing in his power shall be done to make me comfortable. To day I embark my baggage, and to-morrow we expect to sail. The thing is now decided beyond repeal, and I will try to feel that it is for the best. My heart is burdened with the fear that I have acted foolishly, but I will try to cast all my care upon the Lord, knowing that he can and will sustain me. May you all at home do the same in regard to me. I, perhaps, yielded too quickly to moments of despondency and homesickness, but the unhappiness I felt after my first decision was almost more than I could endure.

His passage-money was accordingly paid, and em barkation effected on board the Trafalgar, but in a state of mental perplexity and indecision, as may be gathered from what has gone before, and as we afterward learned from his own lips, little short of what often precedes insanity. In this foreign brig, its strange captain and passengers, and all its fixtures for a long voyage, he found nothing at that time homelike or soothing, or capable of ministering to a mind diseased as his, for the time being, had become.

Almost all the ensuing night he paced the deck, nursing and brooding over the conviction that he had done wrong to embark, and tempted, it would seem, by the very Prince of Evil, whom God allowed to deal with him for the time, to conclude, if he went in that brig, it would be the last of him. The next morning, harassed beyond expression, and in a state of excitement which may be imagined after the distress of a sleepless night, and with no friend to compose or advise him, when the pilot came to leave, he proposed leaving with him, and returning to Buenos Ayres, yet hoping secretly, he said, that he would absolutely refuse, and thus shut him up to the necessity of prosecuting the voyage. But no strenuous opposition being made to this by the captain, who was sure of his fare, nor by the other passengers, who would have his room, he was wrongly allowed to go. . . .

But, no sooner was he cut loose irrecoverably from the Trafalgar, and alone with the pilots many miles from land, on his way back to a place which he had honorably left, than his sensitive mind fell into a morbid state of self-upbraiding regret, and painful conviction that his last error was worse than the first, and that nothing now remained for him but despair. In this condition, upon his return to the city, he could neither write to his friends, nor in his Journal, and, what was worse, he seemed to himself forsaken of his Saviour, and he could neither pray nor read the Word with a ray of comfort, nor could he appropriate its promises to his own case. .

This anguish of mind, together with the exposure by night in the pilot-boat, intermission of sleep, and all he had passed through, re-acted most injuriously upon his bodily health, so as to bring on a very severe attack of his malady, by which he was entirely prostrated for several weeks, and confined to his lodgings. A black cloud of despondency now settled upon him heavy and low, through which it was many months before he could see the sun.

"No voice Divine the storm allayed—
No light propitious shone."

But God mercifully kept him from extremities: angels and ministers of grace, all unknown to himself, were round about him, through whose help he held fast his integrity, and would not let it go. Prayer was made for him without ceasing, by a praying circle at home, whose anxieties were intense, but their faith strong in behalf of the wanderer as a child of God.

After waiting two months in vain at Buenos Ayres for a vessel to Old Spain, he proceeded to Montevideo, with the hope of finding an opportunity thence. But there offered none until the fourteenth of June, 1838, in the Spanish brig Henrique, bound for Malaga. In this he took passage, the captain being a Genoese, who seems to have treated him with great kindness. After a tedious voyage of eighty-four days, beneficial, however, to his health, the snowy tops of the Sierra Nevada, and the familiar vine-clad mountains of Malaga, gladdened his sight. He was welcomed again, almost as alive from the dead, by the Consul, his Uncle, then in feeble health. Nor was it long that he survived the return of his nephew, departing this life at Barcelona, whither he had gone to recruit, on the twelfth of November, and being interred at Malaga, in the English Cemetery, on the thirtieth, with distinguished honor, lamented especially by the poor, and his memory cherished by a large circle of American, English, and Spanish friends.

In April of the following spring, through the good Providence of God, his eldest brother reached Malaga from the East, and there the brothers embraced after their long and various travel, and chequered experience, by sea and by land. The happy effect of this Providential meeting upon the younger, is thus alluded to in a letter to his Mother, of date, Malaga, April 5th, 1839:

> Dear George has already written you, announcing his safe arrival here, and our delightful meeting after two years' painful separation. How great is our cause for gratitude in being permitted to meet each other in circumstances of so much health and happiness! George is overjoyed and astonished to find me so greatly improved in health and general appearance; and I am equally delighted to find him perfectly well and "travel-

stained," with a beard of so truly an Oriental length as would astonish the natives at home. I think, could he drop down among you just as he is, you would, for a moment, be almost puzzled to recognize him. He is in excellent spirits; and you have reason to look forward to the return of your beloved sons with pleasing anticipations, and hopes that, I trust, will be fully realized, after so many months of distressing anxiety and disappointment on our account.

Dear George's arrival has greatly cheered me, and I am looking forward to my return with him with joyful anticipations. How delightful will it be to your maternal heart, again to meet your long absent sons, and to dear E. and H., their beloved brothers. My health is vastly improved. I have grown several inches in stature, and appear much stronger and stouter than before; still I have occasional attacks of asthma, though I have no doubt that, by the blessing of God, I may get entirely over it. The weather here is indescribably delightful. We surely have reason to bless the Lord for his abundant goodness, and to trust him in regard to the future. Oh, that we truly felt his loving-kindness.

I often feel distressed when I think of all you have suffered on my account, but hope you may be enabled to forget it when you are again permitted to see me. Unutterable love to dear E. and H. Kind remembrances to all our Aunts and Cousins. May our letters have a quick passage, and soon cheer your hearts by their grateful news.

Ever your most dutiful and affectionate son,

NATHANIEL.

Their movements, after this, up to their return to America, and quiet domestication in the home of their childhood, are thus noted in one of the earliest entries in the Journal upon its resumption at Hallowell:

July First, *Monday*, 1839.—Again permitted yesterday to enter into the courts of the Lord's house, and to hear the voice of them that publish glad tidings of good, from the sacred pulpit where the Gospel's silver trumpet first reached my ears. Thanks be to God that it has kept sounding on while I have been far away, and that I have come back again to hear it from my long wanderings. Oh, the goodness and forbearance of God while I have been away! In the afternoon I accompanied my dear brother George (with whom I have been in various circumstances since the first of April) to Augusta, where I heard him preach. We were permitted to meet at Malaga the first of April. On the twentieth we embarked for Philadelphia, in the brig Echo, where we arrived on the twenty-fourth of May, after a pleasant voyage of thirty-four days. We tarried till the fourth of June in that pleasant city, and then left for New York, where we remained till the nineteenth, arriving on the twenty-second at our beloved home. How good and kind has the Lord been in all his dealings to us as a family; but, oh, how utterly unworthy—how wickedly perverse and wandering does my course appear the last year. But may I not now return, and find him whom my soul loveth.

"Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perished there.

Be thou my refuge, Lord—my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmoved I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge with 'Jesus died.'"

July Fourth, *Thursday Afternoon.*—Through the Lord's mercy I am spared to behold the return of another anniversary of our National Independence. Last year I was tossing on the ocean in a Spanish brig, between Montevideo and

Malaga. Two years ago I was comfortably situated at Malaga, under the hospitable roof of my noble Uncle, now numbered with the dead. Four years ago yesterday, I embarked with dear Henry at New York, for Gibraltar and Malaga. Since then I have crossed the ocean six times, and passed through innumerable dangers, seen and unseen, but through the kind Providence of God, have been preserved from any serious accident. To-day I am again under my native roof, and in vastly better health than three years since.

The day has been celebrated here in a truly delightful manner. All the children of the different Sabbath Schools were united at the Church of the South Parish, to see a painting there exhibited, called "The Opening of the Fifth Seal," and hear an explanation of its different parts. They then were formed into a procession, and walked to the grounds of R. K. Page, Esq., where a collation of cake, fruit, etc., was provided for the children upon long tables spread under the trees. Before they partook of the collation, a short address was made to them by my beloved brother George, contrasting their delightful privileges with the sad, unhappy state of the poor children he had seen in Egypt, Turkey, and other countries not blessed with the benign influences of Sabbath Schools. Singing and prayer were mingled in the exercises, and the children seemed highly delighted. May the time be hastened when all the children of the earth shall be gathered into Sabbath Schools, and all become the lambs of Christ's flock.

Hallowell, July 18*th*, 1839.—Through the Lord's great goodness our family is now united at home; not one of its beloved inmates being absent. Wanderers as we have been, this has not occurred before for five years. How various have been our travels and experiences since we all thus met at our beloved home; and how great the loving kindness of our Covenant God toward us! May we all duly appreciate it. I must feel more the preciousness of time ; once past it never returns ; the moment that is lost is lost for ever.

It now devolved upon him to choose a profession for life, and for obvious reasons he was not long in deciding upon that of medicine, which held out to him more inducements than any other line of employment which he could pursue. His entrance upon professional study is thus playfully made known to his brother George, in a letter of date, November 13th, 1839.

Prepare for the big announcement—I AM NOW A DISCIPLE OF ESCULAPIUS—De facto, recte atque ordine. I have commenced the study of a profession. Friday, Nov. 8th, was "the great, the eventful day," when this new era in my life began. On the afternoon of that day, I spent an hour in pleasant conversation with Dr. Hubbard at his office, and after much preliminary instruction and advice on his part, I requested him to consider me from that time a student under his care ; to which he consented, and gave me the first book to study in my new profession of medicine, "An Introduction to the Study of Human Anatomy," by James Paxton. I took hold that very evening, have read some every day since, and am becoming much interested in this important science.

I have now the satisfaction in pursuing my studies, of feeling that they have some certain end in view, an honorable profession ; a satisfaction which I have not before had during the eleven years of my ill-health, for in the desultory studies at various times undertaken before, I have ever felt utterly uncertain of their final issue. I began on the fourth instant, the "Conversations in Chemistry," by Joyce, to recite to E., which will be pleasant to us both ; and we mean to continue it. I also began my Latin grammar, and am reading attentively every word of it. It revives my knowledge of the Latin tongue, and it is exceedingly pleasant to trace out in it the etymology of words in our own language, and to observe also the innumerable similarities to and derivations from it, which are contained in the Spanish. I intend to begin "Si Dios Quiere," a Mental Arithmetic, and to go through with it, reciting to E. I long daily for a better knowledge of Mathematics, and feel myself sadly deficient in regard to them. But to all my intentions about my studies, I must add a Latin "Deo Volente," or the Spanish Si Dios Quiere, or in our own language your favorite phrase, "If the Lord permit." The execution of them all will depend upon my health, which, by the blessing of God, has been better since you left us, than it has since our arrival in this country.

The month of October has been with us uninterruptedly fine, and this has had a delightful effect on my health.

The private Journal, henceforth, supplies occasional notices of progress in study, growth in grace, and other items of personal history. His medical Preceptor and friend was Dr. John Hubbard of Hallowell, then, by general consent, foremost in his profession, and now the Honorable Governor of Maine. Under his tuition and hints, and in the observance of his practice, his new studies were pursued at home with great zest and profit.

Hallowell, *March* 29*th*, 1840.—My twenty-fourth birthday. Through the unspeakable mercy of God, I am allowed to commence another year, in much better health, and happier circumstances than I was the last, which dawned upon me alone and unhappy, upon a foreign shore, far from the dear relations and friends, whose sweet society I am now permitted to enjoy; in a Catholic country too, far removed from the beneficial influences of Christian example, Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges, which I am now permitted to share in dear Protestant America. Truly the Lord's goodness is unspeakable; O, that I had a heart rightly to appreciate it, and may my future life show that I feel the obligations to love and gratitude, under which I lie to Him.

Instead of being as I have been for many years past, without chart or compass, in regard to my reading and studies, that is with no profession or pursuit in life, to which I could look forward as their ultimate end and object, I have now a definite one, the honorable science and art of healing the physical infirmities of my fellow creatures. May I, by diligence and energy in my studies, and the superadded blessing of God, who alone can succeed our best efforts, become eminent in the profession, and the instrument in relieving much human suffering. May the immortal spirit not be forgotten by me in administering to the body, but may I be enabled to direct many to the great Physician of souls, for forgiveness and spiritual healing.

New York City, *November 22nd*, 1840.—Here I enter another stage in my new enterprise, attending a course of medical lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in this City. I attend three lectures every day except Saturday, and that day two. Attendance upon these, together with taking a synopsis of them, occupies me fully. I find it good to be busy, and hope this winter will be a profitable one, both to mind and heart. I attended divine service this morning at the Brick Church, Dr. Spring's. The Lord's Supper was celebrated, and I partook in that most significant service, I hope with some profit to my soul. O, that I might ever bear about with me a deep sense of Jesus' dying love, and hatred of that evil and bitter thing, sin, which was the cause of his sufferings and death.

New York, *March 29th*, 1841.—Monday Evening. My twenty-fifth birth-day. This day completes one quarter of a century of my earthly existence. One quarter of a century! Nearly one-third of the period assigned by David, as the term of man's career on earth, should he "by reason of strength," live to fulfil it. The last year has been crowded with mercies from the hand of God; but, on my part alas! with too many wanderings and backslidings from him. But I do bless God that I am permitted to begin this, my 26th year, with so many tokens of love and mercy from his kind hand. I praise Him that my health has so greatly improved, particularly since my residence in this city.

Above all I bless His name, that at this time He makes me a partaker in the blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit, which the Allen Street congregation, under my dear brother's pastoral charge, is now experiencing. I have enjoyed this day. I have made it a day of fasting and special prayer, and humiliation before God. I have endeavored to look back upon the sins of my unconverted life, and the sins of after years, and in view of all, anew have I applied to Christ for pardon and cleansing. O precious Saviour, wash away my sins by faith in thine atoning blood; cleanse me in that blessed fountain from all unrighteousness, and shed abroad in my heart a delightful sense of forgiveness; and O may "I go my way, and sin no more lest a worse thing befall me," lest I grieve thy Holy Spirit beyond the limit of forbearance, and His influences be forever withdrawn from my soul. O Lord help me, by thine almighty grace, to keep the following resolutions, for without thy grace to aid me in the fulfilment of them, they will be worse than in vain.

First—I do resolve to live generally more in accordance with those high professions, and covenant obligations, that I have made before men, and entered into with God. Second—I resolve to be more careful and systematic in the improvement of my time. I will strive constantly to feel its exceeding preciousness, not to fritter it away on unimportant trifles as I am too prone to do, but endeavor constantly to improve it with a view to my final account, and my future usefulness in the world. Third—I resolve to get up earlier, and to this end go to bed earlier than I generally do. I will allow myself from seven to eight hours to be in bed, and no more, except when I am sick.

It is easy to make resolutions, but it requires energy and determination to fulfil them. Let me endeavor also to cultivate decision of character; when duty is clear, let me be decided in its performance, and decided in all cases when that quality of mind ought to be brought into play. I am too procrastinating. I will, by the help of God, strive with energy and decision to overcome this wretched, time-stealing habit. I will strive to be punctual in the fulfilment of all my engagements and duties, and break off with decision from any thing that may interfere with being so, although it may be in itself, at a proper time, a laudable and suitable employment.

The Lord grant me all needed energy and grace to keep these resolutions; and may he enable me by that grace to live more to his glory this year, than during any year that has yet preceded it.

The following extracts from a letter of nearly the same date to his Sister, dwell more particularly upon the work of grace then in progress, which is alluded to above:

I have been anxious to secure the fervent prayers of you all for a continuance of the blessed out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, whose silent but mighty influences have been evidently operating on the immense congregations, that have assembled from evening to evening in dear George's church, for the last week or more, to hear the eloquent, soul-moving appeals of Rev. Mr. Kirk. It is, I think, about a week since those desiring it were invited after the sermon in the evening, to retire to the lecture-room under the church, to converse upon their immortal interests. The first evening there were twenty-five or thirty: there are now upwards of one hundred.

Christians, at the same time, are invited to remain in the church above, and spend an half hour in prayer for the inquirers; and they are truly precious prayer-meetings—the most so, I think, that I ever attended. The prayers are short, and generally to the point, and they follow each other in fervent succession, now and then interspersed with a verse of some sweet hymn, as "Mercy, oh, thou Son of David." Christians seem to feel their responsibilities, and to have their graces very much quickened. Christians and unconverted persons come from far and wide to hear Mr. Kirk, and very many of the inquirers are from other congregations, so that we may hope the blessed influences of the Spirit may be carried into other churches; and, oh that every part of this great city might become one Pentecostal scene, and that thousands of its depraved and degraded, as well as of its moral and refined inhabitants, might be brought to the feet of Jesus, and transformed and elevated by the power of his love.

George has referred to my great improvement in health, but I feel that I too should speak of it with gratitude, and still more particularly. Would that I might keep as well as I am now, and grow better in the same proportion that I have done for the last few weeks, until my arrival at home. I should then be able to show you *in propria persona*, the great improvement that would have taken place in my physical frame. Perhaps, by the continued blessing of God, I may be able to present in my outward man this improvement, but painful past experience teaches me to be wary of indulging too freely in sanguine expectations. Be this as it may, it is surely a great mercy to be saved for two months from an attack of my distressing malady. I feel it to be also a blessing to my own soul that I am permitted to be a sharer in this precious revival. The Lord grant I may now receive an impulse, that I shall feel the blessedness of, through all my Christian life.

Hallowell, Sabbath Afternoon, Sept. 5th, 1841.—Again at my quiet, beloved home, surrounded with mercies, though in feeble health. I left New York in company with my beloved Sister, on the 27th of May, and having made several pleasant visits with kind friends on the way, we at length arrived at home on the 16th of June, where I have been ever since, most of the time, indeed all the time suffering more or less from my distressing malady. It is more plainly evident than ever, that the climate of this region does not agree with me, and perhaps this is the last summer I shall ever spend here. I was attacked with asthma the day after my return, and have not been free from it since, though not violently sick the whole time, but generally feeble

I enjoyed the pleasure and profit of dear brother Henry's society for nearly a month after my return; and we drew up, and entered into, some good resolutions together, which, I hope, will be for our everlasting benefit. I think I have felt an increase of spiritual strength since forming these resolutions; and may the Lord grant me grace to keep them faithfully. To-day has been communion Sabbath; but on account of the weather, I have not been out. Have spent the day in reading and prayer. In a little more than three weeks from this time, I expect to leave for New York, to attend another season of medical lectures in that city, and be with my dear brother George.

New York, January 23rd, 1842.—Another year has commenced its rapid course, and finds me in much the same circumstances as the last, and with my health vastly improved since I left Hallowell on the 29th of September. I am attending a complete course of lectures—those of seven professors—so that my time is fully occupied.

This volume of my Journal, which now closes, was commenced April 3rd, 1836, at New Orleans. How various have been the vicissitudes and trials through which I have passed since that time! How many dangers preserved from!

how much suffering supported under! But in all, the tender mercies, the loving-kindness, the infinite forbearance of my heavenly Father, have predominated; and it is only through the continued exercise of his watchful love that I am permitted to make this record. Having obtained help of him, I am spared to begin another year. May I be prepared, oh Lord, for all that it may develop, and by thy grace be enabled to spend it in a diligent and holy manner.

In the spring of this year, a sudden and severe illness incurred in the dissecting-room, and through a slight scratch upon his finger, assuming the form of disease which the subject he was dissecting died of, had well-nigh proved fatal to the student. It interrupted his prosperous course of lectures and study, and, without doubt, laid the foundation of the organic disease of the lungs, that afterwards terminated his mortal existence. This dangerous illness is referred to as follows, in a letter to his Mother, of date, New York, April 4th, 1842:

Dear and Honored Mother—Before this is sent, George will have despatched a letter mentioning my unusual sickness, from which, through the gracious blessing of God, I am now rapidly convalescent. By the kind invitation of our good friend, Mrs. Osborn, I left my room on Saturday, and came up here to recruit a week under her excellent care and motherly attention, which it is truly grateful to me to experience. A fortnight ago, the weather being mild, we were obliged to have the windows open while dissecting, and the currents of air playing probably too freely around my head, gave me a very severe cold, not causing so much of asthma as usual, but a sharp pain in my right side, and, finally, inflammation of the lower lobe of the right lung. George went at once for Dr.

Washington, and by His blessing who alone can control disease, upon the doctor's prompt and skilful treatment, the inflammation was subdued.

My friends have been exceedingly kind. Among others, Dr. Linsly called, and kindly offered me his horse and barouche as soon as I should be able to go out. Thus, though I have been smitten with the rod of correction, yet has it been in love, and between every blow, mercies and goodness unspeakable have flowed in upon me from the same Divine hand. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Well may I say, in view of God's marvellous goodness to me, "How great thy grace to me;" and I think I feel sincerely to add,

> My life which thou hast made thy care,
> Lord, I devote to thee.

I do most earnestly hope that this sickness will be for the glory of God, in making me more mindful of my latter end, and more devoted to his blessed service than I have hitherto been. The Lord has sent it in mercy I have no doubt. I was getting immersed in my studies, and perhaps making my plans with too much self-dependence, and I needed some unusual stroke of Providence to arouse me from my insensibility, and bring me back to where I ought always to abide—a prayerful posture at the foot of the Cross.

Dear George has watched over me with his accustomed tenderness, and has been, as you know he always is, one of the best and most attentive brothers in the world. I have had as yet not the least check or relapse. The Lord's goodness is uninterrupted. Blessed be his name.

New York City, First Avenue, May 23rd, 1842.

My very Dear Sister—I was little aware that while writing my last epistle I was sending a bomb-shell into the little camp at home, that was to shake it to its very centre—

scatter anxiety and dismay through all its precincts, and seriously disturb for a time the intellect and judgment of at least TWO of its occupants. I mean dear Mother and yourself; for I must conclude that you were laboring under a state of mental concussion, or you could not have penned so urgent and pathetic an invitation for my immediate return to the asthmatic region of the Kennebec. It is indeed painful to say nay to your urgent request, couched, as it is, in the most yearning and affectionate terms. It is painful that we could not all be together, with one accord in one place, forming one happy family, enjoying each other's society without interruption and without separation. But this we could not expect, and it is what few families experience.

I have not forgotten, I can assure you, the severe trial and long protracted sufferings that I was called to endure last summer, while on my otherwise pleasant and delightful visit at home. Those sufferings, I have, alas! too much reason to know, would be again renewed with equal severity, were I to attempt the experiment again. A few weeks, when the last of July or first of August shall arrive, I am willing to risk in what to me, so far as my health is concerned, is, in fact, an enemy's country; but an immediate return, to spend the whole summer as I spent the last, in a gasping, agonizing conflict, with my old invulnerable foe, is what I cannot think of, and it is what you ought not, on sober reflection, to ask. Our dear Mrs. Osborne is like a mother to me—kind and attentive to every want, sympathizing and considerate.

I have not attended any of the spring course of lectures, from which, before my sudden sickness, I was reckoning to derive so much benefit, as I have been afraid of exposure in cold lecture-rooms, and drafts of air. I have, however, the benefit of reading in the "Lancet" most accurate reports, revised by the author, of Dr. Swett's excellent lectures on diseases of the chest.

I cannot deny that I am not as well yet as I was during the winter. Though not down sick—able to be out, yet I pass many days under the incubus of my relentless malady; and that incubus—that weight of oppression—that iron grasp, though you have mercifully not experienced it, you have still seen enough of your suffering brother to know full well what it is. I cannot deny but that under such circumstances, I sometimes get into darkness and the deeps, fairly depressed by the superincumbent load of suffering—bruised, broken, and wounded, both in body and mind, under the sharp and continued stroke of the Almighty's hand, in the form of an incorrigible and energetic disorder. But I strive to bow with resignation to his holy will, and pray that all my sufferings may be truly sanctified.

"Since life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in love.
No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy lovely will;
No succors in my woes I want,
Save what Thou art pleased to grant.
Love is our only business here—
Love, simple, constant, and sincere;
Oh, blessed days thy servants see,
Spent, oh Lord, in pleasing thee!"

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIALS IN OBTAINING HIS PROFESSION—HOPES CROWNED WITH A MEDICAL DEGREE—VOYAGE TO CUBA, WITH NOTES OF LIFE AT HAVANA.

> When, Father, thou dost send the chastening rod,
> Oh, what am I that I should dare reply,
> Thy love arraign, thy righteousness deny,
> And set the creature in array with God?
> Far be it from my soul to question thee,
> For I am nought. Be this my only prayer,
> That I may have due strength the rod to bear,
> And bless the hand that doth environ me.
> So that, what time the outward man doth perish,
> Smitten with many stripes, inflicted deep,
> The inward man renewed hopes may cherish,
> And high above the storms in glory sweep.
> We sink in the deep waters—but thy hand
> Shall hold us in the waves, and bring us safe to land.
>
> T. C. UPHAM.

THE sentiments of this submissive Scripture sonnet were often in the heart and upon the lips of him to whose memory we rear this book, as its only proper monument. No useless tomb-stone or epitaph marks his sepulchre in the sea; but we are fain to hope that we are building here, out of his own remains, a living, speaking mausoleum, which may, perhaps, proclaim his worth, and stimulate other minds by his example and virtues.

It is well remarked by another,* "that it is peculiar to the true children of God, that before they reach that perfect life which awaits them in heaven, they will have lived two blessed and beneficent lives on earth. In the experience of eminent saints, the one of these two lives is, at the longest, short; the other is, at its shortest, long. The one is spent by the living among the living; the other cometh up to the living from among the dead. The one is the light of labor, and example, and influence, moving rapidly towards the grave; the other is the power of faith, and love, and suffering, coming back in perennial memories from the tomb. In the one, the faithful may see rich fruits from the short summer of their toils; in the other, they will hear of fruits richer still, because so many ages shall lie within their harvest-time. In the former, faith sometimes does its work, like Abel's, in one great sacrifice; in the latter, that faith, living in some God-inspired record, often carries its work through long generations, and over distant realms."

It is as an instance of Christian faith and triumph under suffering, that we hold forth the example herein traced. On returning to New York, after a visit to his friends in Maine, in the summer of 1842, signalized by more than ordinary suffering from his disease, he enters in his Journal, Sabbath evening, November 20th, 1842:

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* Stone's Memoir of Dr. Milnor.

I can sing of mercy and judgment. I was brought low and he helped me. Through the Lord's great mercy, I am yet before him—the living to praise him. I left Hallowell the 12th of September, and arrived here the fourteenth of the same month. For two months after my return, I was so unwell as to render it quite doubtful if I should live through the winter. But I am now much better than I had reason to expect I ever should be again. Still my health is very precarious and variable; and it would be easy, and not surprising, for my disorder at any time to take a dangerous turn that would soon bring me to the grave. Let me be prepared for that event, which cannot be far distant.

On the 13th of October, my dear brother Henry sailed for Valparaiso, in the ship Wales, Captain Watts. We hope that great benefit may result from this measure to his own health, and incalculable spiritual good to those with whom he sails. It was exceedingly painful to part with him for so long a voyage, and so long a period of time as he must necessarily be absent; yet I trust the Lord will be with him in all his wanderings, make him an instrument of great good to others, and permit us in due time to behold his face in vastly better health. But should we never meet again this side eternity, I confidently hope (and in this hope we parted) that through the faith that unites us to Jesus, we shall meet again in heaven, to walk together the streets of the New Jerusalem, and to go no more out forever.

Sabbath Evening, *Feb. 5th*, 1843.—I trust I have not spent an unprofitable Sabbath at home Have been employed in reading the Bible and prayer. By the blessing of God on my studies, I am hoping to graduate next month, and receive my medical diploma. With this in view, I have been more completely occupied this winter than I ever was before—indeed, almost too much so for my health. In three weeks, however, I expect to be examined as a candidate for medical honors; and if I can only safely pass that ordeal, I shall feel greatly relieved, and shall then have a little rest from the severe application to which I am now compelled in preparation for it. Grant thy blessing, oh Lord, upon my endeavors, and prepare me for the high responsibilities of my future profession.

March 13th.—On Saturday, the fourth instant, I passed safely my examination before the Professors; and on Tuesday, the seventh, we were all cursorily examined before the Trustees. On the third of April, we are to be examined on the subject of our thesis, and the next day receive our diplomas, which finishes the process of setting us afloat in the medical profession. I feel a deep sense of my imperfect preparation for its high duties and responsibilities, but my hope is, that by future diligence and the blessing of God, I may be able to make up some of my numerous deficiencies, and daily become better prepared for my future career. It is a very great mercy to have been permitted to gain my profession, although, from constant ill health, I feel that I am by no means so thoroughly prepared in all respects as I could wish. I am unworthy utterly of the Lord's great goodness—a guilty, weak, and helpless worm—a miserable sinner, lost, undone forever without Christ. Lord have mercy on me.

Saturday Afternoon, April 15th, 1845.—On the third of this month, I was examined on my Thesis, subject my own disease, ASTHMA; and on the evening of the fourth, the public exercises of examination took place, when with my other class mates (fifteen besides myself,) I received my diploma, and thus am fairly launched in my profession. How long, or how safely my frail bark may ride on the troubled waters of life, remains to be seen.

I have this week been more seriously attacked with Hemoptysis (spitting of blood), than ever before. I feel this to be a solemn warning to be ready for my summons to the eternal world, for it may at any moment come. Tubercular disease may rapidly supervene upon my other symptoms, perhaps it has already commenced its fatal ravages, and may very soon hurry me to an early grave. Oh! how loath we are to die! How we do "cling to the walls of this clay tenement," though we may have suffered terribly from the numerous rents and gaping fissures that disease has made in it. If I lived up to the high amount of a Christian's privilege, I need not "start or fear to die," for death to the Christian is but the portal to everlasting glory.

Last year, my birth-day, March 29th, found me just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia, or violent inflammation of the lungs, from which I barely escaped with my life. Fain did I then think and resolve that I would live more holily than ever before, and in some respects I did, for quite a long time, improve and wax strong. But, ah! my goodness was too much "as the morning cloud, and the early dew, which soon passeth away." I feel this bleeding at the lungs to be now a *memento mori* of most solemn, emphatic import. To be sure, it is not necessarily fatal by any means; many persons have had, and do have it to quadruple the extent that I ever suffered, and yet live twenty or thirty years afterwards, and enjoy good health. By going to a milder climate in the autumn, as I intend, if Providence permit, and there residing a number of years, my health may be greatly improved, and partially restored. But I am constrained to think that there is in my lungs an incipient tendency to Tubercular Phthisis, pulmonary consumption; and if this be the case, this animal frame will, very probably, some day, perhaps not far distant, be brought to its kindred dust by this relentless destroyer of the human race.

If it is God's will, be it so. I shall sink into the grave, and be, so far as this world is concerned, as to anything I have done in it, to make my name remembered, as though I had not been. But oh! most gracious Lord! lift me above the dominion of such gloomy, despairing thoughts. Grant unto me that faith which unites to the Lamb—that faith which "says to the mountains, Depart; that stand betwixt God and the soul." Oh! grant me such an overcoming faith, that I may be enabled joyfully to contemplate death, as but the medium of transfer to that blessed world where all is love, joy, peace, and blessedness everlasting.

> "Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, invade those bounds."

Oh! my soul, "set now thine house in order, prepare to meet thy God." Did I know that I should live yet thirty years, how soon would it be gone! How soon is the little all, the inch or two of time that makes even the longest earthly existence, lost and swallowed up, with the years that have been. "And he died," must at length be said of the longest, best-spent life on earth. Blessed Saviour! may I be daily washed in thy precious blood, which alone can take away sin. May my soul be purified, and made white; and may I be abundantly fitted by grace, and ready, whenever thou shalt call me, to enter upon the blissful enjoyments of thine immediate presence, in the heavenly world—Amen.

Of a date near to one of these entries in the Journal, is the following letter to his brother who had gone to the Pacific, a part of which we admit here because it sheds light upon one important element, and trait of character, viz. the uncommon strength and vivacity of his fraternal affection. "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

And now my dear, dear H. what shall I say unto thee? Where shall I begin amid the hosts of tender thoughts and emotions that have been struggling in my bosom for utterance, ever since the memorable day of your departure? I can truly say as Paul to the Corinthians, "My mouth is opened unto you, my heart is enlarged." Yes, my heart is full, overflowing, and if I can lead off to you through this channel but a tiny will of the effervescent, living flood of burning thoughts, and ardent affections, I shall do as much as I could reasonably expect.

Through the Lord's great goodness, my health has been improving since you sailed, and I felt wonderfully cheerful, and sustained under the trial of our separation. Indeed it seemed more or less of relief after painful depressing anticipations, and the harrowing excitement and hurry of preparation for the voyage, to feel that the long agony was over, the first act passed, and the enterprise fairly commenced. And then the circumstances of the undertaking have been so full of mercy, and the hand of our Heavenly Father, so evidently guiding and controlling all, that we have felt the pangs of separation to be greatly assuaged, bitter and severe though its necessity has been. We are strong in the belief that it will be for your recovery, and confident in the hope of your usefulness on board the ship. It is not too much to ask of God that all with whom you sail may be brought into the fold of Christ. No! it is not; and it is our daily, earnest prayer, that this may be the blessed result of your labors. O! my dear H. my heart is continually going out towards you, and ascending heavenwards in intense, longing desires, that cannot be uttered for your health and usefulness. We meet in spirit often at the throne of grace; may we feel daily more and more the unspeakable preciousness of such a privilege.

Our communion in times past has been always sweet, and I think we may say for the most part profitable, particularly for the last year or two, while both under the chastening, but kind and merciful hand of our Heavenly Father. We have "sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," and talked much of "the things belonging to the kingdom of God," and our own highest good; and we have unitedly, when under the pressure of affliction, poured our groans and complaints into His ear, who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and can best bind up the bruised and broken of heart.

I have been richly fed to-day in the sanctuary. May I inwardly digest, and have incorporated into my being the instruction I have received. This morning I heard an excellent discourse from Rev. Dr. Adams, on the importance of prayerful retirement and self-mortification, from Luke 6th chapter, 12th verse, and Galatians 5th chapter, 24th verse. This afternoon an arousing, profitable, and faithful sermon on much the same subject from 2nd Corinthians, 1st chap. 11th verse. Both sermons were in confirmation of the Pastoral Letter that has been issued by the third Presbytery to the different churches under its care.

Give my kindest remembrance to our friend the Captain, and tell him I trust when he returns, we may welcome him as a brother in Christ. This letter will be a long and weary time on the way, but it will be as new to you, when you get it, as though it had gone with rail-road speed. I attended my first recitation at Dr. Parker's office on Friday, the 28th inst. I hope I shall have strength to get through my studies this winter, but, perhaps, I shall not; perhaps the "residue of my years will be cut off in the midst." Ever pray that I may be prepared for every event of God's providence. The Lord ever bless and keep you. Your loving Brother,

NATHANIEL.

This yearning desire and hope of honorably completing his medical studies, which, to less energy and perseverance than his, under such a load of infirmity, would have been quite impossible, a gracious Providence permitted him to realize. His influence also was eminently salutary upon his fellow-students. As President of the Medical Temperance Society in the Crosby Street College, he labored with an honorable zeal and animation in its behalf, personally soliciting his fellow-students to join, and give their influence in favor of the cause of temperance. The consummation of his hopes in the attainment of a Medical Degree, upon the completion of a regular course of study and lectures, is thus playfully announced in a letter to his Sister:

New York, March 8th, 1848, *Wednesday evening.*

Most Dearly Beloved Sister—It has often during the winter been a self-denial to be obliged to repress the strong tide of affection, and prevent it from gushing forth through the delightful channel of epistolary communication. The necessity of such a repression is now removed; and I am determined that the stream shall be as broad, and deep, and full, as its confined boundaries will possibly allow. Yes, dear Lizzie, the agony is over—the grist has come out of the mill, and the bag that contains it is christened M.D. I passed safely my examination before the Professors on Saturday, March 4th; and yesterday we were all examined again before the Trustees of the College. This last examination is but a secondary, slight affair, but is required by the laws of the institution before we can obtain our diplomas.

On Monday, the 2nd of April, we are to assemble again, and be examined on our Inaugural Dissertations in public, or as it is called, defend our Thesis. We are then to be addressed by our President, Dr. John Augustine Smith, and the next day receive our diplomas. This finishes the game; and thenceforward we are to stand or fall as physicians, should we all practise the healing art, on our own merits. It is, I can assure you, an unspeakable relief to have passed favorably that examination which was necessary in order to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and thus place me on a legal basis with the highest in the profession. An immense incubus has been taken from off my shoulders, which had been growing still more heavy and oppressive, as the time approached that was to decide whether I was still longer to stagger under the load, or be as now, through the Lord's great mercy, happily relieved. Considering the immense difficulties and hindrances from infirm health, with which I have had constantly to struggle in obtaining my medical education, the favor of a happy issue to my studies is truly a most signal one, and ought to be dwelt upon with the most lively gratitude. I have had a winter of severe study—the most so of any of my life. Attendance on the lectures and office recitations, has been, during the cold weather, a great trial to my health. Indeed, much to my sorrow, I have been compelled, on that account, to lose many both of lectures and recitations—the benefit of which, particularly the latter, I have felt that I could ill afford to forego.

My health, I think, on the whole, has not been as good as it was last winter. I have had, it is true, fewer violent spasmodic attacks of asthma; but it has been more habitual, and my cough has been more steadily severe and troublesome. I weigh some six or eight pounds more than when I left Hallowell, and am vastly better than at that time; but it has been truly with the "skin of my teeth" that I have passed through this winter; and it ought to be the last I spend in this climate for a number of years. As to thinking of permanently practising in New York, with my present health, it would be folly and madness. I must seek a milder climate before another winter, for I have barely survived this. I intend to remain here during the summer—attend the spring course—see as much practice as I can at the hospitals, dispensaries, etc., and be with Dr. P. as much as possible—take cases also myself to attend to among the poor, and endeavor to perfect myself as far as I can in the routine of my profession.

In September, I must be winging my flight southward to more genial skies—most probably to the West Indies, Trinidad de Cuba. But more of this when my arrangements are more definitely formed. Were my offers and profits ever so tempting, it would be hazardous to my life to remain north another winter at this time.

I long intensely sometimes to enjoy the society of yourself and dear Mother, but it fills me with gloom to think of returning to Hallowell. I feel like weeping when I think of the long years of suffering I have there been compelled to endure—the joyous season of my boyhood, the days of my youth, saddened and oppressed by the iron hand of a most relentless, distressing disorder, and still, almost as hopelessly as ever under its power; and yet, perhaps, in the darkest hour, "There most His mercy shone."

My heart is full of love, and it longs to have the objects of its affection near at hand. Oh, if I had the blessing of perfect health, and the prospect of pecuniary competence, how soon would I be seeking one that might always be near—the dear, sweet companion both of joyous and of weary hours. Yes, dear E., if I were well, and competently situated, you should soon have a sister to love. The deep, strong pulses of love, are ever and anon throbbing with almost ungovernable impetuosity from the very centre of my soul; and I frankly confess that it is one of the hardest trials I am called to endure, to be obliged, in consequence of my ill health, indefinitely to postpone all thoughts of ever realising the beau ideal of my imagination in a lovely wife. But enough and too much. Your affectionate brother.

The ensuing summer of 1843, he paid his last visit to his friends in Maine, his Mother, Sister, and eldest Brother joining him at his Uncle's, J. S. Barrell, by the sea-side, in Old York, in order that he might not have to repeat the hazardous experiment of another trip to the Kennebec. It was a visit of precious, yet melancholy interest on both sides, and felt to be the last, forasmuch as his plan was fixed for a residence in the West Indies. Though Consumption had plainly marked him for her own, his spirits were buoyant, yet serene; his hopes, if not sanguine, yet chastened and steady; his purpose and energy strong to banish himself from his country and friends, for the exercise of his profession; while his heart and social emotions were never more genial or tender towards his kindred and kind. It was a visit by which he became doubly endeared to an appreciating circle of relatives and friends, and entwined also with the sensibilities of some whom he had not known before. The following is a brief record of this visit in the Private Journal:

York, Maine, Sayward Place, Sept. 20th, 1843.—I arrived at this lovely abode of my ancestors, on the 26th of July; having been here eight weeks to-day. Dear Mother and Sister arrived from Hallowell the day previous, and George was with us four weeks. We have enjoyed very much together, and have had unnumbered mercies to be grateful for. My health has been various as it is in New York. I expect to leave to-morrow for New York, and from thence, in the course of a month, to embark for Trinidad de Cuba.

New York, Oct. 7th, Saturday Evening.—I bade a painful adieu to dear Mother and E., at York on the 21st September, and arrived safely in this city, by God's blessing, on the 23rd. My heart almost sinks when I think of parting with the beloved brother with whom I have now for so long a time been living in circumstances of the most intimate and familiar endearment. I am to launch alone into the world, and enter its scenes without a single dear friend at my side, with whom to counsel and advise, and hold sweet communion. Alone have I been before, many months, nay years, as in South America, and Malaga, when I was separated for two years, from all my nearest relations; but I have never before set out upon any career in life, as I am now doing in the profession of medicine. O Lord, I entreat thee, direct and bless me in all my undertakings that are consistent with thy will, and may I never enter upon any that are not. Preserve me from all the temptations, snares, perplexities, and trials that may await me, whither I am going. Grant me skill in my profession, and make me a great blessing to many, both in their bodies and in their spirits, which are thine. O, keep me ever near Thee, in humble faith and dependance! Deliver me from the dreadful corruptions and wickedness of my own heart, which are more dangerous to my safety and peace than outward enemies. In thee may I ever trust; save me from all my foes, and keep me unto thine heavenly kingdom, to go no more out for ever—Amen.

New York, Sabbath Evening, Oct. 8th.—I have enjoyed a pleasant, retired Sabbath in my own room, and I hope a profitable one. This evening I have renewed my covenant with God in cheerful sincerity, and I trust entire consecration to His blessed service. Oh! that his powerful grace may enable me henceforth to walk "holily and without blame before Him in love." But one or two Sabbaths remain to me, for the present, in this land of Gospel light and privilege; in a few weeks I shall, if God permit, be in a land cursed and darkened with two great evils—Slavery and Popery. May the light of love in my own breast shine pure and brightly for my own guidance, and in some humble manner, perhaps, for the benefit of others around me, amid the new scenes of life upon which I am about to enter.

"Blest Saviour! Let it be my lot;
  To tread with Thee, this round of being;
Thy love and mercy alter not,
  When every sunbeam friend is fleeing.
Thy love shall be my polar light,
  And whether weal or woe betide me,
Through raging storm and shadowy night,
  Its blaze shall shine to cheer and guide me."

The time of his departure to the Island of Cuba is now at hand, and the following is an extract from his last American letter, written on the eve of sailing:

New York, *Oct.* 29*th*, 1843.

TO MY DEAR AND HONORED MOTHER AND MY BELOVED SISTER.—I know you will wish to hear everything of any interest concerning me; and I shall, therefore, dash "in medias res," and compress into this letter as much as possible. Dear E.'s farewell letter of October 23rd, was safely received on the 25th instant, and I thank my sweet sister for the joy which it gave, and for the affectionate advice, kind injunctions, and loving salutations which it contained. The latter I return with all the warmth, tenderness, and energy of a brother's devoted heart; the former, I hope, I shall ponder and profit by, as it is just the counsel which I desire to impress deeply on the tablets of my own heart. May heavenly peace and consolation remain with you, my dear Mother and Sister; and oh, may the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep my mind and heart in Christ Jesus continually. I am about to sail upon the material ocean, and am emphatically just launching upon the ocean of life. May he whose skill is alone competent to direct, guide me in safety through all the shoals and quicksands that lie in my course, and, at length, my perils over, bring me in safety to the haven of eternal rest.

Through his gracious blessing, I think I can say that all is well. All is well, whether it be for life or death. I have committed, and desire daily to commit, my eternal interests—my everlasting all, into his hands; and he is faithful who has promised to save all who put their trust in him.

"Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

I expect to feel deeply the want of Christian society and friendly companionship, and to pass some lonely hours; but unhappy ones I need not have, if I only keep near to him who is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Pray that he will ever enable me to do so.

My baggage was sent on board the ship yesterday, P. M., and in compliance with a previous arrangement, I took my carpet-bag and rode up to pass a pleasant Sabbath with our most excellent and hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn. It is much more agreeable to take my departure from their kind roof, than it would have been from my boarding-house. My health has withstood the fatigue and excitement of preparation for my departure remarkably well.

Let us feel that heaven is our home, and be ever aiming to arrive there ourselves, and if God enable us, by any means to bring others along with us. My heart is continually going out toward you; and you must imagine and believe, that if love were a material essence, every individual article of this package would be imbued and interpenetrated with the warmest affection of my soul. George has given me D'Aubigné's History to take with me, and also Bogatsky's "Golden Treasury"—an excellent, spiritual, every-day companion for the Christian.

Monday, P.M., Ship Hellespont.—Safe on board, a steamer along-side, towing us down the harbor, with my dear brother and Cousin accompanying me as far as they can. Everything is favorable. My noble brother has done all for me, and I am well provided with every comfort. I feel in good spirits for the voyage, and trust the Lord will be with me in all my goings.

The Private Religious Diary, and a Journal for Friends, which he now resumes, henceforth supply all materials of biography not furnished by letters. We shall quote from the two interchangeably, only re-marking that the entries on the Sabbath are always from the Diary.

November 3rd, 1843.—Ship Hellespont, Captain Ellis, Lat. 32° 56′, N., Long. 74° 30′, W. We encountered, about forty miles eastward of Cape Hatteras, that nucleus of storms, a tremendous gale of wind, accompanied with torrents of rain, and by thunder and lightning of the most appalling nearness and intensity. I shall long remember the helpless confusion, and in many respects grotesque distresses of that wild and stormy night. The lightning flashed with a brightness that was almost blinding, the thunder rolled and grated as if the very firmament would split asunder; the wind blew almost a hurricane; the rain fell in buckets full, and the ship at every roll went gunwales under, and pitched down the declivity of the giant billows as though she would founder bows foremost.

If any door was unfortunately left unsecured, slam bang it swung upon its hinges, and chairs, settees, and other articles of furniture slid about the cabin floor, like beings of animated life, and the dishes rattled as if there would never again be a plate to eat from. We were shut up in the cabin, like so many chickens in a coop, for fear of the torrents of rain and sea water that were flooding our decks outside. The lamps were out, the air so suffocatingly close, that we could hardly breathe, and not a ray of light entered, except now and then the flash down the sky-lights of the red lightning.

In the midst of all this darkness and confusion, one of our gentleman passengers, who had ventured from his state-room to view the commotion of the great deep, stumbled against the stove-pipe and threw the whole down pell-mell upon the floor. He was a good humored German, and after the storm he laughingly told the Captain, that he thought he ought to bring in his bill for taking down that stove-pipe! And sure enough it was taken down in good time, for since the storm, we have had no need of artificial heat, and the glorious sun shines to-day with a most benignant warmth, diffusing cheerfulness and health among our late woe-begone company.

The weather is now lovely, thermometer 72° in the shade, a mild, gentle breeze, and our invalids and other passengers all on deck, enjoying it to the uttermost, after the fatigues and hardships of the last three days. Our invalids are improving, and we all have reason to bless the watchful care of that Almighty Protector, who has preserved us from the fury of the elements, and brought us thus far on our way. In the midst of the gale, two large globes of fire were seen by those on deck, perched aloft upon the ship's yards. These, the Captain assures me, are never seen but in a very heavy gale, and he has generally noticed that they are visible at its very height.

Tuesday, *P.M.*, *Nov. 7th.*—Our lady passengers have proved very pleasant ones, and they have contributed not a little to my experience of the pleasure and benefit of this voyage. The Miss M's are sweet, lovely, beautiful girls. Gertrude is the invalid, on whose account the voyage was undertaken ; her health has improved, and it is delightful to see the tenderness and delicate affection with which her noble sister Agatha, who is the picture of health, her kind Mother and Brother, all watch over and attend to her minutest wants. Domestic affection is lovely to behold wherever it is met with, and my heart warms towards those whom I behold exercising it. The Captain is exceedingly kind and polite to all his passengers. The table is furnished with almost every luxury —plenty of ice, poultry, and vegetables.

At Sea, *Sabbath Afternoon.*—Through His gracious providence, who most emphatically can alone control those agents of His power, the stormy winds, the angry waves, and the rolling orbs, we were preserved from any loss of life or material damage, to our ship in the late fearful storm. The passengers are a more than ordinarily agreeable company. I have opened for their perusal, and for distribution among the sailors, a bundle of tracts which I brought with me, and they have been most kindly received by all on board. I have been forward among the men, and have had some pleasant conversation with one of the sailors, who seems to be seriously inclined. Bless, O Lord, the seed I may sow. I have had a profitable Sabbath, through God's precious word and his throne of grace, to which I may continually resort, and draw therefrom rich stores of wisdom, grace, and consolation.

> "How sweet to be allowed to pray to God the Holy one."

I think I feel the privilege, it is precious, unspeakably so. Dear Jesus! Blessed Redeemer, keep me, Oh! keep me near to thee. Worldliness and alienation from Thee, prevail around me, draw me to thyself, and bind me by the blessed cords of thy love.

Bahama Banks.—Latitude 24° 48′ north, longitude 78° West.—We have been passing the Stirrup Keys this afternoon, at a distance of about two miles, with a heavy norther driving us towards a lee-shore, on which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence. The long line of breakers formed one of the most magnificent spectacles that I ever beheld, lashing as though they would strike to the earth's centre, upon the rocky beach, and throwing a cascade of foam and spray from forty to fifty feet perpendicular into the air. Driven by such a sea, had we struck on that shore, there would hardly have been any hope of saving a single person of all on board. But our good ship, under the guidance of an experienced Captain, stood along stiffly under a heavy press of canvas at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour. This day's test proves her to be an excellent, staunch sea-boat.

The sea-lead has been thrown at intervals during the day. At half past three o'clock this P. M., we were in seven and a quarter fathoms, twenty and a half feet. I never before was sailing along at the rate of six to eight knots an hour, feeling the ship's way with the lead; and it is by no means an agreeable sensation to know the necessity of thus nicely measuring the depth of water beneath the ship's keel. It is in truth dangerous and critical navigation, and needs the utmost watchfulness and skill, which our worthy Captain is most carefully exercising.

One o'clock, A. M., Nov. 9th.—Still on the Banks, three and a half fathom water under our keel. Some casts of the lead have been as low as "one fourth less three"—that is, sixteen and a half feet, our ship drawing eleven and a half feet. The night is perfectly clear, and the full moon shining most splendidly. A man is in the mizzen chains, constantly throwing the lead, and all hands on deck to manœuvre the ship, should she suddenly get into too shoal water, or strike the bottom, as ships not unfrequently do. The sailor in the chains, at every cast of the lead, sings out in regular professional style, and prolonged musical cadence, the report of water; and we are now listening to his voice with an excitement and interest that is thrilling. "What water have you?" is a question of solemn and critical interest in our present circumstances. We expect to be across the Banks in the course of one or two hours; and all our gentlemen passengers, except one, who is too great an invalid, are keeping an anxious watch until we shall have passed over this dangerous tract of shoal-water.

It is an harassing time for the Captain, and for all on board who know anything of the peculiar dangers of our situation. A voyage across the Atlantic is much less beset with perils than this West India navigation, where shoal-water, low, dangerous Keys, and hidden rocks, are continually in the path of the mariner. Hundreds of vessels are constantly passing on this same track; and by extreme care in constantly throwing the lead, they may pass in safety, but they are often wrecked by a neglect of the proper precautions. The bottom is generally sandy, and vessels sometimes thump lightly even a number of times, and pass on without any damage; but if there is much sea, and the strike heavy, they will soon go to pieces. Sometimes the water is said to be so clear, that the fine sandy bottom may be seen in the daytime with perfect distinctness, in ten or twelve fathoms of water.

Quarter past two o'clock, A. M.—We have just passed off the Banks in safety. Five or six fathoms of water on the edge of the Banks, two hundred and twenty-five just outside, and then no bottom in the deep, unfathomed waters of the Gulf Stream! Supposing the sea should retire, what an awful precipice would be exposed to view. More than thirteen hundred feet perpendicular descent in some parts; and how much more in others, man does not know. The line of demarcation, separating the light green of the Banks from the dark blue waters of the Gulf, was most singularly distinct. The waters were piled up in juxta-position, but not at all blended. The moon shone brightly, enabling us clearly to discern this remarkable boundary for a considerable time before we reached it; there it lay right in the path of our ship, extending on each side as far as the eye could reach—apparently a dense wall of Egyptian darkness, and thickness immeasurable, looking truly ominous and appalling. But onward, onward must we go, and onward rushes our ship like a creature of life, eager to know her fate. At last our bows touch the Rubicon. What now if a line of precipitous, sunken rocks, should lie just on the margin? But on she bounds, to the joy of our hearts, into the deep, dark waters of the Gulf Stream; and we all breathe freer, with an unmeasured abyss beneath our keel.

Nov. 10th, off Havana.—We made the Highland near the Matanzas Bay, last night about 12 o'clock, and are now only the tenth day from New York, standing with a very light breeze towards the Moro Castle, whose frowning battlements loom up high in the distance. The morning is beautiful, the air mild and bland, and the blue outline of the coast, as we sail along, faintly defined against the horizon, looks hot and tropical. Thirteen sail are in sight, and now and then a flying-fish lightly skimming the surface of the waves.

From the battlements of the Moro Castle we are hailed in English, by a man with a huge speaking-trumpet, " Ship Ahoy." " Aye, aye." " Where are you from ?" " New York ;" and on we shot through the narrow entrance, like an arrow, and came to anchor off the Custom House, where we were very soon boarded by the " Sanidad," or health boat. The entrance of the harbor is amply wide enough for two ships to go in or out abreast, although if one be going in and the other out, it requires nice management and seamanship to keep them from coming in contact.

The Moro is a fine, imposing-looking Castle, has a well-supplied telegraph-station upon its walls, and built as it is, upon steep, precipitous rocks, rising directly from the water's edge, and within pistol-shot of the ship-channel, it forms a very strong defence to the city and harbor, against any attacks from the sea. It is connected with another long range of fortifications extending inland, on the brow of the hill called the Cabañas. On the opposite side of the harbor's mouth is also another strong fort called La Punta.

Havana, *Saturday*, *Nov.* 18*th*, 1843.—Visited, yesterday, the Cathedral which contains the ashes of the immortal discoverer of a New World, whose name some large portion of it ought to have borne. The remains of Columbus, placed in an urn, are inserted in the wall of the Cathedral, near the grand altar and tabernacle, and a bust, or medallion of him, well-executed in white marble, covers the spot. At the base is the following inscription in Spanish, " O Restos é Imagen del grande Colon ! Mil siglos durad guardados en la Urna, Y en remembranza de nuestra nacion." O relics and image of the great Colon! A thousand centuries remain guarded in thy urn, and in the memories of our nation. On the opposite side of the Grand Altar is a small painting inserted in the wall in 1823, supposed to have been executed, according to the inscription upon it, in 1478, fourteen years before the discovery of America. It represents His Holiness the Pope, and a company of ecclesiastics saying mass in celebration of Christ's descent from the cross.

Columbus died at Segovia, in Spain, May 20th, 1506, nearly 70 years of age. His last words were, "In manus tuas, domine, commendo spiritum meum." His body was deposited in the Convent of San Francisco, and his Exequias were celebrated with great formality in the parish of Santa Maria de la Antigua de Valladolid. In 1613 his remains were transported to the Castugan Monastery of Las Luevas in Seville, where were deposited those of his son Don Diego, who died 23rd of February, 1526. In the year 1536, the bodies of Colon and his son were carried to Hispaniola, and interred in the principal chapel of the cathedral of St. Domingo; but even there they did not rest in peace, for they were afterwards disinterred and carried to the city of Havana, in Cuba. Ferdinand decreed to Colon, after his death, a very cheap honor. He commanded to be erected a monument with this inscription—"Por Castillo y por Leon—Nuevo Mundo halló Colon." For Castile and Leon—A new world found Colon.

On the 20th Dec., 1795, his remains were again disinterred with great pomp, placed in a leaden box, and on the 21st, the requiem was sung and the box put on board the ship of war to carry to Havana, where she arrived the 15th of January, 1796. There they were conducted on shore with great pomp, a solemn mass and office of the dead was said, and the ashes deposited, where they now remain, on the right of the grand altar. Washington Irving says, "When we read of the translation of the ashes of the hero from the port of St. Domingo, after an interval of almost 300 years, as sacred, national relics, with high pomp, and religious, military, and civil ceremony, the most illustrious and distinguished men, striving to do them honor; we cannot do less than reflect, that from that same port, he had gone out, loaded with ignominious chains, stained apparently in his fame as in his fortune, and followed by the cries of the populace. Such honors certainly import very little to the dead, nor could they recompense the heart now turned to dust and ashes, all the injuries and evils which he suffered, but they speak with an eloquent and consoling voice to illustrious men who are persecuted and calumniated, animating them to bear with courage present injuries, knowing that true merit survives calumny and receives a glorious reward in the admiration of future ages."

There is another place in this city connected with the memory of Columbus, deserving of notice. It is that called the Templeté, and situated on the Plaza de Armas, being the spot where Columbus and his followers celebrated the first mass that was ever said on this island. There is a small chapel in the enclosure, which is very rarely opened, and in front stands a column, with a statue of the Virgin surmounting it, and this is said to be but a few feet from the tree, under which the mass was said. The tree itself, I learn, was standing until the year 1826, when some repairs and alterations were made, and the noble trunk which had lived more than three hundred years, and around which would cluster so many interesting associations, was most barbarously cut down. There are some good paintings inside the chapel, by a French painter representing the scene of the first landing, and the first mass, the OLD MASS TREE among other objects.

We necessarily omit here interesting descriptions of the Cemetery, Gardens, and Suburbs of Havana, and pass to the last entry made in that city:

Havana, Saturday Evening, Dec. 2nd.—I am still here where I fain hoped that I should not be at this time, but owing to an aggravating delay in obtaining my permit from the government, to depart from the city, I shall be detained yet longer. The trammels, vexations, and impositions, to which a foreigner is here subjected by the government, are almost beyond endurance, and make me sick and weary of the place, for if it is a hard thing to get into Havana, it is surely much harder to get safe out.

These annoyances, some of which, in behalf of his countrymen, he was active in procuring the mitigation of, while at Havana, are more particularly described in one of the letters of his published Correspondence in the "New York Commercial Advertiser." Its length and particularity preclude its insertion here. Through his vigilance and conscientiousness in refusing to sign the ordinary form of a petition to the Captain-General for a passport (which affirmed, among other things, that the petitioner was of the Catholic religion), and through the energy of his representations to the government, seconded by the American Consul, and by other Americans, who had ignorantly signed and sworn to papers of which they knew not the purport, several of the obnoxious requisitions upon foreigners were remitted.

The initial documents, he says, that were necessary for the obtaining a "Letter of Domiciliation," were as illiberal and bigoted a specimen of legislation as ever disgraced the statute book of a civilized nation. They were worthy of the palmiest days of the Inquisition, and Torquemada himself might appropriately have framed them. Through his representations a modification was effected in the oppressive regulations; and he had the satisfaction of seeing the alteration published in the "Diario del Gobierno."

Hope was now ascendant, with so auspicious a beginning, that he should be able to do much for the glory of God and the good of his fellow men, in the country of his adoption. He was ever in the habit of looking aloft, and finding the rainbow behind the cloud. In him were exemplified those quaint, expressive lines of Faithful Teate:

Hope's the top-window of that Ark
Where all God's Noahs do embark;
Hope lets in sky-light, else how dark
    Were such a season?
Hope hath a harvest in the Spring,
In Winter doth of Summer sing—
Feeds on the fruits while blossoming,
    Yet nips no bloom.
Hope brings me home, when I'm abroad;
Soon as the first step homeward's trod,
In Hope, to Thee, my God! my God!
    I come—I come.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL AND SETTLEMENT AT TRINIDAD—EXAMINED AND APPROVED BY THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY—INVESTITURE WITH THE RIGHT OF PRACTICE.

> They who know the Saviour's name,
> Are for all events prepared;
> What can changes do for them,
> Who have such a guide and guard?
> Should they traverse earth around,
> To the promise still they come;
> Every spot is holy ground—
> God is there, and He's their Home.
>
> NEWTON.

WE approach in this chapter the last failure of earthly expectations and struggles, to which all must come. The energy which we have seen, has hitherto sustained the invalid lonely sufferer, bears him on to the place he had fixed upon for the exercise of his hard-earned profession, and afterward through the rigorous ordeal of a medical examination in Spanish, by the jealous Academy of Havana. God, in his Providence, seemed to have peculiarly prepared him for useful residence in a Spanish Catholic country. His Protestantism was intelligent and thorough, and his knowledge of Romanism explicit and practical, gained first by history and afterward by much travel and observation in Popish countries.

His familiar acquaintance also with the vernacular Spanish tongue, together with his social, friendly disposition, gave him facilities for access to Spanish Catholic minds, which there is every reason to believe he would have wisely improved for the inculcation of religious truth, and the diffusion of light from the Word of God. For the sake of the good he might there do, after all this Providential preparation, we could almost deem his life insured awhile, were it not for the experienced verity which made Burke to exclaim so mournfully, "How too often different from rational conjecture is melancholy fact!"

In his short abode upon the Island of Cuba, there is evidence of his benign influence both upon foreigners and natives, to justify large expectations of usefulness from his longer life. But an All-wise Providence, whose methods, if not always intelligible, are ever right, determined otherwise. In order that this may be apparent, we take up again and follow the thread of personal narrative and experience running through his Journal and Letters until broken by death. An entry, dated Dec. 6th, 1843, in the Spanish steamer, Villanueva, bound from Batabaño to Trinidad, reads as follows:

I left Havana yesterday morning by the rail-road, a little before eight, most heartily glad and thankful to escape at length from that jealous city. We arrived at San Felipé, the present terminus of the road, at a quarter of ten o'clock. The rail-road diverges here to Guines, a place of considerable resort for invalids, and the branch to Batabáño, it is expected, will be finished in a few days. But this expected benefit was no advantage to us passengers that were bound to the other side of the island, and so we all had to hire our conveyances for Batabáño in the best way we could. After some time had elapsed, I at length made a bargain with two white men, brothers, creoles of the island, to take myself and baggage to the beach at Batabáño for six dollars, nearly treble what it cost me to come on the rail-road to San Felipé. The distance from San Felipe to the beach is four leagues or twelve miles My baggage was mounted in different parcels on the backs of four horses, myself mounted a fifth, and my two guides each another, making in all a cavalcade of seven horses and three horsemen. I trembled for the safety of the contents of my medicine-chest, when I saw it raised and jolting upon horseback, but there was no remedy; jolt it must, as well as every thing else. We started at one o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at the beach at half-past four.

The road was wild and rough, a good part of the way, but a narrow horse-path. My horse, an ugly-looking, shaggy little beast, equal to Rosinanté herself, had a very easy, pleasant pace, the gentle, regular rack of the Cuban horses. Never was I in a country that equals this for extortions upon poor travellers. I find on comparing notes with my fellow voyagers that all, even the natives of the island, are subject to the same impositions. Three rials sterling (fuertes), we paid at San Felipé for the privilege of passing through a large estate by which we shortened the road; this was perhaps just and right. At Batabáño, however, which is one league from the beach, another two rials to the Captain del Partido for my passport; at the beach another two rials for the Real Hacienda, and one dollar for the privilege of having my baggage pass over the wharf on its way to the steamer!

But I found that it was of no avail to reason or talk with the

Empleados, for the most intelligent of them could not give the shadow of a just reason for so stupid and irrational a regulation; and the head-man had the effrontery after I had paid him my dollar, to ask for a rial or two more to pay the negroes for bringing along the baggage! This quite exhausted my stock of patience, which had already suffered such heavy drafts, and I promptly told him that I would not pay him ni un ochavo mas, not the quarter part of a cent more, and got into my boat which was waiting for me. On seeing my decision, and despairing of further successful sponging, he bade me a very polite a'dios, and went off.

The passengers are about forty cabin, and fifteen or twenty forward-deck passengers. They are a coarse, rough, vociferating set in general, though, for aught I know, there may be some true gentlemen among them; they are playing cards continually, and for considerable sums of money, and their loud contentious talking, rude, profane jests, and oaths, make the boat a perfect hurly-burly of confusion and turmoil. Smoking continually, in bed and out of it, day and night, is their constant employment.

We left the anchorage at Batabáño about midnight, and this morning were in among small keys, and on banks of only about nine feet depth of water, sometimes seeing the bottom very clearly. We have the wind ahead, and this with a miserable, weak engine, and a crazy old boat of some fifteen years of age, makes our progress of a snail-paced slowness. But through a gracious providence I journey safely on, and thus it will be till my pilgrimage below is done.

"I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
'Till from on high Thou call me home."

Trinidad de Cuba, Dec. 19*th*, 1843.—*Tuesday evening.*—Here, by the blessing of God, I was permitted to arrive on Friday morning the 8th instant. I am comfortably settled in hired lodgings, and take my meals for the present at the house of an American gentleman near by, to whom I came recommended. I find the climate delightful, and am praising God that I have found so pleasant a resting-place.

Sabbath evening, *Dec.* 24*th*, *Christmas Eve.*—A pleasant Sabbath, spent almost entirely in the retirement of my own rooms. Have enjoyed prayer, and reading my precious Bible. Oh, what an unspeakable privilege it is to feel—to know—that God is my friend, and to be able, at all times, to approach his mercy seat, pleading the name and merits of Jesus, my blessed Redeemer. Both mercy and judgment have I experienced this year, which is about to close. I have suffered much with my distressing disorder; but, oh! how greatly has the goodness of the Lord abounded towards me. I have been at length permitted to obtain my medical diploma—to enjoy much in the society of my dear relatives; and now, brought in safety through many perils to this delightful climate, where my health is improving, and where, I hope, in due time, I may be enabled to practise my profession. May I, oh Lord, be prepared for all the events of the coming year, and be enabled to commence it in thy fear and love, and with earnest efforts to live to thy glory.

Sabbath evening, *Dec.* 31*st*, 1843.—The last day of the old year and the first of a new, are appropriate periods of solemn reflection and a grateful acknowledgment of past mercies and sparing goodness. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me;" and I would joyfully praise him for his loving kindness and tender mercy, and cheerfully commit to him the disposal of all future scenes and events; and oh, may his grace be sufficient for me in every trial and emergency, to which I may be called.

January 24*th*, 1844.—My health continues to improve. I am surrounded with every comfort, and though without any dear friend near me, I am in a state of happy peace and equanimity of mind—happy, unspeakably happy, in the possession and knowledge of that One Friend, who, above all others, well deserves the name of friend. I am permitted often to hear from my dear friends at home by letters and papers, and this greatly assuages the pain of separation from them. I hope, by the blessing of God, that I shall, after a time, work my way into practice in this city ; but I shall be obliged, in about a month, to take a journey to Havana, there to be examined and approved by the Protomedicato of that city. I dread the undertaking, both on account of its trouble and great expense, which will be about three hundred dollars ; but the sooner it is over the better, as it must be accomplished if I would practise freely.

In this connection there are letters to relatives in the United States, which, omitting the particular remembrances to friends, and other private matters, supply important intermediate links to these journalizing memorials. The following is from one to his Sister, dated,

Trinidad de Cuba, Dec. 12th, 1843.

By the Cordelia, which sails to-morrow morning direct for Boston, I am enabled, through the Lord's great goodness, to announce to you my safe arrival at this pleasant, neat little city, and the happy termination of all my perils, fatigues, and trials, by sea and by land, in coming hitherward. The Lord is good and gracious to me, both in temporal and spiritual things, and, I trust, will make all work together for my best good. I am pleasantly lodged in a room that I have hired for six dollars a month, procured for me by my kind countryman, Mr. Wm. S. Lynn, to whom I had letters of introduction from New York. My room is in the same street with Mr. Lynn's house, and but a few doors distant ; and until I can make an arrangement in regard to my meals, he has most hospitably invited me to take them at his house, which I am very pleasantly doing.

The climate here is delightful, and every body unites in the opinion that it is the healthiest spot on the Island of Cuba, and probably in all the West Indies. My health has improved greatly, and I have gained six pounds since I arrived in Havana.

Trinidad de Cuba, Jan. 1*st*, 1844, *Monday evening.*

MOST DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER—A very happy New Year to you, and may you enjoy many, very many years of happiness, even to a good old age spent in a career of eminent usefulness and devotion to the service of our blessed Redeemer. My mind is brimful of things to say to you—facts, ideas, circumstances, doings, and observations, crowding for utterance, which it would require many hours and many sheets fully to record. You ask me to tell you when I write, of my spiritual health. This I will do, and gratefully record the Lord's goodness towards me. Since I left New York, I have enjoyed an almost uninterrupted and delightful measure of happy, confiding trust in God, and a blessed calmness and tranquillity in committing all my interests for time and eternity into his hands. I do not know that ever in any period of my life, I have more fully felt the unspeakable blessedness —the solid, abiding comfort, of a hope in our dear Redeemer, and the rich privileges which the humblest of his disciples may enjoy, if they will but use them. I feel constrained to the deepest pity for men around me, who seek their portion only in this world, and particularly for poor invalids who are without those consolations and hopes of the Gospel, which, to me, are so precious; and I sometimes ask myself, What, oh! what should I do without them? "Oh, that all these blind but knew him, and would be advised by me." I had some sad, perplexing, annoying, and most anxious days at Havana, but I was enabled, with deep earnestness, to commit my way unto the Lord; and even now can I see that he was tenderly making all things to work for my best good, even what seemed bitter and contrary in the endurance; and what I know not now, I shall know hereafter, of the wonderful workings of his gracious Providence and mercy. It is true that he that observeth providences, shall have many wonderful providences to observe. Our Lord is merciful and gracious—ah! infinitely gracious above all that we can imagine or conceive, blessed be his name.

"From evil secure and its dread,
  I rest if my Saviour be nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
  Shall in the night season supply.
His smiles and his comforts abound,
  His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround,
  The soul he delights to defend."

Oh! dear brother, alone as I am in this foreign land, with wastes of ocean, and thousands of miles intervening between me and all my dear earthly kindred and best friends, how blessed, when I awake in the silent watches of the night, to be enabled to lift my heart to God, and to feel that "A sovereign protector I have, Unseen, yet forever at hand!" Trials and discipline I have—trials and discipline I expect to have, as long as I remain in this world; but I will bless the Lord of the way for the gracious, sweet refreshment, which he provideth for humble, weary pilgrims. May I ever thus be fed, and be kept humble and happy, near my Divine Keeper.

And now, having spoken of the spiritual, I will come down out of Beulah, and speak of the temporal. First of all, my dearest brother, I thank thee from my inmost heart for all the tender kindness, watchful care, and generous subsidies which you have ever so abundantly imparted to me, and particularly in my preparation for this voyage and absence. May the Lord bless and reward thee. My health is greatly improving, but I do not expect a sudden cure. It is one of the finest climates in the world for asthma, and diseases of the throat and lungs. Indeed, the climate is magnificent. Not one entire cloudy day since I arrived. I have not known the thermometer below 72°. I told you in my last that I had bought a young horse. He is perfectly kind and gentle, and has a variety of very easy, pleasant paces. I have named him "Benito." I ride as much as I can—often before breakfast, and sometimes in the afternoon, between five and six o'clock, and find it extremely beneficial to my health. I am trying, if possible, to get a provisional licence from the Subdelegado of the Havana Protomedicato, at this place, Dr. Gallo, to practise my profession for a year or so, until I can see whether I remain in the country. Good-bye, dearest Hermano.

Trinidad de Cuba, *Jan.* 16*th*, 1844.

Dearly Beloved Brother.—If I could I would express the sweet pleasure and happiness, which the receipt of your last precious budget of letters and papers has afforded me. All arrived safe yesterday, by the weekly mail, from Havana. Dear E's and Mother's letters are a sweet treat, and your long letter and the subsequent one have done me good like a medicine. Do write me often such, for it is inexpressible the delight that such letters afford to one situated as I am. In reading those precious letters yesterday, my heart was wild and turbulent with joy, and tears of gratitude came into my eyes at finding the delightful news of the health and happiness of you all, the safe return of my good friend Captain E., and the various items of indescribable interest which they contained. My only lack on such occasions is some dear one, mutually interested with myself, with whom to participate, and pour out the exuberance of my delighted and elastic spirits. My vital mental electricity needs a conductor to exhaust itself by; for at times, the charge is so excessive that I am ready to explode with the very excitement of joyful emotion. My friends may all be assured that I often think of them, and I give you a carte blanche of remembrance to all who may kindly inquire for me.

There is a good deal of writing that I wish very much to do, and studies and reading to accomplish; but, perhaps, my good intentions will never be fulfilled. Nevertheless, I will still aim at their accomplishment; I will aim high, and then if I fall short of my mark, I shall still be nearer to it than if I had fired low. I am never at a loss for the employment of my time in a manner that may either increase the stores of my memory, strengthen my understanding, or improve my heart. The thing I now greatly desire is that some portion of my time may be employed in a manner that shall swell my purse, dilate its shrunken integuments, and fill it up soundly and fairly with adipose tissue of my own elaboration—the real *unguento de Mexico*—that magic ointment which, rightly used, doth most wonderfully soothe and allay the chronic irritation caused by a collapsed money-bag, the too near approximation of its internal parietes.

My countrymen, of whom I spoke to you in my last letter, as about hiring with me the house in which are my rooms, have taken it, and we are now keeping bachelor's hall—a mode of living, which, as circumstances are, is the most comfortable we could adopt in this hotel-less city.

There are three besides myself. We have an old Italian for our cook, who says he was in Napoleon's grand army in Egypt; has lived in the United States, and understands how to cook to suit American tastes. We get along very harmoniously together, and call our establishment "American Hall." Mr. R. says he wont allow it to be called Bachelor's Hall, for he has a wife and two children, the only married man of our number. We talk of being patriotic, and celebrating Washington's birth-day with a roast turkey! I have the same rooms as before, a bed-room and a front-room, which I will be so professional, if you please, as to call my "office." I pay the same proportion of rent as before, eight dollars per month, and am here "monarch of all I survey." I can hardly realize that it is the month of January, when I see roses in full bloom, and various other flowers, and ripe figs, and other fruit, upon the trees. But we are within the tropics, under a tropical sun, and a tropical vegetation is all around us. I find too that one's clothing must be adapted to the latitude of the tropics. I have not worn a thick coat more than three or four days since I arrived at Trinidad. I have had to cast aside my woollen mattress, and I now sleep "a la Cubano," on a plain *catre*, or cot-bedstead, with a linen sacking bottom. My horse "Benito," is a great comfort to me, and I often wish you could be my companion in some of my pleasant rides upon him, under the lovely sky of this delightful climate. My expenses now, including "Benito's" keeping, will be from $35 to $40 a month.

Trinidad de Cuba, Feb. 5th, 1844.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER—I am reading D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation with the deepest interest. What a noble, glorious fellow Luther was! Oh, that some such might arise in these and other beautiful regions of the earth, still cursed with the hateful darkness of Popery, which he was so wonderfully instrumental in dispelling in other countries. I sympathize with his spirit. "While I am musing the fire burns;" the fire in my bones of indomitable opposition, everlasting hatred to the bigotry, superstition, tyranny, and ignorance which he so nobly, so gloriously, and, blessed be God, so successfully opposed. I have to set a watch on the door of my lips, lest, in the heat of my spirit, and frankness of my heart, some unguarded expression may escape in regard to government, men, and manners here, which might cost me trouble. Oh, the liberty—the dear, delightful liberty which we enjoy in our beloved country! We do not prize it at home as we ought; but when our citizens come to countries like this, under Spanish, Papal laws, then, ah then, they see the difference—even the irreligious and profane—between a land where true liberty, civil and religious, and equal laws exist, and a land where they exist not. It vexes and tries my very soul when I think of such inquisitorial, anti-human, and anti-Christian laws; and I feel sometimes as though it would be a privilege, if called upon, to fight in order to have them utterly repealed and scattered to the winds.

Making the most of it that you can, there is but little society in Trinidad—I mean such as I have been accustomed to; and of Christian society, so far as I know, not any. The social state here is somewhat as it was in Malaga. But I will say this for Trinidad, and I am in justice bound to say it, that in proportion to its size, the state of morals here is far less corrupt than at Malaga. It is, indeed, about the most quiet, orderly, neat little city that I was ever in. Crime is of rare occurrence, and when found out is promptly punished; and, unlike Malaga, it is perfectly safe riding out anywhere in the vicinity of the city, as I can testify from numerous explorations on Benito, both alone and in company.

But, ah! I do yearn sometimes for a bosom friend—one who could fulfil Sallust's concise and elegant definition of true friendship: "Idem velle atque nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est." Without such a similarity of taste and feeling, how can there be intimate friendship? No person here approaches nearer the centre of my affections than the very outermost barrier of my heart. The middle barrier none have arrived at, much less the inner. I feel sometimes, I confess, a little low-spirited, but it does not last a great while. The frequent letters of you all greatly cheer me; and I fervently thank God I have a blessed refuge in every sorrow that does, or may befal me. With melting fervor can I sometimes most earnestly say in Wesley's beautiful words:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

But, ah! I accomplish so little. Time is winging me away, and what am I doing? The most that I seem to have done since I came to this island, has been to write letters; and of these, small and great, I have despatched to various persons and papers twenty-six, and this will make the twenty-seventh. But various schemes of writing and study are yet unaccomplished, and perhaps ever will be; yet I keep hoping, and hoping, and hoping, and will continue to hope, though "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Had I but perfect health, I think I would soon clear off these old scores, and accomplish speedily plans that are now but a dead letter. I have *mens sana*, but am far yet from having it with that most desirable and invaluable adjunct *in corpore sano.* My cough is still very troublesome, but my attacks of asthma less frequent and less violent than when in the States. The whole mucous membrane of my throat and lungs is exceedingly delicate and sensitive, which convinces me that if I had remained at the north this winter, it might have been, after that period, forever too late to experience any benefit from a change of climate. I think the summer here will be even better for me than the winter, for the northers have affected me rather unfavorably, though, to a person whose lungs are not delicate, they give a fine, dry, bracing, and healthy atmosphere.

I pulled a tremendous back grinder from the jaw of one of my compañeros at American Hall, on the 24th of January. He was delighted with the success of the operation, and praised my skill greatly, for it was a tooth that had caused him a deal of suffering. He has been waiting for the gum to get perfectly well, and on Monday, of this week, he presented me with five dollars, and says he never paid money more cheerfully. I have bought with this money a tablespoon and a tea-spoon for my own use at meals. It was a sum exactly sufficient for the purpose; and I have had the date of the month and year engraved on the back of the spoons, January 24th, 1844, when I performed the first dental operation for which I ever received any compensation. My initials I had put in front. The spoons were just the thing that I needed. So you have the history of my first fee—an interesting event in the Diary of a young Physician. I must now ask for a truce in my letter writing, for this is the twelfth to your own dear self.

Trinidad de Cuba, Monday Evening, Feb. 13*th*, 1844.

Most Dearly Beloved Sister.—As there is to be a vessel cleared for Portland, to-morrow, I will commence this evening a letter to the beloved "Duet" under "the Elm Tree." I thank you for all your sweet, welcome letters, and dear Mother, for her precious addition to your noble, long epistle of Dec. 15th, 1843. I entreat you both to favor me with such ones often, for what in regard to your dear selves will not be of the deepest interest to your beloved self-exiled brother, in this foreign land? I often lay awake after retiring at night to my solitary cot, and in my pleasant musings excogitate matter enough for the construction of two or three epistles of the largest size.

I received the Address on President Marsh, last week, and have already devoured, with eager interest, the whole of it. Mr. Choate's eloquent New England address I have also read with great admiration in the columns of the "Evangelist." What a bombshell, that one innocent sentence of our fathers finding at Geneva, "A church without a bishop, and a state without a king," has proved! I see you have all been nearly frozen up at the north, and I am most thankful that I am not there, but here, quietly basking under the fervent sun of this lovely, tropical climate. It is indeed a most admirable and delightful spot for invalids with pulmonary or, I might say, with almost any complaint. To all I would most strongly recommend a trial of its benignant virtues. Love unutterable to dear Mother. May our gracious Lord be with, and bless us all, and keep us as in the hollow of his hand. I feel daily the blessedness of his protection, and the strong consolation of his covenant love. And yet, I often sigh for the sweet, sympathizing society of congenial Christian friends, of those whose countenances and conversation may stir the innermost depths of my being; for after all, letters, though a grateful solace, are but a laborious, pains-taking, inadequate substitute, for that swift, electric interchange of thought and feeling, which can take place only face to face.

About the same period with these dates are the following entries in the Private Journal.

Thursday Evening, *Feb.* 9*th*.—I would gratefully record the goodness of God in preserving me this day, from what might otherwise have been a very severe accident, or even a fatal one. In going slowly around a corner, during my ride this afternoon, my horse slipped upon a smooth stone, and in an instant fell entirely down, rolling a little to one side. I was thrown off, but immediately regained my feet, with no other injury than a slight bruise of my left ankle, which this evening feels somewhat painful. How easily, but for a Divine Providence, might I have broken my leg, or been otherwise very seriously injured. Oh, that I may be spared yet, for great usefulness in this world, but above all, prepared for a happy exchange of worlds, whenever I may be called. Thousands of unseen dangers, we are doubtless every moment preserved from, that without the restraint and superintendance of an almighty hand, would continually work our destruction.

Havana, *March* 27*th*, 1844.—I left Trinidad on the fifth, and arrived here on the seventh. Have made as yet but little progress in my medical matters, though I have done all I can.

The delay and expense are grievous; and how doubtful is my life! But we must act as though we expected to live, although we may be taken from the world at any moment. The *vis vitæ* and the *vis mortis* seem to struggle hard together in my system, and I sometimes feel as though the latter would soon conquer. The Lord prepare me for any event. My trials are great. Oh, that I may be purified, though it be as by fire.

There is a young gentleman staying at the house where I now am, Hotel de San Carlos, who, it is refreshing to my spirit to find, is a member of the Methodist Church in Brooklyn, and a hopeful Christian. We have prayed, and talked, and sung together some of the sweet songs of Zion; and this, I may say, is the first really Christian communion and fellowship that I have enjoyed since I left New York. He is an invalid, affected with chronic bronchitis; we feel a sympathy for each other, and are much together.

Havana, *April* 16*th*, 1844.

Most Dear and Honored Mother.—You will have learned, I trust, long ere this reaches you, by my long letter to dear George, of my arrival at this city, and the object of my visit at this time. Thanks be unto God, I would devoutly say, that object is this day happily accomplished; I have undergone three rigid examinations, all in Spanish, on as many different days; this morning I had the final one, and have this day been approved by the Protomedicato of the Royal University of Havana! I feel now in better spirits to write my dear friends, than I have for a long time, for a load is removed from my mind that has been pressing upon it with weary weight for a long, long season.

Notwithstanding the delays, harassments, anxieties, and trials, of various kinds, that I have experienced since I have been here, my health has improved very much. It is six weeks to-morrow since I arrived, and I have had no regular, fresh attack of asthma; my cough has been a part of the time very trying, but is now somewhat better, and my chest feels much stronger than it did a month since.

Dear E. inquires how I spend my Sabbaths; I generally spend them in the retirement of my own room, reading my precious Bible, and other good books, and praying to that blessed God and Saviour, who is equally near to all that love Him, in all parts of His dominions. My Sabbaths are sometimes interrupted, and can hardly be otherwise in this Sabbath-profaning country; but I endeavor to get along in the best way I can, in the circumstances in which I am placed, and I am often blessed with sweet and precious seasons.

I have heard one very good sermon since I arrived here, preached on board the "Potomac" by the chaplain, and this is the only original sermon that I have heard since I left New York. I can, indeed, most feelingly say with David sometimes, that "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." "When shall I come, and appear before God" in his earthly courts in a Christian Protestant land? Ah! when! when! I entreat you both to write me often Letters from my dear friends in this far land are a rich consolation, and they assuage greatly the pains of separation. Ever your dutiful and affectionate son.

The tale of his experience in the Havana Medical University was sent soon after to Dr. Parker, and by him published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of August 21st, 1844, under the title of "MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS AND LICENSES IN CUBA."

Havana, April 25th, 1844.

DEAR SIR.—Thinking that it may be of some interest to you to know the course of the Medical Examination, to which foreign Physicians are subjected, before they can legally practise on this island; I have thought that I would give you the particulars of the late formalities and examinations through which I have passed at the Royal University of this city.

In the first place, I would say, that in commencing this undertaking, the candidate should provide himself with an almost inexhaustible stock of PATIENCE; for the annoyances, formalities, and vexatious delays, which he will meet, will very soon drain anything like a moderate supply of that most necessary and useful attribute of mind. I arrived here from Trinidad on the 7th of March, and it was not until the 12th of April, that with all my efforts I could get a day named for my examination. It is true that the occurrence of the Semana Santa, or Holy Week, and a number of other holydays, occasioned a loss of time that, perhaps, might not have otherwise taken place. But holydays, or no holydays, there will be detention and constant delay; "poco á poco, mañana, mañana, little by little, to-morrow, and to-morrow," is, I may say, the unvarying course of Spanish tribunals. Many a valuable to-morrow and "day after to-morrow" comes and goes, and to your grief and cost do you find that your business is no nearer to a conclusion than before, but remains in statu quo.

The first thing, if the individual has not already done it, is to take out a "carta de domicilio," giving him authority to remain in the island, and establish himself where he may choose in the practice of his profession. This requires about three days, and costs, if one understands the language, and can manage the matter for himself, four dollars and a half; if he is obliged to hire another to do it for him, it will cost him a couple more. Next, he must make a petition, in due form, to the President of the Subinspection of Studies, who is the Captain General himself, praying that his Excellency will deign to give the necessary order, to the end that he may be legally qualified for the exercise of his profession upon this island. This petition must be handed to the Secretary of the Subinspector of Studies, and be laid before the Junta, or Medical Council, before it can be acted upon.

This grave body meets but once a week, on Wednesday evening, and I suppose no earthly consideration would make them meet any oftener. The carta de domicilio and the diploma of the candidate must be also laid before the Junta, the latter being previously certified by the American Consul, which costs two dollars. The Junta meet, and the papers being laid before them in due form, they order that the candidate proceed to take the necessary steps for the attainment of his object. After, perhaps, a couple of weeks, and sometimes double and treble that number, the candidate is ordered to prove his identity in the office of the Secretary of the Subinspection of Studies. That is, to prove by three good witnesses, that he is the individual spoken of in the diploma, and no other; to prove, as a gentleman who went as witness with me, facetiously remarked, "que usted es usted," that you are you. Your witnesses must be natives of your own country, American citizens, known and established in this city, and must have been acquainted with you at least for some considerable time. They are examined separately, and a clerk formally takes down the deposition of each one in writing.

After all the ceremony is finished, the Secretary of the Subinspection of Studies writes an official letter to the Rector of the University, stating that having gone through all the necessary formalities in his office, he now sends you to undergo the requisite examinations at the Royal University. And here begins somewhat deeply "la funcion del dinero," the play of the money, which is anything but amusing to the person that has it to pay. The *derechos*, or fees, at this office are twenty dollars. I paid my money, took the official despatch, and repaired immediately to the University, where I delivered it in the Secretary's office, and by insisting somewhat, I at last obtained the appointment of the next day, the 13th of April, at one o'clock, for my first examination. The Rector appoints three examiners from among the professors of the University, and the Subinspection of Studies sends one as a delegate from their body.

On the day of the first examination, previous to that act, I had to make the following heavy deposits, viz, one hundred and twenty-five dollars paid into the Treasury of the

University, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars to be paid into the hands of the Beadle, to be distributed by him among the examiners, for both of which sums receipts were given me, which I had to deliver to the Secretary before entering the hall of examination. At last the hour arrived, and my cane being duly taken from me at the door by one of the porters, and duly placed in the corner with the other gold-headed, wise-looking, doctorial canes, I was ushered by the Beadle into the august presence of my dignified examiners.

The Beadle is an exceedingly important and busy personage on these occasions; he is master of ceremonies, ushers you in and out, and sits by your side during the whole of the examination, and is in fact a sort of body-guard, or constable, to see that you do not infringe on any of those sacred rules of etiquette and formality, in the observance of which the Spaniards have ever been so excessively punctilious. None but a black dress, I was duly informed, beforehand, by the illustrious Beadle, would be considered *de etequeta;* so I took care to go diplomatically arrayed, *vestido de negro*, from head to foot.

The room for examination is a large and very stately one, hung with crimson, and at the end opposite the door of entrance, is the stage or pulpit for the Rector, over which hangs a portrait of the young Queen of Spain. A row of permanent arm-chairs, for the examiners, extends from each side of the pulpit towards the door, and at the end of these, between the two rows, is a table and seat covered with red cloth, and upon this the poor wight of a candidate is placed, as a fair target to be shot at from both sides, without even a back or a side to his seat, or a single object to conceal his bashfulness or mortification, should some unlucky missile but too sorely wound him.

I had been seated but a few moments when the Rev. Rector, attired in full canonicals, black surplice and gown, lace-cuffs, and collar, entered and took his chair of state. My watchful guardian, the Beadle, ordered me to rise as he passed, and on my attempting, without further honors, to sit down again, he told me not to sit down until his lordship, *sa usia*, was seated. When the Very Reverend Senior was comfortably composed in his seat, the Dean of the Faculty, Dr. C. V., rang a little bell and called for "los expedientés," that is, the different papers showing that I had duly taken all the legal steps and formalities *conformé á lo despuerto*, to arrive at the surely not enviable position I was then occupying. Probably the most important of these *expedients* were the receipts, showing that the two hundred and fifty dollars were safe in the coffers of the University, and in the important hands of the punctilious Beadle.

I confess that at the first examination all this formality, dignity, ceremony and etiquette, quite surprised and confounded me. Unlike, also, our strictly private examinations, these are free to the public, and a number of the Students of the University were present, the door of the hall being wide open. The Beadle, too, lost no occasion of scrupulously demonstrating the importance of his functions ; in the course of the examination, noticing that I used, in replying to the professors, the word ustéd, you, the usual very respectful mode of address among Spaniards, he whispered to me, in a low voice, and told me that I must there use the word *usia*, your honor, your lordship. I felt at that moment little inclined to use compliments with any body. The noise, too, from the street, through the open door, was sometimes almost deafening, and I was seated at such a formal distance from my examiners, that several times I could not hear their questions at all. However the hour terminated, as all hours will, but to me it was an excessively long and disagreeable one. It tends, also, not a little to increase your discomfort, to know that the hundred and twenty-five dollars, paid to the examiners will be *entirely lost* in case they reject you ; for if they give you another trial some months after, which they sometimes do, their fee has to be paid over again, in full amount, as anything less than that sum is not considered a compensation for the privilege of being screwed!

The matters touched upon in the examination were of much the same nature as at our colleges, but they were discussed with much more length and minuteness. They examine on everything pertaining to medicine and surgery except chemistry—anatomy and physiology, theory and practice of medicine, clinical medicine and surgery, materia medica, surgical diseases and operations, obstetrics, and all matters—which are various—that come under the head of medical jurisprudence. Dr. C. V. is the professor of medical jurisprudence, and one of the most accomplished and intelligent professors of the University. I would cheerfully add, too, that he was decidedly the most affable, fair, and considerate of my examiners, and this has generally been the experience of all the candidates when he has been one of the board. A kind look, and a candid, assuring manner, in the professor examining, has a wonderful effect to soothe and animate the timid, agitated pupil. This pleasant manner Dr. C. V. most eminently possesses, which cannot be said by any means of all the rest.

The next trial was appointed for the day but one after, Monday, the 15th instant, at half past four o'clock, P. M., at the Hospital de San Juan de Dios. At the appointed hour I met the professors, and after examining the medical case which they gave me, we all adjourned to the University, and I there passed another *examen* of nearly an hour. The diagnosis of the case which they gave me was easy, for it was a young man covered from head to foot with the small pox, some of the pustules being now in the drying stage. They examined me minutely on the nature and treatment of this disease, and on contagion and infection in general, and took another ramble over all the branches of medicine and surgery.

The third and last examination was appointed for the following morning at seven o'clock, to meet the professors again at St. John's Hospital, and be given a surgical case to examine and be examined upon; and also, should there be a recent subject, to perform some operations upon the dead body. There was no cadáver that morning, which circumstance I did not at all regret. They showed me a boy with congenital hare-lip, and a case of fracture of the patella; and after examining these, and walking around the Hospital, we went again to the University, where I had a minute examination of thirty-five minutes upon the cases I had seen, and upon a variety of other subjects besides. In the second and third examinations, having recovered my confidence, and become somewhat accustomed to their formal mode of procedure, I succeeded much better than in the first.

The last examination being concluded, I was ushered out by Monsieur le Beadle, the door was shut, and the Professors went into conclave. In about three minutes the Beadle came out, and informed me that I was approved—"usted esta aprobado"—which were indeed cheering words after all the harassing formalities and delays, and the ordeal of three rigid examinations through which I had passed. At the conclusion, I was required to take an oath of fidelity to the Queen of Spain, and obedience to the Spanish laws while I remain upon the island. This was read to me by the Dean of the Faculty, Dr. C. V., standing upon the stage; and here again el Senor Beadle, untiring in his zeal for forms, motioned me to fall upon my knees while the oath was being read, but the worthy Dean, with great consideration, interrupted the important official, and told me it was not necessary.

On receiving the diploma or titulo which they give, you have to pay another twenty dollars into the Treasury of the University, making, with the certification of your diploma, two hundred and ninety-two dollars. In the course of the proceedings, you will have to use two or three sheets of stamped paper, at half a dollar a sheet; and you will find, also, that notwithstanding the enormous sums you have paid to the high functionaries, the lazy porters at the door will be most vexatiously teazing you for a fee—"alguna cosa para refrescar." Another dollar to them, together with the "Letter of Domiciliation," will make the whole expenses amount to very near three hundred dollars. Understanding the Spanish language, I did not have to employ an interpreter. If I had been obliged to do so, it would have been an additional expense of fifty dollars, as that is what an American physician now practising here informed me he had to pay.

A few years since the examinations were a mere form, and almost dispensed with, the payment of five hundred dollars being by far the most important and essential formality. On this old regime I have been informed that numbers of persons quite unqualified bought licenses—apothecaries, barber-surgeons, etc. About two years since, the fees were reduced to their present rates, and the examinations commenced in good earnest; and in the month of March just passed, the new regulations concerning physicians and surgeons, and all matters relating to them, have been published in a pamphlet form, of which every physician and surgeon is required to have a copy.

Perhaps it would be interesting to you to know its title, and one or two of its important articles. It is called, "Reglamento de Medicina y Cirujia, Formado por la Subinspecion de Estudios de las Islas de Cuba y Puerto Rico, y aprobado por su Magestad en Real orden de tres de Enero de 1844." Chapter IV., art. 14, says: "No persons can exercise in the Islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico, the profession of Medicine and Surgery, nor the branches of Dentist, Bleeder, and Midwife, without the corresponding title given to them by the competent authority." Article 15: "Those who, without a legal title, shall exercise any branch of the healing art, or shall exceed the faculties which their title concedes to them, shall be fined, the competent summary information having been previously given by the local judge, in the sum of one hundred dollars for the first offence, and in default of payment, one month's imprisonment; and for the second offence, two hundred dollars, or two months' imprisonment; and for the third offence, three hundred dollars, or three months' imprisonment; with the right, besides, in either of the three cases, in the event of any disastrous result from the illegal practice, to prosecute according to law, for the purpose of condign punishment."

Article 17 says: "In the same manner, foreign physicians must present to the Subinspection of Studies, their respective titles, legalized in due form, and prove, also, the identity of their persons; but this tribunal can in no case license them to practise, except there take place, before the Board of the respective Faculty, the proof examinations and practical exercises prescribed in the one hundredth article of the General Plan of Studies, and the deposit which is spoken of in the hundred and twenty-third article of the Regulations of the University."

So you see that quacks have no chance of success here; and the door is narrow, and the way difficult and expensive for even regular practitioners of any nation whatever.

I close with something of the same advice as that with which I commenced, to any professional brother about to undertake this arduous enterprise: Go doubly armed with patience and money, for both one and the other will meet with heavy drafts; and go well prepared for the examination, for a rigid and severe one you may be sure of receiving.

In this connection, for the information of invalids resorting to the West Indies, we give the following extract from his published correspondence in the "New York Commercial Advertiser," commenting upon the climates of Trinidad and Havana:

From all that I can learn, gleaned from various authentic sources and actual observation, Trinidad is by far the healthiest place on this island, and one of the healthiest in the world. Its local situation is admirable, for its healthiness as well as its picturesque beauty. It is built on a declivity at the base of a range of mountains, so that though the rain may fall in torrents, as it does sometimes in the rainy season, not a bucketful remains in the streets to become stagnant in the sun, but all runs off toward the sea upon the savannas, where the sandy and thirsty earth soon drinks it all up. The streets are very well paved, and no dirt is allowed to be thrown in them; but it is all carefully removed, each family being obliged to send away its own slops out of the city, as they accumulate in vessels for the purpose.

The city is supplied with pure, excellent water by a river that runs near it from the mountains; it is dipped up in earthen *botigas*, or jars, and distributed to the different families from the backs of mules and horses. Many of the houses have also *algibes*, or cisterns, which get well filled during the rainy months, and this supply lasts for a long time, being chiefly used for culinary purposes. The air is of most remarkable dryness and transparent purity, and its temperature truly delightful to those who are obliged to flee from the rigors of your Northern Winters. The Winter range of the thermometer is from 70 to 80 degrees. I have not known it since my arrival—December 8th, 1843—to be lower at any time than 71 or 72 degrees, even during the prevalence of a Norther which is the coldest wind ever experienced here.—But a Trinidad Norther is very different from a Havana Norther. At the latter place they drive fiercely upon the unprotected city, charged with cold and salt vapor from the open Atlantic; here we are very much sheltered from their violence by the mountains of Trinidad, and they come dry and bracing, their moisture being absorbed by the arid tracts of country over which they have passed.

It is not seldom that vessels come here with their crews sick with yellow fever, from St. Jago de Cuba and Kingston, Jamaica, and if deaths take place on board, as they often do, some are ready to attribute them to the climate here—whereas they are but the development and consummation of disease contracted in other ports. But it is very seldom that people sicken and die with the yellow fever, either in this city itself, or its little port, Casilda ; and even in the rainy season, during the hot, tropical summer, there are but few cases, and they generally yield to prompt, judicious treatment.

The climate on account of its great dryness and equability of temperature, is particularly favorable for complaints of the throat and chest, chronic asthma, and morbid states of the mucous membrane. For asthma, all assure me that it is one of the best climates in the world. Living here is somewhat expensive, but much cheaper than at Havana.

There is no doubt that should some well-qualified person, of energy and enterprise, establish a good house here for the accommodation of invalids, and make it permanent, and the fine qualities of this lovely climate be made fully known, many would come hither every winter, and receive far more benefit than is derived from a residence in various other places, to which it is more customary to resort.

The invalids have now (April 20th) nearly all gone from Havana and vicinity, and the few that are left will soon depart in the steamer Alabama for New Orleans, and in other packets for the north. Many of them commit a fatal mistake by leaving here so early for the cold winds, cloudy skies, and rainy atmosphere that are often to be met with even till the month of June, in any part of the Northern and Middle States, not to say in the South itself. A summer residence in a warm climate, would, in many instances, have a more decidedly beneficial effect than only a winter one. A winter, the ensuing summer, and then another winter, ought, in many cases, to be passed before a return to our northern climate. A change takes place in the human system in a year and a half, while it is experiencing the different annual seasons of a tropical climate, which cannot be effected by only a few months of mild air during the winter. But Home, and Friends, and dear familiar faces, have, I too well know, an attraction that it is hard, very hard, to resist, even when the common instinct of self-preservation—the love of life itself—pulls strongly in the opposite direction.

The infamous traffic in slaves is still carried on upon this island to a lamentable extent. It is only eight or ten days since a small slave schooner crossed the mouth of this harbor, and was seen plainly from the port. She went only a few miles to windward, and there landed her human cargo of one hundred and ten negro slaves; and this vessel, I have understood, had only a crew of about eight men! Two rakish-looking vessels are now lying in port, which only a few weeks since returned from Africa with the same kind of cargo. One of them, which designed to carry many more, was chased off the coast by an English man-of-war, and was obliged to leave with only fifty-four.

It would be a new thing under the sun to see an American squadron engaged heart and hand in exterminating the slave-trade. Would that we might behold such an agreeable spectacle; for, as things are now permitted to go on in this business, to the disgrace of nations calling themselves civilized and Christian, most truly may it be said,

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

CHAPTER XV.

HOPES RAISED—FRUSTRATED—AND AT LENGTH TERMINATED IN DEATH ON HIS RETURN VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

He lives, who dies bequeathing works which tell
That he has been; who so fulfils his race,
That though no dazzling deeds his praises swell,
He yet may find a holy resting-place
In the FOND HEART'S REMEMBRANCE, there to trace
The record of a soul renewed by grace:
He who thus lives, when Death's dim shadows lower,
Shall win eternal life in that transporting hour.
ANON.

THROUGH a perseverance and force of character in surmounting difficulties that gave promise of large results in time to come, an honorable professional standing is now fairly won on foreign ground, and amidst jealous competitors. The American friends of the young Physician were fondly hoping that a successful career of professional usefulness was opening to him, which a gracious Providence would allow him to pursue. We have seen how his severe bodily affliction had proved the wholesome soil of virtue,

"Where goodness, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish."

We thought they were to flourish awhile below, before transplanting to the paradise of God. But to

Infinite Wisdom that never errs, it seemed otherwise, as the present chapter will reveal.

His safe return from Havana, duly authorized and approved, with his hard-earned and dear-bought medical honors, is thus announced in a letter to his Brother, dated, Trinidad de Cuba, May 6th, 1844:

I am, by God's blessing, permitted to announce to you my safe arrival at this place on last Thursday evening. I am comfortably settled at my old quarters in Calle de la Gracia. I feel depressed and discouraged sometimes, I can assure you; and I can say with the deepest feeling, when I review the long years of suffering with this dreadful infirmity, the separation from friends, the trials, and the abnegations, through which I have passed, and still suffer, "*I am* the man that hath seen affliction."

In my day dreams, I sometimes see vistas of reputation, honor, and wealth, opening up before me, but perhaps, I shall never be permitted to realize them. The will of the Lord be done, whatever it may be. I trust, yea, I feel assured that I have an interest in his pardoning love, and that let what may befall me in time, all, all is well for eternity. Oh! blessed, sustaining hope! What should I be, and what should I do without that! If my worldly dreams were all realized, and I had no cheering hope of heaven, how miserable a man!

"Were the whole sea one chrysolite,
This earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This hope were worth them all."

Under date of May 12th, he writes in his Journal:

My license has been duly presented both to the Subdelegado Di Gallo, and to the Governor; and I am now fully author ized to practise my profession. Oh, that God may deign to bless me in its exercise here, and make me useful. I feel "ready to halt," when my animal spirits sink so low as they have done at times. Since my return, I have experienced also a good many trials and vexations to harass and annoy me, besides the great ones which I am constantly called to endure of ill-health, and absence from all I love best. But the blessed consolations of the word of God, and a happy spirit of prayer do not fail me. O, what should I do without that unspeakable privilege! It is more precious to me than thousands of gold and silver. I would not exchange it for all the wealth, without the exercise of that gift, of the richest man living.

Were I possessor of the earth,
  And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
  I were a wretch undone.

Trinidad de Cuba, June 12th, 1844.

Most Dearly Beloved Sister.—I commence this afternoon what I intend shall be a sort of tête-à-tête conversation with my dear Sister, and beloved Mother, whose birth-day I recollect was yesterday. My mind is continually full of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" towards you, but ah! how tardy and dull seems the pen, as a mode of transmitting them, compared with the sweet, precious, mutual reciprocity of personal conversation, the giving and receiving of those sparks of mental electricity, which do so delightfully vivify and ventilate the atmosphere of our being, when friend meets friend in the dear intercourse of domestic life. But this privilege we cannot now have, much as we do desire it, and we must make the most of the only substitute that remains, that of epistolary communications.

I must now answer some of your inquiries, and refer to the topics touched upon in your most welcome letters. As to slavery I hate to touch upon it, and to uncover the pit of abominations which that system of oppression always incloses within its bounds, wherever it exists. On the estates, particularly the sugar estates of this island, it is doubtless vastly more rigorous and severe than in the United States, except in a few instances. It would now have to be a very large salary that would tempt me to live permanently on one of the sugar plantations of this island. I spent a day last winter at Magua, one of the rich Dr. Cantero's finest estates, about six miles from Trinidad. It was the grinding season, and I saw much that was new and interesting to me in the mode of making the sugar and molasses. There are three hundred and eighty negroes on that estate, all from the coast of Africa; this is the case on a great many estates, the supply being kept up by reinforcements, brought from time to time by the infamous, piratical slave vessels. When I came from Havana the last time, there came also in the cars and steamer, as far as Cienfuegos, about seventy Bozal negroes, as they are called; and I was told by a Spaniard on board that it had been only about eight days since they were landed from Africa, near Havana. They were of all ages and sexes, could not of course speak a word of Spanish, and a more wretched, degraded, miserable looking set of beings I never saw in my life. Oh! how feelingly did I think of Cowper's pathetic little piece on the horrors of the Slave-trade—

"Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne."

In the cities, as far as I have seen and heard, the negroes are treated very well, and there are a great many free ones. There is a public officer in every city, called Sindico, whose duty it is to protect the slaves against the undue insolence of their masters, a sort of day's-man betwixt the two. The slaves have the liberty of changing their masters in the city, whenever there is any just cause of complaint; and whenever they amass money enough to buy themselves, and wish to do so, the master is obliged to give them their liberty, at a price just about equivalent to their market-value. Here in Trinidad, the colored people, both free and slaves, seem to be an exceeding merry, cheerful, contented set. The whole population of Trinidad is about 15,000, and I suppose that at least half, or probably as many as 8,000, are blacks and mulattoes. The shades of color, I can assure you, are wonderfully numerous; complexions of all hues, from the deepest ebony black to the least possible trace of negro-blood, may be seen in the faces of those you meet daily in this city.

It is very warm and has been all this month, but the heat as yet agrees with me well. I wish I could say my cough had left me; but it is still very bad, though better, perhaps, than when I left for Havana. My kindest love to our dear relatives at old York, when you write them. Unspeakable love to dear Mother, and thanks for her sweet addition to your letters.

The receipt at this time of a box of books from the American Tract Society, and a Certificate of Life Membership, induced the following letter to the benevolent lady of Hallowell by whose donation it was effected:

Trinidad de Cuba, July 1st, 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Bond—I return to you my most sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me, in constituting me a life member of the American Tract Society, and for the receipt of the "Evangelical Family Library," as the consequence of your liberal donation. The books arrived at this port in the bark "Franklin," Captain Gibbs, on the

13th of last month; but, as they had to pass through the Custom House, and be viewed by the public Censor, I did not receive them into my possession until the 20th ult. Their examination by the Censor was truly quite a farce, for I learn that neither he nor one of his clerks understands a word of English! But this was all the better for me, since, if they had understood the titles and contents of the books, they would not, perhaps, have been admitted. "Nevin's Thoughts on Popery," they might have feared would be a firebrand, though in a foreign language. They are all exceedingly valuable volumes, and though I have read a goodly number of them, I am delighted now to own them, and have them always by me for re-perusal, and to lend them, should I have the opportunity, in this dark and unevangelized portion of the world.

Of true, heartfelt religion in this island, I fear there is very little. The Catholic religion itself is quite disregarded, and the people do not live up even to the scanty light afforded by that dark system, which is, indeed, faint and flickering. The women are superstitious, the men little better than Turks or Infidels, as to any religion, and the moral and religious education of the children is utterly abandoned among all classes. The negro and mulatto children, and those of the poorer orders of the white population, and I may include their parents also, can certainly be but little better off as to knowledge of the Gospel, than the Heathen themselves.

I often think of the missionaries, and the trials which they must have to endure from the obtuseness and want of any moral sense, which they find in various parts of the Heathen world. When I see the little naked children playing about the streets and houses, black and white, and all conceivable shades between those two colors, of both sexes and all ages, up to six, eight, or ten years, and when I witness the exceeding ignorance, degradation, and wickedness of their parents, and the generally abandoned and sunken state of all classes upon this island, I am compelled, most painfully, to feel that gross darkness covers the people, and my only relief is to pray that God may soon send the penetrating light of his blessed Gospel to remove it.

I suffer much from the deprivation of religious society and social privileges; but God is unspeakably good to me; he shines upon me with the light of his countenance; makes prayer an unspeakable blessing; and erects for me, as it were, "a little sanctuary" in the midst of a spiritual wilderness. My kindest love to Mr. Bond, and ever believe me to be, most sincerely, and with much esteem, your friend and younger brother in Christ.

There commences about this time in the Journal, a series of entries full of painful interest to his friends, respecting both his own practice and the multiplying indications of accelerating fatal disease in his own person. But he still hoped against hope—fulfilled all the calls of his profession, and heroically held up to the last. On the 29th of June, he says:

I have had several patients, or cases, since my last date, and now have a negro at Casilda, belonging to Lord and Rankin, whom I am attending every day. His left leg was ripped up six days since by a ferocious boar, making a dreadful wound, some five or six inches in length.

August 5th, Monday afternoon.—For a week past I have been very unwell, not with asthma, but with great debility, irritation of my lungs, and pain in my side. I feel often to say with David, "I shall one day perish by the hands of Saul." I shall one day fall by the hand of this disease. I finished visiting old Tom a week ago to-day, leaving him nearly well. On the first instant, my bill was paid, which will support me, unless I should be very sick, for the next ten weeks or three months. I would praise the name of the Lord, that I have been enabled to earn so large a sum.

In a letter to his mother of July 19th, he mentions surgical cases of practice that were on his hands, and that he had three patients also in the city with chronic diseases:

You see how the Lord has graciously blessed me with increase; so that I hope from this date by his continued blessing to sustain myself. How many unwritten letters are continually elaborated in the ever busy thoughts of home, and the dear ones there, and the pleasant things that are constantly passing through my mind like pictures in the camera obscura. How often would the affectionate, restless workings of my heart fill sheets, had I the power of the daguerreotype to transmit them immediately, like portraits, to the white surface of the paper! I feel grieved at the necessity of dear George's departure, and earnestly hope that his travels may be instrumental in restoring him to perfect health. My heart is with you at home in the absence of all your dear sons.

Trinidad de Cuba, August 13th, 1844.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED SISTER—By the barque "Ellen" which clears to-morrow for New York, I have an opportunity to acknowledge the various epistolary favors that I have received from the hands of yourself and dear Mother since the date of my last. Truly a precious list of refreshments to your beloved self-exiled brother in this far off land. I earnestly hope that amid all the changes that may take place in the old homestead, the OLD ELM TREE will ever be spared. From hence I send forth the cry—"Woodman! spare that TREE." If the house is sold, let it be with the condition in the deed, if possible, that the OLD ELM TREE is never to be cut down. I am heartily glad that the syrup proved so sweet and acceptable a gift—it was fresh from the sugar cane of Don Pio Bastida's estate. The profits of the molasses trade have this year been very great. Mr. Lynn acknowledges that the profits of his business this year will, or do amount to $30,000. I am truly rejoiced at his good fortune; speaking after the manner of men, none deserve it better than he. His noble, open-hearted benevolence to all that are in distress, and his generous, constant charity to the poor, of whom there are many in Trinidad, do really make me admire his character and applaud the sympathising kindness of his heart. I wish, ah! how I wish, that he were a Christian.

I have not had an attack of asthma since the 18th of last May, and that was but of one day's duration. I have suffered, however, a good deal from my cough, occasional irritation of the lungs, and pain in the right side, and latterly from debility induced by a chronic bilious diarrhœa, the effects, I suppose, of the climate; perhaps a kind of acclimation that I am undergoing, my system having been unaccustomed to the sultry heats of the tropics. But I am now much better of it, and intend, in order still better to recruit, to go out in a few days five leagues into the country to Don Pio Bastida's estate, where for months I have had a standing invitation.

Only the day after the date of this letter there is an entry in his journal of August 14th, which is painfully significant as to his rapidly failing health and the speedy termination of all earthly hopes:

Oh how depressed and feeble I am, yet I have written to-day and yesterday three quite cheerful letters, but with a tremendous effort. "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and my acquaintance into darkness." I have not a single, sympathising Christian companion here. I feel sometimes, as though I could not possibly endure this loneliness any longer. To be sick and alone, and likely to die among strangers oppresses me with sadness. Oh! God, leave me not to sink. In my deliberate judgment as a physician, the symptoms I now observe in myself, excessive irritation of the chest and lungs, pain in the right side, and occasional bloody phlegm, together with the diarrhœa and debility, make it exceedingly doubtful whether I shall live many months longer; and yet I may live to a good old age. Sometimes I think it may be in reserve for me thus to live, and yet be all the time as I have already been the largest half of my life, encompassed with, and suffering from, various bodily infirmities. The Lord's will be done. Let Him do that which seemeth to Him good. I humbly trust that living or dying I am His; and that all His dispensations in regard to me will at length work out my highest everlasting good

"It is the Lord, whose matchless skill,
Can from afflictions raise,
Matter eternity to fill,
With ever growing praise."

Aug. 20*th*.—Estate of Don Pio Bastida. Fifteen miles from Trinidad.—We started this morning at five minutes to six, and after a truly delightful and picturesque ride, arrived at this beautifully situated estate, about twenty minutes past eight. The air is cooler than in the city; there is a refreshing breeze, and I already feel much better. The ride hardly fatigued me. "Benito," has greatly improved in his paces; he has now a gualtropeo, as it is called, which is a very easy, fine pace, and excellent for a journey. Thanks be to God for His gracious protection, and that I am in the least degree improved in my health.

Saturday, 31*st*, *Don Pio Bastida's*.—Yesterday afternoon we had a fine shower, and everything looks delightfully green and fresh to-day. I am gradually improving, but my appetite is still very small. My right side is very much affected, and the seat of my disease seems to be now there.

I have had great pain in that region. This has been to me one of the most painful, sad, and suffering months that I ever experienced. Some days, both here and in Trinidad, it has seemed as though I could not sustain myself any longer, but must sink entirely, and die without remedy. I seem as yet to be in a very critical state, and as though I were hanging between life and death. Oh, blessed Saviour, prepare me for any result, even the worst that can befal me.

"Submissive to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.
Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke—inflict the pain—
And point to joys above.
How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss."

Trinidad, *Sept. 4th*, *Wednesday*, *A.M.*—We came to town yesterday morning, according to previous arrangement, but found the roads excessively bad, from the quantity of rain that had fallen. The Rio de Ay was so swollen, that we had to pass it in a boat, and swim the horses across. I found all things safe at my rooms, but was lonely and depressed on my first arrival, at not finding one warm friend or dear relative to welcome me back. I feel very much the separation from all those I hold most dear, and the great want of some true Christian bosom companion.

Sept. 16*th.*—This afternoon, by a great effort, I have written three letters, one to dear George, at London; one to cousin William at New York; and one to dear Mother at Hallowell. Still troubled with diarrhæa, which has greatly weakened me.

Oct. 1*st*, 1844.—Engaged my passage for Philadelphia, in the brig "Espeleta," Capt. Ames. Very weak and feeble.

Oct. 2nd.—A tremendous rain storm from the S.E. all day. Enormous quantities of rain have fallen. The roar of the sea can be heard very loud; the first time I have heard it here. Rather better to-day, having taken the elixir of opium last night. But I seem to rally only for a day or so, and then sink into a state of extreme weakness. Perhaps I shall not survive the voyage, but still it MAY, by the great blessing of God, prove of eminent service. One thing is certain that I am in a very low state here, and my average improvement if any, very small, and the lowness and depression that I suffer make me worse. If I am soon to die, oh! may God in His mercy grant that it may be among my kindred. It would be dreadful to die here in this Catholic, superstitious, irreligious country. The American Consul, Mr. McLean, goes as passenger with me, and the Captain's wife is with him, who is a kind-hearted and amiable woman, and I think, will be a good nurse, and do every thing she can for my comfort.

This expectation his friends had good reason to know, and acknowledge, with gratitude for the kind attentions paid him, was fully met. His situation on shipboard was rendered comfortable by the friendly offices of those with him, far more so than it could have been, had he remained to die on land. The above is the last memorial in the fair handwriting which has traced the simple records of this volume, through a series of suffering years.

God be praised for the assurance we have, that in that blissful world where the former things are passed away—where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick—where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain—with the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne to lead him, he can retrace by the light of eternity, all that suffering way through time, and see in a record illuminated by the Saviour's love, how all things were working together for his good. May we be followers of him, who, through FAITH AND PATIENCE, has inherited the promises.

He was able to arrange and settle his affairs satisfactorily at Trinidad, and to embark on the twelfth of October, still hopeful of arriving to die among his kindred. He wrote a brief precautionary letter, apprising his friends of his embarkation, by another vessel that sailed in company. It was not till the day before his death that the progress of his disease entirely disabled him from coming on deck. His frequent prayers for dying grace, were graciously answered in the gentle exit by which he at length passed from time to eternity—from a scene of trial to a heaven of peace. The manner of his final departure is thus given in letters to his Mother and Brother, by his worthy friend and fellow-passenger, Samuel McLean, United States Consul at Trinidad, on whom devolved the sad duty of announcing the death of the beloved sufferer, on the 23rd of October, 1844, in the brig Espeleta:

"Every attention that could possibly be paid to the sufferer was cheerfully performed by the wife of the Captain, and I take a melancholy pleasure in stating that his end was as calm and resigned, and apparently as free from pain as any one the writer has ever had the sad opportunity of witnessing. The day before his decease, in a conversation with me, he wished me to particularly understand that his faith was strong in his Redeemer's promises, and that he was willing, if it pleased God, to render up his soul to him who gave up his own life that we might live eternally. He had a great dread of leaving his body in Cuba, preferring, as he frequently stated to me, to die at sea. This sad alternative was allowed him; and we committed his body to the deep on the evening of the 23rd, in latitude 28° 42′, and longitude 79° 50′, the burial-service of the Episcopal Church being read on the occasion by the unworthy writer of this letter."

An extract from a letter to his Brother George, gives a few more interesting particulars of the last days of the life portrayed in these pages:

"There is a deep moral in the dying-bed of a good man, and such your esteemed brother certainly was. It will be long ere the scene of his death will pass from my memory. Our entire passage was one of storms and tempests, and for a few days before and after his death, the weather, in nautical parlance, was very heavy; still the patient sufferer complained not. The day before his death, he called me to the side of his berth, and after giving me such instructions as he conceived necessary respecting his effects, he asked me whether the storm was likely to abate. As we were then making little or no progress, being in the Gulf

Stream with the wind ahead, I replied that I did not think it would last much longer. He then said, if it would please God, he would like very much to see once more those faces that were so dear to him (meaning his Mother and Sister—he supposed you to be in Europe at that time); but, says he, "Not my will, but Thine be done." These were his last words. All the ensuing night he appeared to doze, and he lay like an infant taking his rest. Not a groan—not a moan escaped his lips; and he died without a struggle the day after the circumstances above related occurred. Everything that could be done under the circumstances was done; and about sunset his body was committed to that deep which, on the great day, will give up its dead. The prayers of the Episcopal Church were read, and the howling of the storm was his requiem."

A suitable close to these memorials, which it has been a sad, yet satisfactory work to prepare, is found in a tribute to his memory written for the New York Observer, by Rev. George Shepard, D.D., now Professor in the Theological Seminary of Bangor, Maine, formerly the beloved Pastor of the old South Congregational Church in Hallowell:

"The recent announcement in your paper of the death of Dr. Nathaniel Cheever, on his passage home from Cuba, was one which surprised and pained many hearts. Dr. Cheever was a native of Hallowell, Me. In childhood he was remarkable for an exuberance of life—a ceaseless and bounding elasticity of spirits. But he was early called to suffering. When he was twelve years of age, the heavy hand of disease came upon him in the form of an incurable asthma. In the attacks and paroxysms of this disease, his sufferings were great indeed. It was, at those times, most painful to look on, and witness the hard and unrespited contention for the liberty to breathe. But manfully and submissively would he always go through the whole term of the agony.

"Not long after the attack of the disease, he became a subject of God's renewing grace. His experience was remarkable in one so young for depth, clearness, and variety. From the first his hope was firm and assured—his joy pure and strong. He loved to talk upon Christian experience. No other topic pleased him so well. The writer remembers well the time when he publicly professed his faith in Christ. How satisfactory the account he gave of the hope that was in him; and how surprised were some who did not know him intimately, that one so young should exhibit such understanding and answers.

"The disparity at this period between his mind and body was a very striking circumstance; for while the disease was holding his bodily growth in check, the mind advanced more rapidly toward maturity than is common even where there is perfect health. He was a man almost in intellect, when he seemed a mere child in form, aspect, and voice. To look at him, so young in appearance and in reality too, then to hear him converse with such variety and soundness of knowledge as he did; to listen to his prayers, and notice the fervor, the compass, the finished structure, and the perfect propriety of every part, often excited wonder, and the strangeness of the thing would sometimes even force a smile. It should be added here, that he subsequently gained much in stature by residing at Malaga, to which place he was twice driven by the iron hand of his disease.

"His great thirst for knowledge, and his desire to be useful in some worthy calling, led him, as public speaking was out of the question with him, to choose the profession of medicine. To this choice he was doubtless drawn, in some degree, by curiosity to know more of his own suffering nature, that, by the help of books, and a bitter experience, he might pry, if possible, into the mysteries of the disease that was oppressing him, and thus, peradventure, the physician might heal himself. A kind Providence gave him health and strength sufficient to accomplish the prescribed course of study; and having received his degree from the New York Medical College, he was induced to establish himself in Trinidad de Cuba, on account of the supposed favorableness of the climate to his constitution. Here his professional prospects became encouraging; and his friends were hoping, that by a residence in so genial an atmosphere, his own health would be gradually confirmed, and a wide door of usefulness be opened to him. But it was otherwise determined by an All-wise Providence.

"Before his friends were aware of it, his case had become critical, perhaps hopeless; and he decided to embark for this country, with the earnest hope that he might be permitted to reach the home he so much loved, and die in the bosom of its warm affection and sympathies. This was not allowed him. But God provided for him kind friends on the passage, who devotedly and skilfully ministered to him in his necessity.

He also gave him the strong consolations of an unshaken faith and hope in Christ. That Heavenly Friend was near to comfort him. His end was peace: perfectly calm, apparently without suffering, 'quite on the verge of heaven.'

"Dr. Cheever was one who drew to himself the confidence and love of all who knew him. He was characterized by a mind well disciplined and stored; by a brilliant imagination, and a pure and delicate taste; by a benevolence and affectionateness of spirit never weary of kindly offices; by a cheerfulness amid depressing circumstances which nothing could cloud, and an ever-springing, ruling hope, which nothing could extinguish; by a simple trust in God, which ever sustained him before the darkest prospects; finally, by a wonderful power of deriving happiness from every object and arrangement about him.

Few, probably, with such a weight of infirmity, have lived so happy a life. He seemed to be compensated for his sufferings by this power of extracting enjoyment from all sources; and those sufferings, his delivered spirit has learned, are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed."

"Spirit, thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.
How blessed and bright is the road,
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home, it will be with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujahs to sing."

CONCLUSION.

Now planted in a world of light,
Unfolding into perfect bliss,
Oh, who shall mourn the early flight,
In Christ so beautiful and bright,
That drew him from a world like this?

The scene has closed. At sea in that little cabin, amidst the storm, and in extreme weakness, though, by the mercy of God, with but little suffering, and in a spirit of calm, sweet confidence in the Redeemer, the last dying struggle of life has been passed through, and the soul has winged its way to Heaven. What a blissful change, from an existence, the protracted effort of which was a conflict with disease and suffering, and one continued trial of faith and patience, to the unclouded presence and perfect likeness of Christ, in a world of uninterrupted holiness, happiness, and glory.

Looking at it as a whole, how singular the process of preparation for that world! Each changing scene and discipline of life, under the shape of hopes or efforts to be strengthened and spared for usefulness in this world, being only an application of God's refining and chastening instrumentalities, till the jewel, which was not to be set here on earth, should be fitted for the Redeemer's crown in heaven. Sometimes it seems as if God's only object in calling his children, and sanctifying them, is to carry them to glory, doing little or nothing with them by the way except as preparing them for the end. And yet the example of suffering affliction, and of patience, just so far as that is visible in a likeness to the Great Captain of our Salvation, is more wonderful, and may be, in some respects, more useful than the most brilliant and prosperous career of usefulness.

One after another the treasured hopes and expectations of our dear brother were disappointed, and taken from him, till the last that was left was the earnest wish, the longing desire, to see once more his beloved Mother and Sister, and, if it might please God, to die among his kindred. Even that could not be permitted; but when all is gone—when every earthly hope is taken, how completely and calmly can Jesus satisfy the soul! Here, at length, God made it easy for him to dismiss the last desire of life, and submissively and serenely to know that never again on earth could he see the faces of those so dear to him. There was no conflict at last: all he had to do was quietly to fall asleep in Jesus.

Christ views his image now! The victory's won!
The last dark shadow from his child is drawn!
The veil is rent away! In endless peace,

The soul beholds its Saviour face to face.
Is this death's seal? The impression, oh how fair!
Look, what a radiant smile is playing there!
That was the soul's farewell: the sacred dust
Awaits the resurrection of the just.

Now, how little do we know, at the beginning, what God is going to do, or what is for the best! Any one who could have witnessed the frank, cheerful, faithful zeal, that characterized the earliest life in Christ of the youthful disciple, his spontaneous delight and perseverance in efforts for the winning of souls to the Saviour, would have predicted a course of great usefulness, if life were spared, and might perhaps have said: It is likely that God will train and discipline this youthful Christian for some great thing in his service. And yet, all the paths through which God brought him, seemed only to wind back upon himself, not ended, nor even intended to end, through any effectual door, in any post of labor or of influence for Christ.

What God does thus for such a limited season, he sometimes does with a more advanced Christian, and for a still longer period, seeming to throw away from any active service the very vessels which he had afore prepared for such service, even while the Redeemer's cause appears to languish for want of just such instruments. But we are as clay in the hands of the potter, and God, in all things, is a sovereign.

If we love God, all His discipline is best for us, besides being most for His glory. Yet, for the present, it may be not joyous, but grievous, and not light but darkness: the meaning of the discipline may be not clear but hidden. The clouds that by and by are to break with blessings, sometimes all through this life roll up in black volumes, with thunderings, and lightnings, and tempests, overspreading our whole heavens, even till the night of death, which, for the believer, is the dawn of perfect day. Oh then, let God's will be done! When that is all our desire, then cometh the end. Then, in this world even, is an end of all real sorrow; then the object of the Redeemer's sufferings and death is in us almost perfectly accomplished, by saving us from our sins. Sometimes this purifying work seems, even this side the grave, to have gone so far towards the very transfiguration of heaven, that little, if anything, of sin is left in the believer, to die with him. He only needs to put off this tabernacle, all that is mortal and sinful seeming to have retreated from the inner man before the presence of Christ, and to have taken its last post and refuge in that which is outward and corruptible, that which is to be sown in the grave, and thence to be raised in a likeness to the Redeemer's glorified body, as blissful and perfect as the likeness between the regenerated soul and Christ's redeeming spirit. And the sea!—the sea, too, shall then give up its dead!

They that sleep in Jesus, how quietly they slumber beneath the rolling waves! Once in early life, amidst the sufferings of his disease, our beloved Brother wrote an essay on the characteristics of true resig nation to God's will, in answer to a question proposed by his Sister. In the course of it, he alluded to the trying event of a death and burial at sea, and the glorious hope of the Resurrection—the same hope for friends far away as for those whose green, grassy mounds we visit in the grave-yard of our native village. It is affecting now to read that passage; it seems a long, yet not sad presentiment, of what might be his own fate. What matter where, since Christ is still the same, the same watchful Omnipresence, the same loving grace and saving power on the sea as on the land. How many dear forms lie shrouded there for the Resurrection! The weeds are wrapped around their heads, but God's angels can watch them there as securely as beneath heaven's atmosphere. The voice of the ocean is a great cradle-hymn, by the music of which the dead may slumber. In the war of its tempest-thunders, or in the calm and mighty sweep of its undulating billows, or in the beating of its surges on a rock-bound shore, or in the solemn tramp of its tides upon the long, white, lonely beach, it is a perpetual requiem.

Oh, thou that goest forth upon its waters, drooping and sad, so embark that if thine appointed resting-place should be a bed beneath the deep, thou, too, mayest sleep in Jesus! Go forth trusting in Him; into His hands commit thy spirit; day by day, while thou breathest the air of the sea, let the breath of prayer ascend to God, by faith in Jesus. So shalt THOU BE AT PEACE; and whether it be storm or calm, ALL winds and waves shall be to thee the voice of God in mercy. Hope thou in Him, and all shall be well.

JESUS SAID, I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE: HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE: AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME, SHALL NEVER DIE.

THE END.

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It is full of pleasing incident told in a pleasing vein, and lets one deeply into the *reality* of that island life, whereof Typee and Kaloolah gave us its *mystery* and *romance*. Melville threw around his incidents of Polynesian adventure the soft, light, and bright hues of fairy creation, reducing his story in the minds of many to a pure *myth*. Cheever dresses his personal adventure in the soberer garb of truth; and as he leads us on from group to group of those far-off isles, he drops here and there, all along the course of his route, practical and statistical observations, that let one deeply into the true state of these "haunts and homes" of another, though a brother race.—*Rochester American.*

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